

FEBRUARY, 1924

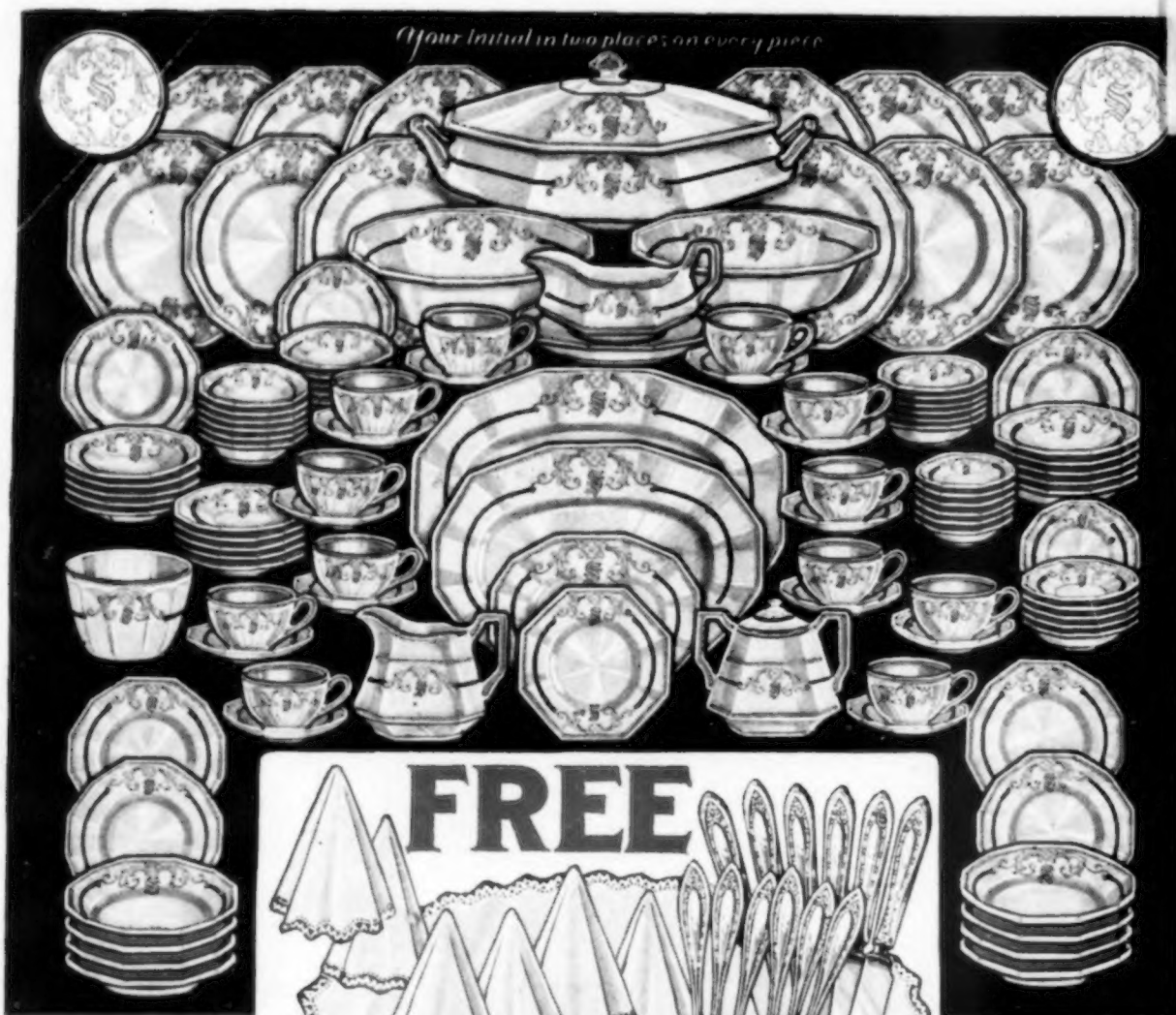
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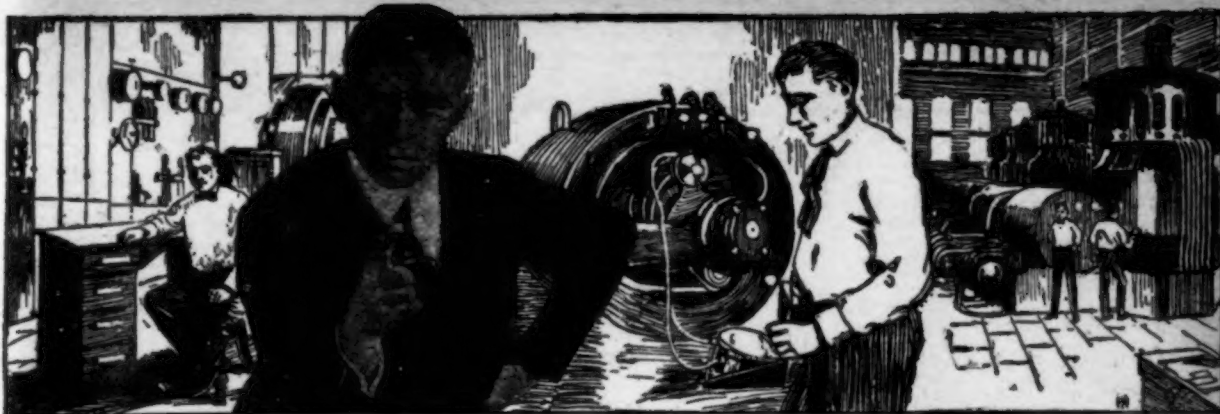
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Occupation..... Age.....

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Manuscripts must be addressed, "Editor of THE SMART SET"

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The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman"?

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

If you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you **MUST NOT DO** unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor

Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

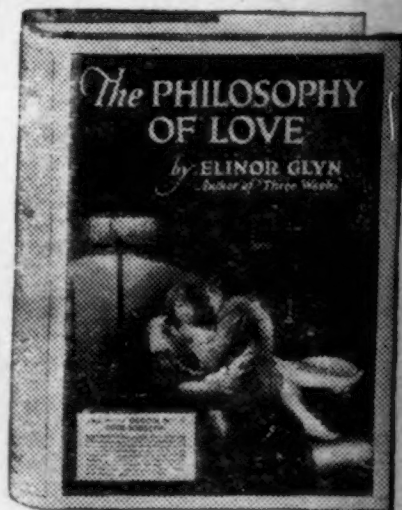
"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain shallow-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

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Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her



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\$500 a Year

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Thousands of men like these six men who formerly thought salesmen were "born," are now enjoying magnificent earnings in the selling field. They were bookkeepers, mechanics, farmers, clerks—even doctors, lawyers and ministers—but in a few months after writing to the National Salesmen's Training Association they were out in the field selling—and making more money than they had ever hoped to make.

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and doing things, a certain way of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudice, and overcome competition.

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*Alas! that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!*
—OMAR KHAYYAM.

A SECRET vital to human happiness has been discovered. An ancient problem which, sooner or later, affects the welfare of virtually every man and woman, has been solved. As this problem undoubtedly will come to you eventually, I urge you to read this article carefully. It may give you information of a value beyond all price.

This newly revealed secret is not a new "philosophy" of financial success. It has to do with something of far greater moment to the individual—success and happiness in love and marriage—and there is nothing theoretical, imaginative or fantastic about it, because it comes from the coldly exact realms of science and its value has been proved. It "works." And because it does work—surely, speedily and most delightfully—it is one of the most important discoveries made in many years. Thousands already bless it for having rescued them from lives of disappointment and misery.

The peculiar value of this discovery is that it removes physical handicaps which, in the past, have been considered inevitable and irremediable. I refer to the loss of youthful animation and a waning of the vital forces. These difficulties have caused untold unhappiness—failures, shattered romances, mysterious divorces. True happiness does not depend on wealth, position or fame. Primarily, it is a matter of health. Not the inefficient "half-alive" condition which ordinarily passes as "health," but the abundant, magnetic vitality of superb manhood and womanhood.

Unfortunately, this kind of health is rare. Our civilization rapidly depletes the organism and, in a physical sense, old age comes on when life should be at its prime. But this is not a tragedy of our era alone. Ages ago a Persian poet voiced



humanity's immemorial complaint that "spring should vanish with the rose" and the song of youth too soon come to an end. And for centuries before Omar Khayyam wrote his immortal verses, science had searched—and in the centuries that have passed since then has continued to search—without halt, for the fabled "fountain of youth," an infallible method of renewing energy lost or depleted by disease, overwork, worry, excesses or advancing age.

Now the long search has been rewarded. A "fountain of youth" has been found! Science announces unconditionally that youthful vigor can be restored quickly and safely. Lives clouded by weakness can be illuminated by the sunlight of health and joy. Old age, in a sense, can be kept at bay and youth made more glorious than ever. And the discovery which makes these amazing results possible is something any man or woman, young or old, can easily use in the privacy of the home.

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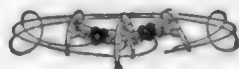
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The SMART SET



The Alchemist of Byzantium

By John Van De Grift

In Christian Byzantium, in the year 523, lived a rich alchemist whose talents were unique but whose efforts to manufacture gold do not appear to have been crowned with much success.

One midnight he traced circles upon the floor of his studio, called up a local devil, and to him related his difficulties and his desire to learn the art of making gold. In return for the alchemist's entire fortune of precious stones and talents of silver, the devil guaranteed to transport him to the hidden palace of the Queen of Persepolis, who knew all things and who would answer a visitor any question, albeit one question only. . . .

"Welcome!" said the queen, when the alchemist had been transported miraculously through the air and set down before her. "You must allow me to bid you welcome in the absence of my husband who is this afternoon out hunting wild boars in the Grove of Acteon. You are at full liberty now to ask me a question and I shall answer it truly, but it must be one question only."

Now the beauty of the Queen of Persepolis is reported to have been all but superhuman, and the alchemist gazed at her long and long. Then he asked quietly: "How far away is this Grove of Acteon?" . . .

In Byzantium, in the year 524 and long after, lived a poor alchemist whose talents were unique but whose efforts to manufacture gold do not appear to have been crowned with much success.



Let X Equal the Woman

By André Saville

I

A WOMAN is habitually late, not because she wishes to appear indifferent, but simply because she cannot help it.

II

How wholly unsound is that legend that tells us: "All the world loves a lover"! Surely the lover is one of the ghastliest bores that modern civilization has, as yet, produced. Love him, indeed! The thought is ridiculous on the face of it. Any sensible person (with the possible exception of the object of his immediate attentions) at once plans an escape the minute the fellow looms upon the horizon. His society fails to fascinate: the very sight of him acts as a depressant. For neither does one care to listen to the continual and constant commendation of his amoureuse, on the one hand, nor, on the other, to his sighs and mopings because she has gone that afternoon to the movies with the local bootlegger.

III

A man in love is continually seeking to discover those very things about a woman that he hopes not to discover.

IV

A woman would far rather be miserable about a man than content without one.

V

Men fall in love subconsciously; women, super-emotionally.

VI

When a woman falls in love she begins to wonder how long it will last, just as a man begins to wonder how soon it will be over.

VII

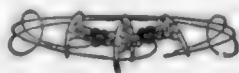
The most passionate of love affairs seldom survive matrimony.

VIII

Love creeps upon us unawares, lifts us to the clouds, and drops us with a crash that shakes the universe. Indeed, so terrific is the crash that everything about us immediately undergoes a complete metamorphosis.

IX

Marriage: love's sedative.



Donald Gordon

(A Novelette)

By Charles Henry Mackintosh

CHAPTER I

1

WHEN Donald Gordon was five years old, an artistic aunt insisted upon painting his portrait. She was a woman with a reputation, having had no less than six canvases carefully skied on the line at six different exhibitions of the Edinburgh Academy.

All six were studies of shaggy little Highland cattle, posing precariously on the shoulders of bens, or with their forefeet planted in the margins of lochs; and so the fact that they were skied by six hanging committees in turn did not necessarily condemn their craftswomanship, but may simply have signified complete satiety with Highland cattle.

Aunt Edna herself, in turn, came to realize the keen competition in cattle, and perhaps that is why she cast around for another subject.

She found it in Donald. A cascade of fine golden hair formed a fitting frame for his broad brow; wide eyes white as china and blue as a summer-time lake; tip-tilted nose; and mouth like a Donatello cherub.

And so day after day he was sent to her, dressed in his newest sailor suit of light blue and white cotton print, with its broad collar of dark blue, bordered with three rows of white braid, and the little white flannel singlet cuddling up close to his clavicles, with the broad black silk sailor's knot below.

From three to four each afternoon he would sit in mother's tapestry chair, clutching a biscuit pig—the inevitable bribe—in one fat moist hand, while his wide blue eyes remained fixed upon his industrious aunt with an unwinking stare which, in fact, reflected little but boyhood's bottomless depths of boredom.

There were no more biscuit pigs after the portrait was finished. That was a pity, but the compensation was ample—there was no more posing, either.

The painting quite fulfilled Aunt Edna's expectations. It was hung at eye-level in the very next Exhibition, and hundreds of women paused before it to murmur, "What a *darling* little boy!"

After that it came to Donald's family, and was hung in the drawing-room to be a perpetual source of embarrassment to him in after years, when the golden curls had paid tribute to time and he was trying hard to live down even the memory of them.

That was three years further along in life, however; and meantime there had come the first family trek; from Manchester, the great, smoky manufacturing city where even the park trees held up their leafy arms to heaven praying for infrequent showers to show that they were truly green; to sunny little St. Ann's-on-the-Sea, where the only manufactory was a semi-portable saw-mill.

The first move toward the great trek was a mysterious trip taken by father

and mother, from which they returned bearing seaside gifts, notably three pebbles from the beach.

Those pebbles crashed through the glasshouse of Donald's consciousness, awakening his imagination most amazingly. He had never seen the sea, knew practically nothing of it, indeed; and yet those three wave-polished pebbles seemed to bring him a familiar, though mysterious message.

Perhaps there had been some conversation about far-flung oceans and the ships that sail on them, at the time he had been taken to see the official opening of a great earth-gash known as the Manchester Ship Canal, but at the time his attention had been taken up entirely by a group of turbanned folk of coffee color, whom his nurse had said were Afghans, probably without sufficient authority. They intrigued him so much that he quite forgot to insist upon an introduction to Queen Victoria, who was to "open" the Canal with her own hands; and, certainly, they drove out of his mind all explanations of the purpose of the earth-gash.

Perhaps, though, the explanation had taken root in his subconsciousness after all, and then there must have been tales of pirates and of secret seas; or the three pebbles could not have caused so great commotion amongst his imaginings.

Came the day of departure, wet and miserable, yet tingling with electric excitement which refused to be washed away. A last visit to the Park, to see whether sundry pear and apple seeds, ceremoniously planted among the soil of an herbaceous border, were doing the duty imposed upon them—to grow into great fruit-bearing trees against the time when Donald was to be a man who could come again and lay a finger on each brown bole, saying, "I planted that, when I was just a little boy!"

Unfortunately, the herbaceous border repeated itself for many miles, and the seeds had been planted wherever their parent fruits had been devoured. It was necessary to abandon the hope-

less search, to seek refuge from renewed rain. . . .

Pennies; pennies spinning in the clear puddles on the graveled walks. That is how the falling raindrops seemed to Donald. He watched them with intensity, until the lateness of the hour conquered his nurse's dislike for dampness, and drove them out of the Park.

Then the train. His first journey on a train; with his tip-tilted nose pushed whitely against the pane, while a glorious panorama of woodland and farmland unrolled before his wide blue eyes.

Too soon, far too soon, came sleep, the destroyer of delights; and when he awoke he was in St. Ann's.

A decrepit four-wheeler, smelling of hay and horsehair, bore them to the Bank above which they were to dwell. Father was a physician, not a banker. It just happened that the house above the Bank had been vacant, and they were to have it. A colossal building, towering four stories and a garret above the pavement, a veritable brown-stone palace compared with the little place in Manchester.

Four squares away—the sea. The sound of it awoke Donald on his first morning. He lay in his little cot at the foot of his parents' big bed, listening and wondering. Soon mother was bending over him, and "What is it, Mummy?" he asked with awestruck voice.

Puzzled for a moment, mother caught the strained effort to hear more clearly; listened, and then: "Why, that is the sea, sonny. Come. Get dressed, and after breakfast you shall go down on the beach!"

Breakfast? Oh, yes, a six-year-old must eat, even while the sea waits impatiently.

At last, the beach. The firm, water-packed sand and the patches of shingle-rounded pebbles (all like the mystic three!) that clashed so musically when one walked over them, and clished so reluctantly as returning waves tried to roll them back beneath them. White-comber waves, falling in showers of soapy foam on the shingle, rushing up,

sweeping up, thinning out, and then swishing and clishing back over the pebbles in lacy patterns of filmy foam.

Beyond the line of baby breakers—green, glittering ocean, far as the eye could reach, and farther—three thousand miles of it, filled with movement, and mystery, exhaling a curious breath of mingled salt, ozone, and beach flotsam.

Donald stood just beyond the reach of spent waves, and watched, with excitement and wonder, and unbelief in his own sight, all struggling behind his blue eyes.

The sea: Never to be forgotten; never again to be free from the sound of it, and the scents of it; the mystery and the magnitude; never, while life lasts. . . .

Now mother calls. She has settled herself upon the beach just below the main deposits of shingle, with book and cushion; and Donald must have shoes and socks taken off so that he may go paddling in the edge of the water.

He had never before paddled his feet in moving water under the open sky, and the lure of the new experience swept away the choked-up sensations that had clutched at his throat as he stood and watched the sea.

Now he was full of happy animal spirits, bubbling over in little cries, and intricate wiggings which made mother's task none too easy.

He wiggled his toes in the warm sand, and watched it ridge up between them, and then he started a mad dash for the water. "Careful, Donald; not too fast!" But the warning was unnecessary. Wave-rounded pebbles which clash musically under stout leather soles are not so friendly to unfamiliar flesh.

Donald's dance dwindled to a gingerly procedure like that of the "cat on hot bricks" of which he had often heard but with which he had never before fully sympathized.

At last, a place where there were no pebbles, but only firm-packed sand, ridged with tiny wave-marks; and then the first lively little wave washed up

around his ankles and made him skip and gasp.

No more mystery now. There it was—you could see it for yourself. Here it was—you could feel it splashing against your legs and even wetting the hem of your knickers if you weren't quite quick enough in jumping back.

Mystery is draped in the things we cannot see and touch and taste and hear and smell. One by one, Life, with her five fingers of the senses, tears them off, tears them up, until we tire of what we know, who know so little.

The pursuit of knowledge. Not for long must even a six-year-old be allowed to play beside the sea. Seven thousand years of wisdom were waiting, neatly packed away between brown covers. Donald must pry them open, one by one, and transfer their contents into the cupboards beneath his golden curls.

2

A Dame's School, one square back from the beach, where the sea would not be waiting outside the windows to tempt tired eyes away from work. Hard little benches and desks of scarred oak; acrid smells of ink, and flaccid smells of india-rubber erasers. Books, and blackboards with scratchy chalk. A-B-C-D. A is for Ark, and B is for Bird. Little pictures to prove it.

Will *noon* never come? Yes, at last and the high-fenced playground, with its majestic apparatus of ladders and poles and swings. Those climbing-poles, particularly—so high, it took four or five minutes to reach the crosspiece at the top. But one day came an "old boy" back to visit, who flung an arm over the top after *three* convulsive movements of his clinging legs, while the mistress watched with a complaisant smile.

Latin: *amo, amas, amat*; and French: *j'aime, tu aime, il aime*; and *twelve times twelve is a hundred and forty-four*.

Knowledge, surely, could ascend no higher! "Father," said Donald, very seriously, on his eighth birthday: "I

think I know everything now; need I go back to school any more?"

"Don't be an ass, Donald," his father responded with cheery frankness; "you don't know *anything* yet—not even enough to start learning!"

It was an awful prospect.

School again, and that spring the new thought of making gardens. Each boy had a tiny plot assigned to him along the sunny side of the playground fence. Donald planted snowdrops and tulip bulbs in his, digging and watering so diligently that the plants survived even his constant curiosity to know what was happening beneath the brown earth, and finally pushed pale green fingers into the sunlight.

Then, one morning, there was a tiny white blossom, and another, and a spray of bloom like the breaking of a waxen wave. Tulips, lordly in red and yellow, came up next—he, Donald, had created them. He was one with the lords of life.

Not much of that, though. Mostly books and more books, and a slate on which one wrote with soft "French" chalk, and sponged clean again with a greasy little sea-derelict hanging from it on a much-knotted string.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays came the Drill Master, a retired Sergeant of Her Majesty's forces, who carried an innocuous swagger-stick of whangee cane, and initiated all into the mysteries of forming fours and standing at something approximating attention.

On dull days, it was done in the drill hall, which would have been merely a basement otherwise.

When the sun shone, they would strike off through the streets—"Left—left—left, right, left!" passing occasional girls' schools similarly engaged, who giggled ridiculously.

One afternoon, a near-tragedy. "Halt!" Across the road, an open window, where the breeze had blown a curtain into a gas jet. "Brown Major—at the double—ring that doorbell and tell them, Sergeant Marsden's compliments, and please their bedroom curtain's afire!"

Breathlessly, Brown Major on his mission; but an heroic housemaid renders it unnecessary. With brown arms and big capable hands, she rends down the flaming curtain and disappears. Shrill cheers follow her. She reappears after a little while, slightly disheveled, but smiling, and waves a hand. The Sergeant salutes. The boys shout. Then, "For-r-r-d Mar-reh!" and the event is done with.

The sea is not forgotten. Long, solitary walks along the beach, rummaging among the rubbish thrown up after storms. A sailor's chest, halfburied in the sand. Clawed away, to the very bottom corners nothing but sand. Ah, well, it might have been gold or jewels.

Brush, the collie—one of a cycle of collies—bounds away barking vociferously. The sea flings back his bark instantly, too fast for an echo; it blends with the original sound, ringingly, as dogs may bark only beside the sea. . . .

Donald never learned to swim while he lived beside the sea. He might have done so, must have, indeed, but for the Resident Patient.

This was an ex-officer of the Kaiser's Army, discharged for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

He had been sent to father by his wealthy baronial people to be cured of such conduct. Exercise—plenty of vigorous exercise—that seemed to be the thing for him. He was a powerful swimmer; and it was a pleasure to watch him, but a perpetual agony to accompany. And he insisted upon company.

He would take Donald down to the beach to be instructed in the aquatic art, and, after a few hour-like minutes of impatient advice, driven home with frequent duckings, he would mount the boy on his shoulders and strike out for deep water with long, easy, powerful strokes.

He never ducked Donald in deep water, but he was not to be trusted, and they would return from those long rides with Donald half-dead with fear.

So it was that Donald never learned to swim, never willingly went beyond

his depth; although not even the Resident Patient could quite kill his passion for the sea.

However, there were compensations even in having Resident Patients. For instance, there were the luxurious Egyptian cigarettes which he had sent to him in tins of five hundred from Cairo, near the Pyramids. Delicious cigarettes.

Donald stole them by the small handful—so few among five hundred!—and went away on seaward sand dunes to indulge in them. They never made him sick, but they founded a finely expensive taste in tobacco which was to make difficulties later, after the Resident Patient had been discharged as cured or hopeless, and Sweet Caporals were all his poor pocket-money could bring him. Not that Sweet Caporals were to be despised; by no means; but they were *not* of the very brand smoked by the Kaiser.

Next came the Locum Tenens: a very different sort of man; huge of bulk, but mild-mannered, apologetic; a middle-aged bachelor. His passion was to destroy seagulls with a shotgun. Donald went with him, although the use of killing that which could not be applied for food never quite came to him. The doctor explained that he wanted to dissect them—for practice; but that made it no clearer.

The roar of the gun, though, and the sureness of aim, had their appeal. "We killed two gulls this morning!" he would shout exultingly, and the Locum Tenens would smile, always apologetically.

Storms, terrible, changing the mystery of the ocean to madness: A great liner was thrown up on shore during one savage storm, but the Coast Guards worked wonders and no one was lost. The great ship lay on her side for days, and then was drawn away into deep water by a battery of panting tugs, while Donald reveled in all the noise and excitement.

Then came the dead whale! The countryside was full of it—not alone with tales of its vast bulk flung up beside the sea, but with the smell of it,

too. A terrible, tangible smell. Donald fought his way against it for one long look. A whale! Perhaps the very one that swallowed Jonah! But see its mouth—full of fine-meshed whalebone—HOW? And so was sown the first seed of theological skepticism.

Donald was a faithful attendant at Sunday School. One might miss only so many times in the year to be debarred from Harvest Festival and—most alluring—the Summer Excursion taken in great waggonettes, drawn by ponderous percherons, far back from the sea along the dusty roads to where cool streams slid between primrosed banks and meadows bright with buttercups and daisies.

Up the hills—it was a flat country, but there were swayings in the earth's shoulders that passed for hills—what joy to drop off and run beside the wagonette, with the fearful thrill of being left behind if one loitered too long, till the downgrade again invited the percherons to trot their fastest!

Cottages, beside the road, buried beneath roses in full bloom. The teacher went up to one, and brought back a double-armful, all for a penny, and passed them among the boys and girls.

The rich cloying scent of the one that came to him, clung in Donald's nostrils for years. He had never smelled—really smelled—a rose before.

Homeward in the long sunset, loaded down with meadow spoils; singing songs, or Sunday School hymns, vociferously: "*A bicycle made for two*"; "*Pull for the shore, sailor!*" The amazed cottagers came to their doors, and the dogs rushed, barking, to the garden gates. Merry peals of laughter from the wagonettes, and so to the paved streets at last, and to bed.

Yes, it was worth a few Sundays at school.

Most of Donald's social life circled around the Sunday School. He was too young to be admitted to mother's parties, and would be sent off to bed before they began. Not that he would actually go to bed: indeed, not.

He would hang over the banisters up-

stairs, looking down the deep well into the hallway below, watching the guests arrive in all the glory of their furs and feathers, and listening to their nicely-modulated voices.

No one knew he was there, watching and listening, except Patty, his own nurse. She knew *everything*; all about fairies and gnomes, pirates and highwaymen; why shouldn't she know that he was there, in the dark, hanging over the head of the stairs? Donald wanted her to know; because always she would manage to slip away and bring him a meringue or an éclair—delicious foods, such as never graced the nursery table.

But such watchings from stairs could scarcely be called social life. For that, Donald had to depend upon the frequent festivals held by his Sunday School.

The event of the year, of course, was the Summer Excursion; but the Harvest Festival, when the big church basement was all hung with greenery and decorated with huge glowing fruits and vegetables, was worth looking forward to for many weeks; particularly since there was always a Grand Feast in the evening.

The first bitter renunciation in Donald's life came when he was self-compelled to stay away from one of those Feasts.

That afternoon—after he had been waiting for weeks for the event—his father had taken it into his mind that it was time for the long golden curls to go. Mother wept and implored; Donald looked desperately glum—not that he cared for long curls, but because he was so sensitive to "chaff" from other boys, and he knew what it would mean if he were to appear amongst them all at the Feast, shorn of his accustomed mane!

Father, man-like, thought that would be a good opportunity for the change. It was effected; but Donald didn't go near the Feast. He couldn't nerve himself up; and the longer he put it off, the more impossible it became.—Everyone would be seated at the tables now, and to think of marching in amongst

them, he, Donald, without his hair!

No, it was terrible to stand darkly in the vacant land beside the church, see the bright windows with their gay festoons, hear the music and the voices, and to know that one was welcome, yet to be unable to enter; but he *couldn't* do it! Cowardly?—Donald never entertained that thought, or it would assuredly have driven him in.

After all, there wasn't much chaffing at school next day; and what there was took a congratulatory form rather than the reverse.

What a fool he had been to miss the Feast!—What did it matter what people thought, anyway? It mattered a lot, and to no one more than to Donald, sensitive to every glance, shrinking from very laugh for which he couldn't see the cause. But he must cure himself of that, or life will be unbearable.

Donald was nearly nine when another great cloud of mystery descended upon the brownstone building above the bank. Such whisperings and important consultations, hushed away when he appeared!

At last it came out: they were to move to LONDON.—Seven million people, including the Queen!

Donald almost forgot to say goodbye to the sea, in the excitement of it. Besides, they were to leave Nell—Brush's successor—behind. London was no place for a collie. Perhaps they might have a house-dog, maybe a Dandy Dinmont, but surely not a collie.

Donald could not forget to say goodbye to Nell, but it broke his heart, for the first time, to do it. Leaving the sea was bad enough, but at least the sea couldn't look at one, reproachfully, out of sad brown eyes that seemed to say: "So, you're going away to the great, fine city, and leaving me here after all the fun we've had together! I couldn't have believed it of you, Donald, really I couldn't!"

But it had to be. London was no place for collies, and there were good friends willing, even anxious, to keep Nell beside the sea. It wasn't thought wise to let her join the farewell party at the train, and so Donald said good-

bye to her the day before. "I'll come back for you, Nell!" he insisted through his tears. Nell whined softly, and pushed a wet nose into his cheek. She seemed to know all about the mortality of colliers, and the mutability of mortals; and there was no note of optimism in her whine. In fact, Donald never saw her again, and went away next day to the new life in London.

CHAPTER II

1

LONDON—after the wide sand-dunes, the blowing beaches, the whispering or shouting sea.

A new sound, constant, compounded of the trampling of feet and of steel-shod hooves; of the whirling and grinding and crashing of tram-cars and of trains; a ceaseless monotone of sound, from the moment of awakening until sleep shut it out. People everywhere; pushing along the pavements, indolently or intently, going—where?

A hansom cab took them to their new home—an amazing vehicle, like the dissected back of a barouche, with the cabby perched up aloft with the reins falling over the roof and curving down sinuously to the ringed bit in the frothing mouth of his horse. The heavy luggage was to follow in a Pickford van.

So much to be seen, and they went so fast, with only two wide-opened eyes to take it all in. Rows of two-story houses with sunken basements peering up from beneath railed areaways.

Shops, shops, shops. Chemists' shops with blazing balls of blue and green and red in their windows. Greengrocers' shops with cauliflowers and cabbages; with bright glowing oranges, and purplish pomegranates. Shops with stuffs and colored ribbons in their windows. Sweet shops, crammed with chocolates and peppermints and bull'seyes; but the cab never hesitated. On and on, to the left, to the right, to the left—how ever could the man keep his direction? But he did; and here is The House. In Lower Kennington Lane, at the corner of Avon Court. Two stories and semi-

submerged basement, like every other house in London.

A bit of a garden in front—about fifteen feet square—overgrown with grass that seemed to have seen better days, like so many of the people in London; and, the glory of the Lane—a great plane tree, with branches opening out far over the railings, reaching almost to the roof.

Home! The great front-door flew open, and Patty, the maid, who had gone ahead to get things ready, was standing there to take the hand luggage from cabby. Patty . . . and the old familiar furniture: but a strange, new smell of burned gas and of drains doing their best which was not quite enough.

"Mieow!"—if it wasn't puss! Patty had brought her, and here she was, very happy to see the family again, and tickling Donald's calves with her furry side, but seeming a bit depressed just the same . . . quieter, somehow, and slightly reproachful, although prepared to be charitable toward the senseless vagaries of her people, after the immemorial manner of cats. And, after all, there was to be better hunting for her, in the black coal-bin below the kitchen stairs, for example, than ever there had been in the clean, solid Bank building at St. Ann's!

2

NEXT morning, a walk with mother to the end of the Lane filled on both sides by grubby gardens and grubbier buildings, quite unlike the lanes of Lancashire; and then a tram-car down the Westminster Bridge Road—up little winding stairs to slat-seated benches on the upper deck. End of the line.

Then, the Thames, swift, oily-watered, dark and threatening. Eyes up—and the long lacy façade of the Houses of Parliament, with the square up-thrusting tower in which Big Ben, crowned monarch of clocks, counted the hours for London. Boom!—the very bridge seemed to shake as he thundered out the news that it was half after nine and time to be well settled down to a day's work.

Work!—Not for Donald that day; unless looking at the tombs of kings and heroes in the crypts of Westminster Abbey was work. And it wasn't—not to Donald. . . .

Father's choice of a school hovered for awhile over aristocratic Westminster.

When one has golden crowns and ducal coronets hanging all over one's family tree, the best in London is none too good—but, alas, too dear, for a struggling general practitioner who has sunk most of his money in the purchase of his East End practice! Donald would do for Westminster, but Westminster would not do for the family finances; or, perhaps, in the slang sense, it would!

The choice descended upon St. Ofan's, an endowed secondary school, founded during the majestic reign of Elizabeth for the enlightenment of the sons of Southward. Residents of the parish still profited by that ancient endowment but aliens from other parishes must pay the full price. Most of the four hundred boys were of the alien breed, so Donald lost less than his father in that they lived so far from Southwark.

It was a wonderful walk, four miles across London, to be taken every morning and night; nor was it to be despised as a developer of muscle and sinew.

There were two ways to go: both beginning in Kennington Road but branching at the Elephant and Castle. There one might either travel straight ahead, turning to the right just before London Bridge; or turn to the right down New Kent Road, and so through Bermondsey, to Southwark.

Donald almost always went the latter way—down the New Kent Road, with its vistas of dusty plane trees protected by little circular railings, like private parks; turning off to the left just before the New Kent Road angled off into the Old.

He enjoyed greatly his daily pilgrimage, preferring to make it alone so that he might linger in the entrances of dark courts, to watch occasional fights between dogs, men, women, or all three;

and to drink in all the strange, decadent life of this quarter of his London. . . .

The Robinson boys were his guides on the first nervous journey.

Father Robinson kept a butcher's shop somewhere between the Elephant and Castle and the railroad viaduct over New Kent Road.

Not an aristocratic business, but Donald was never a snob, despite the crowns and coronets on the family tree; and he genuinely enjoyed the clean smells of suet and sawdust in the Robinson shop, while he waited for the two boys to get their books and caps and come along.

He would willingly have become friendly; but these were "old boys" and he so new! Pride of schoolboy caste stalked between, and held them apart. Arrived at the great hall, they dashed to their places, leaving him alone.

The captain of the school, heading the single file of sixth-formers who occupied the central aisle between dim double rows of desks, motioned him to a place on the right of the headmaster's dais, where eight hundred eyes sought him out and filled him with furious misery.

It was mid-term, and he had been admitted only under special dispensation; hence there were no others to bear him company.

Silence; and in stalks the Head; awful in his black silk robes and mortar-board cap, despite his lack of inches.

He pauses before Donald, while the eight hundred eyes watch.

"New boy? Humm. You'll be assigned to a place today. Stand where you are for the present!"

Donald had entertained no idea of moving. "Yes!" he answered, without a "Sir"; not knowing—fresh from his Dame's school—the dealiness of the omission.

The Head stared, hesitated; and then ascended the steps to his dais, where he announced a hymn and after it had thundered under the high-raftered roof, read the morning services.

Before he had dismounted from his

dais, after dismissal, Mr. Pearce, who had the first form, crossed swiftly and collected Donald: "One of mine, I presume?" he said, smilingly. Donald capitulated to the smile, and followed contentedly to the first form classroom at the end of the great hall.

"Daddy" Pearce, as he had been known to many generations of small boys, was the only master in St. Ofan's who had no letters after his name. He needed none for his work of teaching the elements of Latin and French, mathematics, geography, English literature, and so forth, to ten-year-olds; but he was well supplied with what was most needed, a genuine love of little boys, prompting an amazing understanding of their psychology, and inexhaustible patience with their innumerable idiosyncrasies.

A year under Daddy Pearce was a wonderful introduction to the difficult life of an English secondary school, nicely bridging the void between preparatory school personalities and the impersonal relations in the higher forms of such a school as St. Ofan's.

"I give a compliment to Donald Gordon!" he would say, after Donald had sat with folded arms, in the approved position of "attention" for the better part of fifteen minutes without once wiggling. And Donald would return home to explode: "I got *three* compliments from Mr. Pearce, today, mother!"

"That's very nice indeed, Donald," mother would approve, without understanding it in the least.

Nothing like that in the higher forms. No "privileges" of wiping off the blackboard. No "compliments" for good deportment. None of the little pomposities of Daddy Pearce. Just education, and discipline.

Donald did well, and felt quite important under Daddy Pearce; but his first promotion into Hartling's form, plunging him directly into the normal atmosphere of the public school, soon found him curiously wanting in those qualities which make for hail-fellowship amongst boys.

He was too quiet and thoughtful, for one thing; having spent so much time alone, on the beaches or over books. The fellows misunderstood that, and thought him "stuck up." Their attitude served only to widen the gap, which Donald, nervous and sensitive, lacked the *savoir faire* to bridge.

Up the forms, like rungs on a ladder, he climbed very much alone; growing quieter, more thoughtful, more devoted to books from year to year. Not school books. Ah, no; Donald was no "grind" or "swat"! . . . Books of adventure and romance: "Ivanhoe," "Don Quixote" and the works of the elder Dumas.

3

ON his twelfth birthday, Donald's horizon was expanded wonderfully and unexpectedly by the gift of a bicycle from a maternal uncle who lived alone in Edinburgh, but came occasionally to London.

On such occasions he would borrow Donald, and "do" the show-places.

The Crystal-Palace, like a giant hot-house, with a smell all its own, but midway between hothouse and museum, was always the first objective.

There, on the little gallery crowded with toy-stalls, he would begin by buying Donald a walking-stick: usually one with an ebony dog's head having eyes of glass brilliants. With that to swing, Donald drew nearer to his uncle's age of seventy!

Later in the week they would go to plays together, and to the famous West End restaurants which would otherwise have been but names to Donald.

Uncle had an annuity, and money seemed to be most plentiful with him; but now and again he was attacked with sudden fits of ancestral canniness which would cause Donald unutterable annoyance and chagrin! For example, after a luxurious dinner at the St. James, solemnly he would count his change and separate from it a silver threepennybit, pushing it toward the lordly waiter with a bright bird-like upglance under

his shaggy eyebrows. "Hi beg pardon, sir?" the waiter would inquire, fixing the coin with contemptuous eyes.

"For you!" uncle would answer, as though granting an unbelievable gratuity.

The waiter would hesitate, think better of his first thought, and sweep the coin away ungraciously; while Donald blushed a vivid pink. Was it merely imagination that sensed a throaty chuckle from uncle after such occasions?

It is hard for the old to avoid violating the prejudices of the very young, even while they make the effort.

There was another time when Donald had to blush for his uncle. It was the second night of "Ben Hur's" opening in Drury Lane. On the opening night, it seemed, an actor had impersonated Christ at the healing of the lepers.

The *Times* was quite concerned about it. Uncle, too.

When that part approached, he rose in his seat and solemnly turned his back upon the stage!

Donald thought he had gone mad; because there was nothing but a beam of limelight falling and fading upon the lepers.

Later, when he learned what uncle had anticipated, he felt a certain respect for the old man. To make oneself conspicuous for a conviction! That took *real* courage, if you like!

Not to be conspicuous was the golden rule of the Anglo-Saxon in those days, and the schools certainly laid a firm foundation under it. "Swank" was the worst of sins; and "swank" covered everything out of the normal.

Donald committed one of the worst forms of "swank" when he wrote verse about an undermaster, which was so amusing that it came to the attention of the Head.

He was well paid out for it, though; because the very next time he was sent up for some breach of rules, the Head set him an imposition to take the form of "an original poem"!

How Donald did search through all

his old masterpieces to choose the one to be offered up!

In those days his poetic vein would be tapped by a brilliant line in any book, and upon such lines he would string many limping verses.

From the pages of the "Arabian Nights" he had been hit between the eyes by a line: "The King of all Kings had commanded, and the Angel of Death had obeyed"; and this he had embroidered into a four-verse poem upon "The Death of Nelson."

Now he selected it as his classic, copied it, and bore it to the Head; who read it with kindly criticism, until he came to the key line.

"That's fine!" he exclaimed heartily; and Donald's hair shared the flush that flooded up from his neck.

Noting this, "Your own?" inquired the Head.

To deny it would be to rob the poem of its better part: "Yes-s-s, sir!" Donald stammered.

"Hum!" the Head looked doubtful, as well he might; but forebore to press the point. "You should write for the Magazine," he said. He meant the school monthly, mostly written by Sixth men; a high tribute from the Head, that; but Donald had never given it a thought.

All his efforts went to the *regular* magazines; and now he thought the Head had said "magazines" and so answered: "I have sent them several things, sir; but nothing has been accepted—yet."

"To whom have you sent them?"

"Oh, to *Pearson's* and *Titbits* and—"

The Head could not keep back his laughter. "I meant to our own Magazine," he explained. "You mustn't expect to write for those others just yet!"

"Oh!" Donald blushed again; he blushed very easily, and it always made him furious and silent. In that way he had added to his own reputation for being "stuck up."

The Head dropped the subject; but months later, when he was on the gallery in front of the door of his study, speaking to a young master of the ath-

letic type, who happened to be Donald's overlord at the time, seeing Donald at the door, he called to him and said, "Hemming, you must watch this young man: he writes poetry—very fair poetry too."

"Indeed?" answered Hemming, little more than a boy himself, with all the boy's awareness of what is and what is not considered permissible amongst boys.

The tone of his "Indeed?" told the tale; and Donald blushed once more, furiously, before withdrawing in sullen silence.

4

The bicycle, sent from Heaven, of whom uncle was the tangible agent, served to accentuate his tendency to solitude. Upon it, he explored every by-path in London; riding far out into the country on holidays; even as far as Brighton, fifty miles away!

The sea, again; but not his old sea. This was the English Channel, a mere neck of water, violated with striped bathing suits; and with beaches blowsy with humanity, including even troupes of nigger minstrels. But it *was* good to feel the salt wet wind on one's face again!

Then the little inns, the little English inns, by the roadside—how delightful to sit outside them, to drink ginger-beer from stone bottles, and to munch thick sandwiches of red roast beef between buttered white bread; while the procession of bicyclists, and great coaches and four, with blowing horns, went by to Brighton!

Hawthorne hedges, grey with road-dust, but fragrant; the long long ribbon of road, pausing upon hilltops before plunging into checkerboard valleys, with toy towns through which one must not exceed so many miles per hour. The cyclometer attended to that.

And then, in the dusk, the environs of London; gathering darkly, rushing upon him, surrounding him on every side. Home?

Well, something of that was upon Lower Kennington Lane; but London was too big, too wonderful, far too mys-

terious to be Home! It was more like the places one visits in dreams; particularly as one cycled through it in the strange darkness, with all its tiny lamps aglow.

One evening Donald ran away from home into all that mystery and darkness. It had been a day when shyness and rebellion had struggled inside him, until he had received a slip from his form master, reporting him to the Head for insubordination.

In his mood it was impossible to present it, and to go through the ceremony so nerve-wracking to his sensitiveness. He tore up the report and tried to forget it; but at evening prayers he heard his name boomed out by the Head on the list of those who were to be "seen" at four o'clock!

Despair descended upon him; and he decided to run away.

Leaving his books, he plunged out into London, and walked, walked, walked. Where, he scarcely knew. What he would do when darkness came he knew still less. He had no plan, but did not boys always "run away" when things became impossible?

Then darkness did come, and still he walked, though slowly, because he had become incredibly tired. Pausing beneath a lamppost, a stranger glanced at him, hesitated, turned and said, "You look lost."

"I am—" Donald began, miserably; but then his backbone stiffened and he added—"not. I am going to Clapham!"

"Well, you are going in the wrong direction, anyhow," answered the stranger, "better come along with me."

Donald shuddered at the thought. Not for nothing had he spent afternoons with uncle in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tusaud's.

"No, thank you, sir!" he answered firmly, "I must go home. Which way is Clapham?"

The other pointed, and disappeared into the darkness which had created him.

Midnight; and with slowly dragging footsteps Donald limped down Lower Kennington Lane. Why, he could not

tell. Certainly he had no intention of returning home.

But a big London "Bobbie," with striped "duty" band on sleeve, disposed of whatever intentions he may have had. "Pretty late for a young lad like you to be out?" he stated, interrogatively, standing across the pavement, fingers in belt.

Donald explained that he was from the country looking for an aunt whose address he had forgotten, but who lived somewhere in these parts.

"Better come along o' me to the station," suggested the "Bobbie."

Donald could but obey; his brain frantically buzzing with plot and counterplot.

"Ullo, Jim; got er burglar, I see!" shouted a companion in blue from across the lane, just in front of the well-known plane tree.

"I *think*—" said Donald. The policeman stopped, to allow him to form his thoughts. "I think *that's* where my aunt lives!" he blurted, pointing.

"O-ho!" said the policeman, "Well, let's come and see!"

They crossed the lane together and the Bobbie pulled the bell-handle.

At once the door flew back, and there were both father and mother waiting.

"Thanks, officer!" said father, with a mysterious chinking, before closing the door.

"Oh, Donald, Donald, *where* have you been? How *could* you do it?" said mother, gathering him into her arms.

"You might have broken your mother's heart!" said father, very seriously; and that was the end of the adventure.

Donald went back to school next day to take his medicine with a fine feeling of penitence mingled with a sense of adventure. Nor was the medicine hard to take, for the Head was not without imagination, and he drew out the whole narrative of that dreadful night of wandering.

Something was said about "deserters," which sunk quite deeply into Donald's mind; but the expected never happened.

A relief, surely; for Donald dreaded the cane far more than most boys; not the pain of it, though that was not easy to bear in the spartan silence prescribed by custom; but the *waiting* for it. There, again, his sensitive and imaginative nature placed him under a huge handicap.

CHAPTER III

I

THE playing-fields of St. Ofan's were over the crest of Denmark Hill, many miles away from the school, which was located where acreage was unattainable.

There, in the suburb, they had "seven acres of splendid grounds, thoroughly equipped for all manly sports," as the school-catalogue confessed.

Play was not exactly compulsory, since distance made it impossible except on holidays; but it was understood that the boy who failed to put in at least an occasional appearance upon the playing-fields fell into disrepute with masters and boys alike.

Donald was sensitive to such traditions; and so, while he had no fondness for mass sports, preferring personal prowess in swimming, rowing in singles, shooting, and so forth, he might have been seen most Saturdays, climbing the crest of Denmark Hill either on foot or, later, on his bicycle.

Before the bicycle arrived, however, it was a considerable effort to reach the playing-fields. One had to walk to the far corner of Kennington Park, and there take a tram-car for a long slow ride to the business section of the suburb; after which there was another weary walk, mostly uphill, to the long, leafy lane which led to the fields.

Running was one thing that Donald did well. At the annual "Sports" of the school, he was winner each year in the hundred-yard dash for boys under 11, 12, 13, 14—and so on all the way up the ladder of years.

"What *fat* legs that boy has!" exclaimed the be-ribboned sister of one of the fellows, as Donald trotted down the track to line up for a hundred-yard dash.

There was a general laugh at his expense, and Donald blushed furiously, of course.

A little later, though, his "fat" legs carried him across the tape two yards ahead of the field, and there was some satisfaction in that!

On one Field Day he was drawn into the high jump for his age and won it too, although never before and never again was he able to lift his sturdy body over a bar at any height worth mentioning.

That day he seemed to have steel springs in his legs; inch after inch the bar rose, and still he cleared it cleanly without apparent effort, until his last rival dropped out, leaving him victor.

A silver cruet was presented to him for that; and since he had already won his specialty, the hundred-yard dash, he came home with something in each hand, and there was no living with him for a day or two.

The glory of that unexpected victory departed on the next Gymnasium day, when his class went up to the gymnasium to be drilled and disported under the eagle eye of Weeder, an ex-pugilist, who was the "professor" of that department at St. Ofan's.

Weeder had been present at the triumph, and had been amazed at it, knowing that Donald was one of the worst jumpers in his class.

Now he called upon him for a special exhibition, setting the springboard and mattresses in place so that enormous heights might be attained.

Donald knew what would happen, and so, of course, it did. He took his run, uncertainly, changed step on the springboard, and knocked off the bar at two-thirds of the height he had cleared without a spring on the turf.

Again and again Weeder put him at it; and again and again he failed miserably.

Knowing nothing of psychology, but knowing much about the innate deviltry of small boys, Weeder finally became angry, and reported him for "insubordination." And so Donald's career as

a jumper came to a painful and inglorious conclusion.

Shooting was his best sport; perhaps because it was accomplished in the comparative privacy of a gallery where none knew him.

The presence of his associates always filled him with fear of seeming "swanky," and threw him out entirely; but before strangers he had no hesitation in doing his best.

Long practice with a .22 Winchester brought astonishing precision; and eventually he would "clean up" an entire gallery of clay pipebowls and bottles without missing more than three or four shots in a round hundred. Even the trick of snuffing a lighted candle with his bullet did not long delay him. He soon found that it was more trick than skill, and could take six of them in a row almost as fast as he could fire.

That might have landed him in trouble on one occasion.

A soldier of His Majesty's forces, bravely attired in crimson, had come into the shooting gallery with his girl, who wanted to see him exercise his deadliness.

After a few target shots, he became fascinated by the candle flame trick, but had not the knack of it, probably firing too high, and so wasted shot after shot upon a single candle which continued to burn on mockingly.

Meanwhile Donald was running down the last row of clay pipebowls, joyfully smashing one after the other, and finally came to the candles. "Bang!" the first one flickered out. The second was the one against which the soldier was emptying his gun. Donald obligingly passed it, and shot out the other four; but then there was a shot left in his rifle and nothing more to shoot at.

The soldier had paused and was scratching his head somewhat sheepishly; and so Donald swung his rifle back on the one remaining candleflame, and blew it out with one crack!

"Well shot, sir!" said the soldier.

Donald recounted the incident to father that evening: "Good Heavens,

Donald, you don't mean to stand there and tell me you did a thing like that?"

"But he had stopped shooting, father."

"Well, but you shouldn't have 'wiped his eye' in that way; it wasn't sportsmanlike. It's a wonder he didn't give you a black eye. What did he say?"

"He said, 'Well shot, sir!'"

"So? Well, Donald, that common soldier gave you a lesson in politeness and sportsmanship that was worth more than all your shooting!"

2

CAME now the Boer War to bring the birth of patriotism to the school.

Donald, intensely sensitive to mass psychology, became the maddest of them all. Little flags, Union Jacks, brilliant in coloring, were brought to school and kept in the desks. Donald's was of silk, nearly two feet long.

At times they would be called into the Great Hall at unusual periods, to be told of some victory, some thrilling feat of arms, the fall of some semi-fortified place.

Mafeking.

That day there was a holiday, and Donald joined the immense crowds concentrating from all parts of London, as though by a nationalistic instinct, upon Trafalgar Square.

Donald was jammed in the river of humanity directly in front of the Horse Guards, who sat upon their splendid steeds, brilliant in metal breastplates, giant-like with towering busbys, trying to maintain their customary statue-like poise.

In vain; the crowds must have tangible idols to worship, and here they were, waiting. Magnificent idols, too; fitly personifying the military power of the nation.

Huzzahs awoke the echoes of Whitehall.

Officers looked out, and retired again like Jacks-in-the-box. Let them work it off!

Now the crowds are moving again toward the Square, marching to the

tune of "Rule Britannia!" Such volume of sound; so many flags; such excited humanity—and how friendly everyone was with everyone! . . .

The Boers were beaten: Oom Paul was put in the past tense; the C. I. V.'s came marching back to London and were fêted and made much of. One young master from St. Ofan's was amongst them; and how the boys did worship him; until they discovered that he had arrived on the scene of action too late to be of active use. He had never even been under fire. So the glory departed from him; and gradually it departed from the atmosphere.

The flags were furled and taken home. The electricity was all discharged; and things fell again into their dull and regular routine.

The war was over; perhaps the *last* war Donald could hope to have a part in. Perhaps . . .

Rumblings from the Far East. What? Another war?—But to be a short one; the Bear that Walks Like a Man would make such short work of the Japs; even though Donald's sympathies were all with England's allies.

Would England be drawn in? That was the great question of the hour.

Then came the sailing of the great Russian fleet, and the impossible news of the shelling of the Dogger Bank fishing fleet!

War! War!—Once again the turbulent tides rolled down toward Trafalgar Square, shouting for war! War with Russia!

Donald was there, piping his loudest, waving his silken flag.

But there was no war. The Russians "explained"; the Government issued proclamations. No war.

Eighteen months and then the end in a Treaty of Peace. Russia had won. Japan had won. Everyone had won, particularly Roosevelt.

Donald admired Roosevelt; and, as he counted the battle-practice of the Japs and compared it with Russia's record, he was well satisfied with the results; even with the Treaty of Peace.

Once again the common round, the daily task. . . .

It was about this time that Donald first encountered the amazing literature of the United States, through the medium of the humorists.

"Far from the Madd'ing Crowd" was given him by some friend of his father's; and in it Donald discovered a world of new words and of new conceptions upon society.

Mark Twain came next, and completed the process of converting Donald into a rabid admirer of everything pertaining to "The States."

Indeed he developed an amazing American accent and vocabulary; the latter drawn from his memory of the books, and the former from his imagination. A veritable citizen of the United States would have enjoyed hearing him, but not upon a basis which would have gratified Donald!

Later along in life, after he had donned the modern "toga viriles" of long trousers, he would frequent the American Bar near Charing Cross in order to air his accent.

Fortunately, no Americans came into that bar, and so Donald's efforts were expended upon the barmaid, who was decidedly impressed. This proved to him that his accent and vocabulary were unimpeachable, because it never occurred to him to ask the girl from what part of Kent she had come.

However, all that lies far in the future; and meanwhile there are many more years of school; and many other events, some of them tragical, to transpire before he becomes a man about town.

First came the long-awaited invitation to spend the summer holiday in Edinburgh with his old uncle.

The Flying Scotsman!

Up the backbone of England it swooped, bearing Donald in its train, averaging fifty miles an hour for eight hours on end! There was adventure, there excitement! So fast it sped, the engine-driver had to pull up outside of Waverly Station for three minutes in

order to enter Edinburgh exactly on time!

Uncle was waiting, like a benevolent walrus, with his heavy overhanging mustache; and soon they settled in a four-wheeler for the short trip to Lyndoch Place, where uncle had his house.

Donald would have preferred a hansom cab, but there didn't seem to be any at the station, and uncle never used them anyway, not even in London.

The old house in Lyndoch Place seemed to fit its occupant. It even smelled like him; with a faint aroma of fine old Scot's whiskey, and a pleasantly musty scent, made up of faded lavender and rooms long darkened.

In this old house the old man lived alone with a gnome-like housekeeper who appeared only like a shadow, or genie of the bell.

Every room had its bell-crank, which one jerked down sharply, producing first a faint tinkle in the far distance, and then—Annie, usually with a whiskey and soda, for she knew her master's mind.

Uncle was a prodigious drinker, but never showed the slightest effects; nor in all the years did Donald ever see him "half seas over." He left the boy much to his own devices, being too old to follow him in all his swift excursions over the ancient city, although he would start the day by furnishing full directions.

Because the bicycle had been left in London, he hired another for Donald, and with this it was possible to cover enormous reaches.

A frequent excursion led down the Queensferry Road, which ran past Lyndoch Place, to the giant framework of steel which spans the Firth of Forth. They were always painting that bridge, Donald observed plaintively to his uncle; was it never done? No; it seemed that they started at one end, and by the time they finished at the other they had to start all over again. A life-work for the painters.

But the crowning glory of Edinburgh was the Castle glooming from the great

rock which dominated Princess Street, with all its smart shops.

Donald was of Scots origin, of course, but the costume of his native land had never appeared to him before he saw it upon the garrison of the great Castle; and it was a long time before he could bring his mind to accept it as a proper habiliment for men and warriors.

One Sunday he passed a boy of about his own age attired in the full regalia, including tartan, brooch, silver buttons and dirk in stocking. The dirk was impressive, but the rest seemed effeminate to him; and then the fact that everyone turned to follow the laddie with friendly eyes filled Donald with altruistic sympathy; to be stared at like that! It was horrible!

But the boy didn't seem to mind; and Donald could but confess that he himself *would* rather like to walk with that swagger (which seems to go with the kilts), say at a fancy-dress ball.

Think of wearing such a costume in London, though! More terrible; imagine if one's people made one go to St. Ofan's dressed like that!—Imagination could contrive no greater torture!

His people had better sense, fortunately; although uncle, who was with him when they met the young Scot, did venture: "Shall I buy you a costume like that, Donald?"

Donald indignantly repudiated the suggestion, and nothing more was said about it; although probably the old man meant it seriously. He took great pleasure in spending money upon his young nephew, providing him also with pocket-money in such liberal amounts as to keep him in schoolboy luxury for months afterward. He was rather a wistful, pathetic old fellow, in his extreme age; with a way of murmuring "Boys! Boys!" to himself under his breath.

Obviously he was intrigued by the spirit of Youth, and liked to have his young nephew near him, who was himself so near the grave, as a last link with things young and warm and living.

Yet he never dealt with Donald as so

many grown-ups did, patronizingly and with conversational condescension; talking to him simply, but as man to man.

Donald adored him; although, of course, the immense gap between their ages tempered his adoration to somewhat of the feeling which might have existed between himself and one of his favorite mummies in the British Museum, had it come to life and displayed a desire to be friendly and free with its money!

So, swiftly, sped four weeks of princely luxury; and now the Flying Scotsman has his head turned toward the border; and now Donald is back again in Lower Kennington Lane, his pockets bulging with largess, and his bag full of presents for father, mother, Nancy (Patty's successor) and cook!

The instinct of self-preservation prevented him from revealing his wealth, however; experience having proved that his parents regarded any greater sum than half-a-crown as fit only for a bank.

Donald detested banks. What was the use of saving up one's few pennies now when one needed them so much, for a time when one would be earning lots of money, anyway?

To learn the value of money, and the habit of saving?

But he knew the price of bull'seyes and chocolates; and if he saved, how could he keep up with prices?—Well, better to avoid the argument entirely and hide away the store of silver for surreptitious use!

Occasionally he would invite Caffery, one of the few fellows with whom he had become almost friendly at school—as nearly so as his own shyness would permit—to accompany him on a "spree" to the Crystal Palace, suggested naturally in connection with the spending of uncle's bounty; and there they would have a gloriously spendthrift time, buying everything edible and usable-on-the-spot, but bringing nothing back to advertise the event.

Sometimes they would end up with the purchase of a package of expensive

cigarettes—suggested by St. Ann's experience—and these they would smoke amongst the shrubbery in the grounds.

Caffery usually became silent and ill at ease after the first "fag," but Donald would smoke his fair five, one after the other, without turning a hair; thereby earning somewhat of a reputation as a "rake," as the tale of his prowess drifted back to the other boys, as such tales invariably must. . . .

Smoking was only an occasional sin, however; and certainly it did nothing to stunt Donald's growth—the effect with which he had been threatened if he indulged. Indeed, he was almost too tall for his franlework at fourteen.

Let us look at him now, for the first time since the famous portrait was painted, with the golden curls and big blue eyes.

Quite a change, surely. The curls are now neither long nor golden, indeed, nothing but a decided tendency to waviness remains as a reminder. They are a warm brown in color, shot with glints of gold when the sun shines on them. Beneath, an unusually broad brow, although the effect of that is masked by the mane of hair.

Eyes still wide, and still blue, but with curious flecks of green and hazel in the iris, and with pupils often seeming unnaturally distended, deep and black.

Long eyelashes—one of his trials—because they made him look "soft"—in the vocabulary of St. Ofan's—swept his cheeks whenever he winked.

His skin, as was natural to the outdoor life he led, with so much consistent exercise, was pinkly perfect.

His nose was a failure, however. How such a nose could have come to a family of eagle-beaks like his own was a constant source of wonderment to relatives, who would sit in mother's drawing-room and discuss it by the hour, hugely to Donald's discomfiture.

He used to meditate sleeping with a clothespin on it, to lengthen and refine it, but the thought that someone might find him in that condition prevented the attempt—suppose there was a fire, and

he were to rush out into the street forgetting that clothespin!

To make up for an insufficient nose, his mouth was unusually finely formed, although too small for some tastes, and the lips a little thin for those who like more sensuality.

However, it was his best feature, but he was tending to destroy it with a downward droop at the corners, which was becoming habitual.

His frame was strongly boned; and just as we see him now, perhaps a little too prominent. Flesh must be made to cover it up more completely, but one cannot build bone and flesh both at once, and this was his season for sprouting!

Behold him, then, not unattractive to the general, and, to his mother, the most beautiful of the sons of men!

How little emotional satisfaction mothers get from their sons, though, at that age! Affection is there, deeply hidden; but all the canons of fourteen unite to suppress its outward manifestations.

Donald, like most boys of his age, didn't like to be "fussed with," and even maternal affection had to content itself with the bleak return of a bird-like peck at forehead or chin! Donald was to regret that sooner than he knew!

CHAPTER IV

1

DEATH had been brooding over the little house in Lower Kennington Lane for many months before the icy shadow of his wings penetrated into Donald's world of boyish adventurings.

Father, the physician, knew it well; and waged a fierce though fated war against the intruding presence.

Harey Street specialists drove into Avon Court in their small barouches and cabs, causing intense commotion amongst the plebian population of that curious cul-de-sac.

Donald knew only that mother wasn't well; but, with the buoyant optimism, and perhaps, egotism, of youth, he never thought of it as anything serious. Cer-

tainly the thought of death never entered his mind; in which, indeed, there was nothing upon which it might fasten itself.

True, grandfather had died not so many months ago; but that stern old apostle of the simple religious life had spent his days broadcasting seeds of salvation from one end of the Isles to the other, and his wide orbit had included Donald's restricted one only twice, and for very brief periods.

He died in Ireland. Father and mother went to the funeral, and returned with many mysterious boxes, legacies of a wanderer, filled with clothing and books, and curiously strewn with coins of copper and silver, even of gold.

It had been the old man's practice to empty his pockets into these boxes occasionally, prompted by some mysterious impulse to lay up against the morrow, the more practical application of which had always been inhibited by his own creed.

On his deathbed he had expressed a wish that these meagre savings of a lifetime in which millions had flowed through his hands to the relief of the distressed, should be collected and given to Donald when he was eighteen.

One could not regret that distant death so much, when it entailed the tremendous thrill of helping mother to empty out those boxes, and to search them for their buried treasure!

Here was a handful of sixpences, and there some tarnished shillings and half-crowns. In the tail pocket of a rusty coat, a miraculous draught of gold pieces, roughly knotted into a colored handkerchief. Little leather snap-purses, here and there; and some of beads and worsted, worked by the hands of devout followers; all clinking with tiny hoards of brown and white and yellow metal.

The tremendous total was three hundred and twelve pounds, fourteen and sixpence halfpenny! The odd sum was expended upon magnificent mourning, and the three hundred banked until Donald should be of the designated age.

And now those mourning garments of black serge stirred in their closet, soon to be again needed; and this time, not for some half-mythological Personality, but in memory of the one person on earth whom Donald's natural shyness ever had permitted him fully and utterly to love!

Mother was dying.

Nor did Death come as a comforter, in gentle guise, to unlock the doors of life and let the soul depart to its own country. Pain, fearful, body-rending pain; incessantly demanding the use of powerful opiates. For long weeks, she lay in semi-consciousness, moaning slightly, her body fearfully bloated with dropsy.

From the time he was told that mother could not recover, Donald never really met her again; for it was no true meeting to stand beside that dreadful moaning shape, which lived only in its twitching muscles.

Cold horror gripped his heart, paralyzing his tongue and all his emotions.

So this was Death; how dreadful, how disgusting!

It was not until after the end that the memory of his real, his own mother came back with a bursting of dams, to bring relief.

"Come, Donald!"—It was father beside his bed, with a candle in his hand; his face stubbled with many days' growth of beard; his eyes red and staring; "Come, Donald!"

Shuddering out of sleep, he came to the bedside. Utterly unconscious, still, the form struggled desperately for breath, with painful gasps that seemed to shake the room.

"Say goodbye to mother!" father whispered hoarsely; and obediently, Donald knelt beside the bed to press his fresh lips against that awful cheek, which seemed to toss away from the contact. "Goodbye, mother!" he whispered in a choked voice, but it did not seem that this was a real farewell to his mother: mother, surely, was not here at all.

Creeping back to his own room, he let his body relax upon the little bed, and

slowly there passed behind his mind a painful procession of memories. Amongst those, the true sense of his mother was born again; the nightmare of those dreadful weeks vanished; and, with a clear vision of what she had been the dams broke and released the mind-saving tears.

At last he fell into the profound sleep of exhaustion; awakening in the morning with a dreadful sense of oppression for which, at first, he could find no explanation. Then the phantasmagoria of the night returned to memory and he knew that even now, as he lay there on his bed, mother was lying upon the bed in her own room, never again to rise from it and to rattle his door with her cheery, "Time to get up, Donald; time to get up!"

Just before the funeral, they let him see her again: beautiful once more, but like a waxen-figure fashioned in her own image.

He touched the forehead with his lips, and the brief contact sent a chill shuddering through all his arteries.

Father was there, kneeling beside the coffin. As Donald drew back, he threw his arm over it again, sobbing with desperate, choking sobs that shook him from head to foot. Donald had never seen a full-grown man sob before; he hadn't known that it was possible; and this was his father. How dreadful Death was . . . and *why*?

Subdued footsteps, whispering voices; then the sound of heavy feet down the winding stairway, as of four men bearing a heavy burden.

The hearse passes on; and now the drawing-room doors are opened, and all the relatives pour out upon the pavement to the waiting line of carriages.

Donald was in the first, alone with father. Neither spoke a word, nor moved.

The transfer to the train. Cold, mist-like rain to meet them at the cemetery. The terrible gash in the yellow clay, and the great silver casket beside it.

Hats off in the rain. A black-robed figure at the head of the open grave, with a black book in his ivory hands.

"This corruptible has put on incorruptibility—this mortal has become immortal—Into Thy Hands—"

The creaking of the ropes through the straining hands of the sextons. "Come away, Donald, laddie, come away!"

2

As he walked in the cold rain with his father, the first clods fell with hollow resonance upon the silver casket; but Donald's throat was dry and choked. He thought that he would never weep again.

Familiar objects in the drawing-room, and everywhere about the house, now were barbed with bitter memories: there was mother's chair, and here her work-basket with some of Donald's stockings still awaiting the flying needle that was rusting in its square of pinked flannel. Never again—never—: oh, why couldn't they be put away somewhere?

The Egyptians buried all the familiar things with their dead, perhaps because they really believed they would be needed in the spirit land, perhaps because they were so wise in so many things, and knew the heartache that may be held in footstool or chair!

No one liked to touch mother's things; it would seem a sacrilege; but, little by little, they seemed to fade away—this to the lumber room in the attic, and that to friends who needed another chair. And the tide of life swept on unconcernedly.

One could not carry too heavy a freight of memories along that tide. Eventually even the garments of mourning gave place to a broad black band about the left arm; and, somehow, Donald hated having to wear that band.

Grief, such grief as one feels for a lost mother, is too passionately private to be advertised so; it seemed to Donald like a horrible illustration of an old catch-phrase he had often heard before but never understood, about "wearing one's heart on one's sleeve!"

The conventions demanded it, however, and Donald dared not disobey. It

might have been, surely would have been, misunderstood; if he had followed his desires and torn away the black band. They would have said that it proved him heartless, when it would truly have proved the opposite.

People would make hushed reference to it, and Donald hated that, knowing that he could say nothing but cold commonplaces, and dreading the necessity.

Came a day when he was sent up for some infraction of the rules, but when the Head saw that band he asked for whom it was worn.

"My mother, sir!" answered Donald so low that he had to repeat.

"Ah! well, Gordon, you may go!"

Donald clenched his fists till the knuckles gleamed white. He wanted to shout: "No! No!—I won't be spared like this; it isn't fair to mother!" but, of course, he couldn't.

He went slowly from the study. . .

Even the black band went, after awhile; and affairs in Lower Kennington Lane slowly created a new order for themselves. Father was away much of the time, but Patty, the old nurse, was persuaded to come back from her well-earned retreat in the ancestral farmhouse, to become housekeeper.

That wasn't bad; but father was never there, except occasionally at the evening meal; and usually he was so preoccupied that not five words would pass between them.

Donald had to learn his lesson of self-sufficiency even more fully than before, during those days; for now there was no one to whom he could transfer the burden of himself occasionally.

3

He was now in the Upper School, having passed through that curiously named midway form known as "the Shell," out of which upper classmen were supposed to be hatched.

When first he went to St. Ofan's there was only the "classical side" to the school; but recently there had been added also a "modern side," in response

to the growing demands of the day for more "practical" education.

What good was Latin, anyway? parents were demanding.

Donald was soon to find a use for what little of it he had acquired; because, in his fifteenth year, his father suggested that he should come to the "surgery" in the evenings and take up the practice of dispensing medicines as a first step toward the career to which he was destined.

Father had always wanted to be a great surgeon; but he had been obliged to get out into general practice too soon; besides, he had not the true surgeon's hand. His fingers were long, delicate, artistic. Donald's were delicate, too, but blunt and spatulate, possessing just the required balance of delicacy and power which constituted, according to father, the ideal surgeon's hand. And so Donald, without the least desire upon his own part, had been dedicated to surgery.

"The Surgery" in which he was to learn dispensing was not truly a surgery at all, since no surgical cases were taken care of in it; only consultations and medical treatments. Surgical cases were sent to Guy's hospital.

Despite his instinctive indifference to his father's profession, Donald found it exciting and interesting to make the evening trips—his father no longer practiced from the home in Lower Kennington Lane, but had a little "office" and surgery in Vauxhall—and there to compound mysterious mixtures according to father's formulae.

Of course it became tiresome after awhile, but there was no giving up, since the mixtures must be made, and father depended upon Donald to make them.

After awhile he accepted it as he did most of his work at school; wearily, but with resignation, as part of the ordained order of things.

He left school at sixteen, without any particular regrets, since the parting severed him from but few friends; and began to put in more time in his father's work.

Then he was entered at the College of Chemistry, Pharmacy and Botany; and that led to a house-moving, out Clapham way, so that both father and he might be better situated with regard to transportation, and also have the advantage of the wide spaces of Clapham Common.

At college, Donald learned to loathe his proposed profession with an intense nausea. There was so much memorizing of details to be done—thousands of drugs, each with a minimum and maximum “dose” to be mastered from the British Pharmacopoea—and Donald’s mind never could be made to contain such matters.

He would learn a long list of them one afternoon, and by the next morning they would all be muddled up together in his mind: “Strychnine, dose 10 to 20 grains, Quinine, 1/32 to 1/8 grain!” and so forth.

The instructors gave him up and let him muddle around the laboratories as he wished: at least he was a good dispenser, if someone would write out the recipe in “dog-Latin” for him.

After all, he would demand, why should *he* learn doses when there was always a prescription to be followed? Because the prescriber might make a mistake? But that would be *his* fault. Well, because he would be writing prescriptions himself some day. There was no open answer to that; though, inside himself, Donald answered “Never!”

Then came his chance to dodge the hated toil entirely. Father had inherited something of the wanderlust from that old Personage who had been *his* father, and who had spent practically the whole of his life traveling from mission to mission.

Then, in youth, father had been sent to sea, as a midshipman, for three years, to counteract an inherited tendency toward phthisis. The prevention had proved successful, but in place of the tendency to phthisis, there had been born a powerful tendency to travel, to wander over the world, and to see strange places and people.

This had been hard to conquer while family cares made it necessary to conquer it.

Now that Donald was “grown up,” the final inhibition seemed to be removed; and one day father came back to their Clapham flat, bubbling over like a boy, with the news that he had landed a position as ship’s doctor on the Elder-Dempster line plying between London, Holland, and the West Coast of Africa!

“Take me with you as your dispenser!” clamored Donald; but that was impractical, it seemed.

The duties of ship’s doctor on such boats were not onerous; indeed it was only the fact that they carried passengers between river ports that made it a legal necessity to have one on board.

During the greater part of each voyage there was little to do but chase the crew up into the rigging, follow them, and force them to down the daily dose of quinine as a preventive for the malaria with which the swampy coast country was cursed.

It didn’t demand a dispenser to do that; so Donald was given the key of the flat and a monthly allowance to be paid from the Company’s offices, and was left alone in London.

He had a flat, well-furnished; a sufficiency of money; no regular employment—and he was just past seventeen!

He went down to the docks with father, and was shown all over the ship; saw the little cabin with its glittering eye-hole which was to be father’s home and “surgery” combined for so many months at a time—and then he said goodbye.

“Be a good boy, Donald; don’t get into any trouble!” father shouted from the deck. Two dock laborers looked at him and laughed. He wished his father hadn’t said that.

On his way home he bought a big squatty bottle of Benedictine, a liquor his father loved, but seldom let him taste—now he had a fine fat bottle of his own!

Well, it was something to be a man,

and a householder, at that, in London Town!

Donald looked up some of his old schoolfellows—Caffery, first, and then Parsons. They were “employed in the City” together, at a wholesale linen-draper’s establishment, and could come only in the evenings.

Donald was smoking constantly now; indeed he had done so openly before his father’s departure; because father had told the tale of how smoking at the age of sixteen had helped him to overcome his ancestral tendency to phthisis, too often to be able to forget it, when first he saw his son, at the same age, with a big “bulldog” pipe between his teeth.

“Fancy, Donald with a pipe!” was all he said at the time; and a little later, “Mustn’t overdo it, though, you know!”

The days seemed too short to “overdo” it, even with the better part of the night thrown in; but the pipe had killed his taste for cigarettes, so that helped a little; he didn’t inhale the smoke from his pipe.

So far as growth was concerned, and the danger of being stunted—that would have been funny! Donald now stood five feet ten in his stockings, and had only another inch and three-quarters to grow before he stopped; a little “stunting” could do no great harm there!

It was during this period that he learned to play billiards, because Caffery and Parsons, like himself, had no real “flair” for night life, yet; and knew nothing else to do but to drift down to one of the better “pubs” and play for hours on end.

When father returned from his first voyage, he suggested a game, and carried his private cue in its tin case down to the same “pub.”

The marker had sufficient sense not to know Donald too well; but father prided himself on his game, and was not well pleased to be defeated by his own son!

Donald diplomatically suggested that the pitching of the long voyage, without any chance for practice, must have put

him off his game; and father accepted that, but with a reservation:

“To play billiards well at sixteen, is the sign of a misspent youth, Donald!” And Donald couldn’t voice his instinctive rejoinder: “Oh, but, father, I really play a *wretched* game!” — because hadn’t he just defeated father?

However, father had faith in his flesh-and-blood, and the lure of the sea was powerful; so back he went on another voyage, leaving Donald to pursue his “studies.”

Rasely, an older fellow, from the same office in which worked Caffery and Parsons, joined them one evening.

He was a terrible “shark” with a billiard cue, and won most of their money in exchange for lessons in the art.

It was he who eventually introduced a new note into the evening affairs at the flat. There was always plenty to drink and to smoke; but a man needed more than that, he asserted; he needed the subtle and refining female influence.

Donald knew none of the sex. Caffery and Parsons were in the same boat. Rasely would attend to that, then; it would be his contribution.

His “contribution” took the forms of two vulgar but pretty shop-girls, who took occasion in the first five minutes after meeting the boys, to explain that they were perfectly respectable, and expected to be treated as such.

Rasely grinned, and passed the Benedictine; but the boys accepted them seriously, particularly Donald, whose experience with the sex was just beginning.

An hour later, Stella wanted to sit on his knee and finish the bottle of Benedictine, but he rose instinctively at her approach and let her have the seat. She looked at him reproachfully: “You’re nice boy Don-Donald,” she hiccupped; “But’n some ways, you’re ’nawful stick!”

Rasely shifted Gladys to his other knee so that he might laugh better; but Donald didn’t see anything to laugh at. Indeed, he was growing nervous at the noise they were making, and he wasn’t sorry when Caffery and Parsons, who

were getting tired of drinking alone, broke up the affair.

Next morning a polite agent called from the landlord, and suggested that such affairs were "a leetle noisy for so aristocratic a neighborhood."

It was enough. No more parties of the kind were held there; and the fellows began to drift into the regular streams of night life, at the Music Halls and Theatres, dropping Rasely by common consent.

They discovered the American Bar (where Donald aired his "American"), were initiated into the cult of the cocktail, and learned to call a whiskey and ginger ale a "highball."

Meanwhile the college was entirely neglected—but an examination in the triple subjects was not far in the future.

Father had said: "Get good marks, Donald; and I'll know that you can be trusted alone!"

"Trust to your good luck, Donald," said Caffery and Parsons, "You'll get through somehow!"

"I *must*!" said Donald, becoming suddenly serious: "Why, whatever would father say if I was *plucked*?"

At first it really seemed that his luck was going to carry him through. All three examinations were oral, and the first in "Materia Medica," was the one he dreaded most. That included all those disgusting "doses" he had never been able to swallow!

Before the dusty old examiner he stood with downcast head. "Cheer up, boy!" said that one, as unexpectedly as though his desk had come to life, "It isn't so bad as all that!"—And then, as Donald looked up and smiled, he put three questions one after the other, and Donald answered them. "Good! You'll do!"

Searching his mind later, Donald could think of only those three things in the entire Pharmacopoea of which he had definite knowledge. How had it happened? Was it telepathy? Well, whatever it was, he had passed in *Materia Medica*, and that would take the sting out of failures even in both other subjects.

S. S.—Feb.—3

In Botany he met a more unsympathetic examiner, but his luck held, and he was dismissed with an ungracious, "Well, you don't know much, but you might know less!" Perhaps he would be passed there, too! He began to be quite excited and hopeful; but the final test was in Dispensing, and that was conducted in the Dispensary.

Here were three prescriptions: please fill them. Ah-ha! The only thing he thought he *could* do! Blessings on those evenings in father's surgery!

The mixtures he made looked a little curious, even to himself. A girl student at another bench frankly laughed when her eye fell upon them, as she was preparing to wrap and seal her own creamy-looking specimens. His were not creamy-looking at all.

Well, there wasn't time to try again, even if he knew another way, which he didn't.

He wrapped them up, wrote his name and number on them, turned them in; and then there was nothing to do but await the report.

Ten days later it arrived on a postal card:

"Donald Gordon:

Materia Medica: passed.

Botany: passed.

Dispensing: failed.

Please present yourself for re-examination in all three subjects at the next bi-annual examination."

CHAPTER V

1

FATHER is back from the Bonai River, back from the swamps and the sluggish humidity of the jungles, full of poisonous mists and the constant hummings of innumerable bright-winged insects; back to leafy London, in the fresh Spring of the year.

Happy to be back; anxious to plunge into metropolitanism once more; hungry for club-life, plays, the music halls; everything so different from what he has had for the past nine months.

"Hullo, Donald; how is everything going? How did the examination come out? Did you pass?"

"I passed in two out of three, father; but they plucked me in my best subject—dispensing. I can't understand it."

"What! Plucked!"—a long, doleful whistle.

Silence, then, while the cab-top was loaded with plunder; carven paddles, double-bladed; and great wooden bowls. When they were under way, Donald recounted his experiences in the examination halls.

"Rotten luck!" said father; but secretly he was thinking that he should never have left a seventeen-year-old boy alone in London, to "bone" for exams. He might have known that it wouldn't work, he told himself; human nature wasn't arranged that way.

And so there came no expected outburst of reproaches. Instead, "Well, Donald, you'll just have to try again—if at first you don't succeed, try, try again, you know. Meanwhile you'd better go to work."

"To work? Where? At what?"

"Oh, I'll find you a place, easily enough. What you need is practice in dispensing. My old chemist in Vauxhall will give you that, if he can make a place for you. I'll see him tomorrow—or next day."

Not the next day, nor the next. Father was too busy drinking in the sights of the metropolis. Donald didn't see him again for nearly a week; and then he came in early one evening. "I've got your place for you, Donald," he said.

"At Asquitt's?" That was the Vauxhall chemist from whom supplies had been purchased in the old days.

"Yes—you start Monday."

And this was Friday.

"I'm going to give up this flat, Donald."

"But where will I live, father?"

"Oh, Asquitt has a room for you; he always 'finds' for his assistants."

Donald didn't think he'd like it, but what could he say? Nothing. So he said that.

"Ah, young Gordon, I know your father well. So you are going to be one of us? Very nice, I'm sure. We

must work hard and study. Yes, indeed." Old Asquitt washed his hands in the air before him as he spoke. Grey, dusty, smelling of mingled chemical compounds; Donald didn't dislike him, exactly, but felt a sense of enormous superiority sweeping over him.

This little grey, dusty fellow was to be his employer? Well, they would see. It would do for a time; but meanwhile he would be working on his poems and stories, and one day there would be a plate put up over the door of dusty Asquitt's place, to tell the pilgrims that "Here Donald Gordon wrote his famous works." It would bring trade to Asquitt. Gad! He was doing the fellow a favor by accepting his eighteen shillings a week and "found"!

There was a little table in the room assigned to him on the upper floor. That would do nicely for work.

"Yes," old Asquitt agreed, "Simons, your predecessor, who has just become a licensed chemist" (and what unction he put into those words "a licensed chemist") "did all his studying at that table. You may burn the gas until 10:30 at the latest, and then—bed!" He gestured to the black-iron object, with its multi-colored crazy quilt. It looked comfortable enough. Donald hoped it was "clean."

Previous experience in his father's practice in these parts, had taught him that most of these old houses were well populated with blood-sucking insects of about the size of a silver threepenny bit, but usually bright red in color, bloated with human blood.

There was no occasion for worry on that score. Either Mrs. Asquitt (an exact counterpart of her husband, in female) kept the place uncommonly clean, or else the insects couldn't stand the smells of chemicals.

Such a dreary life, though; dusting displays of soap and perfume; dispensing medicines on prescription (proud of his ability to decipher dog-Latin) or making up stock preparations such as emulsions of cod-liver oil; and Rose Balm Cold Cream. That, and waiting on the occasional customers.

2

The shop didn't close until nine at night; but Donald had a night a week to himself: Wednesday. That would give him a chance to study hard; the old chemist suggested.

It would give him a chance to go on with his "literary work," Donald thought.

It did neither.

Instead it gave him a chance to go to the new plays.

Coming back one night, atop a bus, with the sky clear, for a wonder, and the stars shimmering like jewels; a girl slid into the seat beside him.

Donald paid little attention, beyond moving closer to the rail to make more room; but the girl had the moonbeams in her eyes, and loneliness—the terrible loneliness of London—in her heart; and the combination gave her courage.

"I saw you coming from the play," she said, timidly; but as though that gave her a sort of right: "Did you like it?"

Donald was not unduly surprised. He had the habit of promiscuous speech so strongly himself, although usually it was reserved for bus drivers, cabbies, policemen, and such; that, without wonder, he turned to her and answered: "I thought it was splendid. I wish I was the prince, at Old Heidelberg!"

"Then I wish—" began the girl, but suddenly fell silent.

"Yes?" encouraged Donald.

She seemed to be a nice girl: good voice, cultivated accent and all that. Pretty, too, so far as one could see in the moonlight—and one can see wonderfully well, in the moonlight.

Nice hair under that big, floppy hat: creamy kind of skin, too, and big dark eyes with long lashes. Yes, a nice girl.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered his "Yes?" "I suppose I ought not to be talking to you like this; you'll think me perfectly horrid; we haven't been introduced, or anything."

"My name is Donald Gordon."

"What a lovely name. Mine is Mona Carew."

"Mona Carew, Monacarew!" Donald repeated, running the syllables together to achieve a Spanish or Italian sound; "Why, that's a wonderful name!"

"I'm glad you like it."—the floppy hat hid her face.

"Oh, I do!" Silence for a few minutes.

"A wonderful night, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's lovely; so calm and silvery: I love moonlight in London, don't you?"

Donald looked at the moonlight, falling over the sleepy houses and the tall trees, and found that he did. "Yes; it's wonderful!" He wished he could think of another word than "wonderful."

The bus stopped to let off an inside passenger; and then started again, with sparks flying from the steel shoes of the horses, while the driver cracked his long whip-lash, harmlessly but ferociously, and vented a little encouraging language of a kind not commonly used in the presence of ladies.

Donald suddenly discovered that bus-drivers were beasts. To cover the embarrassment, he found his tongue:

"Do you live out this way—in Kennington, or Clapham?"

"I live in Brixton."

"Oh!"—That meant she would be getting off soon.

"Will you?" she hesitated.

"Will I what?" boldly, from Donald.

"Would you—but I'm so afraid you'll misunderstand!"

"I won't, I promise I won't!" said Donald, without an idea as to what was coming.

"Well," breathlessly, "would you care to—come in just for a cup of tea, and a little cosey chat before the fire, you know?"

Donald, though, was breathless now. "Oh, I say, you know; but would it be all right? Wouldn't your—mother?" he paused on the interrogative note.

"I live alone. Just two rooms, but cosey—and quiet."

Donald thought deeply and fast. Damn it, he shouldn't—it, might be a trap of some kind. But who would want to trap *him*, with his seven-and-sixpence in his pocket? Besides, she

seemed such a nice girl. And it would be *such* an adventure. He'd go: damn the consequences: he'd go!

"I'd be delighted!"

"Oh!" the girl gave a little shuddering laugh of relief, "I'm so glad. I was afraid you'd think badly of me for asking; and I didn't—I'm not—I mean to say, there's really no harm in it, at all, is there?"

"Not a mite!"

As they started to ascend the stairs to her third-floor room, she laid a soft hand on his arm: soft, but clinging and alive: "Softly, Donald, softly!" she whispered.

So, like two conspirators, they tiptoed up the stairs and came to her room.

"Sit there, now, and be comfy!" she said, her hands on his shoulders, reaching up, to press him into the one big easy chair.

"But, you—"

"I'll be busy for awhile: sit down, do!"

He obeyed, and watched with dreamy but excited eyes while she coaxed the fire into a fresh blaze and piled on a little coal, carefully.

"Let me do that!" he started up.

"Sit down!" she shook the coal-shovel at him, playfully. "This is *my* work, and I musn't be interfered with."

He sank back. "Mind if I smoke?"

"I'd love it—the smell is so nice."

He took out his solid silver cigarette case and his amber holder impressively. "Ah-h!"—he blew twin plumes of grey smoke through his nostrils! Not everyone could do that! But Mona was busy with a little copper kettle, propping it up on the coals so that it wouldn't tip over.

What a pretty form she had, as she knelt there over the fire. Neatly dressed, too: no frills and furbelows, such as Donald assured himself he disliked. A blue serge skirt, and a blouse which seemed to be made of heavy creamy silk, with a wide collar, open at the throat, and caught below with a big black bow. He could see the firelight flush on throat and cheek from where he sat. A lovely skin; and, really, a

lovely girl. He was a lucky fellow to be sitting there beside her fire, like this. . . .

The kettle boils; the teapot is flaunting a tiny plume of aromatic steam from the tip of its spout; here is a dainty plate of little sugar-covered cakes. Willow pattern cups and saucers. How dainty; how delightful everything—and how good; the hot tea.

"What do you do, Donald? For a living, I mean?"

"Oh!" Donald blushed, but the shadows hid it, perhaps. To confess that he was a chemist's assistant in Vauxhall! Never! It would ruin all the romance of it! "Oh," he repeated, carelessly, "I write a little, you know."

"Why, how wonderful!" she breathed ecstatically, leaning forward from her place on the footstool at his feet: "What do you write—poetry, plays, *love* stories?"

"Poetry, a little," nonchalantly. "No plays; certainly no love stories."

"Oh, why?" she seemed a little hurt.

"Why, an author must write of what he *knows*," said Donald, desperately recalling something he had read.

"And you have had no—experience—no love episodes?"

Donald blushed again; and this time so brightly that she could not avoid seeing.

She must be careful: boys were like that, sometimes; she told herself: they weren't like girls, like *her*, so willing and ready to talk of love.

"Tell me about your poetry!" That was better.

Donald recovered his poise. He even recited one or two of them to her; and she said they were "nice," though she didn't really think so. They were all about fighting, or else about God and the grave. She preferred love as a subject; and edged back to it subtly.

"You should try your hand at *romantic* poems, Donald; I'm sure you'd be wonderful at them!"

Donald glowed at that, but seemed a little doubtful. "Romantic? You mean—?"

"Oh, about ancient castles, and

knights and ladies, and pages in crimson doublets and—that sort of thing.”

“Hmmm. Might try it. Not much in my line I’m afraid.”

“You’re cold, Donald—”

“No, indeed, I’m quite warm.”

“Oh, I don’t mean that—” she gestured gracefully toward the fire—“I mean that *you* are cold; not warm, passionate—like me. It would help your poetry so much if you could catch fire—if someone could touch you off!”

Donald looked a little startled at the idea; and felt a little set-back.

“Cold? I’m *not* cold!” he rushed to his own defense. “I know I’m a bit hard to get to know, in a way, but I’m not *cold*; really, I’m not!”

She dropped her head on his knees, dreamily: “Oh, Donald, but *I* think you are!”

He played with her hair; great, glowing soft masses of it, piled high on her head. A faint, delightful perfume came from it, and from her body, so close to him there.

Silence for what seemed a long time. “I’m not cold, Mona; really I’m not: I couldn’t be cold—to a girl like you.”

She stirred: “Do you mean it, Donald, really, truly?”—drowsily, her voice.

“Surely I mean it; come, Mona; sit here with me!” On his knees, he meant.

She cuddled close to him, her warm white arms about his neck. “Kiss me, Donald!—Ah!”

“Darling Mona!”

“Again, Donald, again!”

Donald was on fire now, truly on fire: the little leaping flames tingled all over him, and leapt out of his eyes. He covered her face with kisses, clinging, passionate kisses, lips and cheek, forehead and ears, even her eyes: he could feel them, fluttering, fluttering, under their closed lids, beneath his clinging lips. No words now; no need for any. Esperanto? Volapuk?—Sweep them away; here is the true philosopher’s stone of speech, melting all human minds into a common understanding—the one universal language.

The fire faded, and dulled to grey. “I’m sleepy, Donald!”

“Oh . . . yes . . . it’s so late . . . I must go!”

“Don’t go, Donald.”

“But . . . how . . . you mean?”

“Yes, Donald: please don’t go.”

3

Morning; grey, but fresh and clear. Donald walked all the way to Vauxhall; swinging his arms, whistling, executing little *pas seuls*. It was so good to be alive—and young—in London!

Mona . . . a wonderful name: it brought little shivers up one’s spine just to say it, to whisper it over and over: “Mona, Mona, Mona.” Wednesday. A whole week away! How ever could he wait? But at least he was to see her again on Wednesday.

“Mona!” In his preoccupation he said it aloud. A passing policeman swung his head and stared. . . . “Morning!”

“Oh . . . good morning!” sang Donald in return.

The policeman came to life, almost as though he had touched an electric wire. “It’s beautiful weather, we’re having?”

“Isn’t it?” agreed Donald, with such warm and deep conviction that the policeman positively glowed.

“Well . . .” he hesitated . . . “I must be on my beat. Good morning to ye, sir, and good luck—though it’s little ye’ll be needin’ the wish, from the looks of ye!”

“Thank you officer; and the same to you!”

“A foine lad!” murmured the policeman, as he trudged away. . . .

Old Asquith was not quite so susceptible. He was taking down the shutters as Donald turned the corner. “So *there* you are?” he said; “and what’s the meaning of this, I should like to know?”

“I’m so sorry, sir; but I met my . . . aunt . . . at the theatre last night, and she persuaded me to go home

with her. I couldn't notify you, or I would have done so; but I made it a point to be on hand bright and early this morning; let me take the shutters, sir!"

The old fellow relinquished the shutter and moved away a bit.

"Your aunt?" he repeated doubtfully.

"Yes, sir; my mother's sister. She lived in China for twenty years, and has the most amazing collections of curios you ever saw!"

"I never *did* see them . . . your aunt? . . . well, don't let it happen again without due notice in advance!"

"I won't, sir; thank you, sir!" said Donald effusively; feeling that he was talking like a footman or a fool, and not caring which.

"Something's got into that boy, surely!" Asquith muttered to himself, as he shuffled in to breakfast, in his old carpet slippers. But old Asquith couldn't imagine what it was.

Now Donald had a theme for his poetry, and many sheets were covered with verse during the intervening days. When Wednesday came again, the same aunt—who actually had been in China for twenty years, and was still there—served for an excuse. The repetition seemed to give some assurance to Asquith; he began to believe in this aunt; but Mrs. Asquith, curiously enough, was not so sure. Perhaps she had noticed Donald's wastepaper basket too closely, and wondered at his whistling too much to attribute everything to a mere aunt. However, perhaps there were other ladies in the aunt's household: that might explain everything.

Donald was to call for Mona at five-thirty. He waited, walking up and down in front of her house, until five twenty-seven, and then rang the bell!

"Miss Carew?—Go right up, third floor back"—the door had been opened by a typical London "slavey," rag of an apron, and wisps of faded hair in eyes, all complete. She stood at the foot of the stairs gawping up after Donald as he climbed.

A tap at her door, and at once it was

flung open, revealing Mona, lovely, alluring, in a gown of grey silk.

"Mona!"

"Donald!"

"Mustn't muss my hair, boy; it's all prettied up for the party!"

"It's lovely, Mona; and so are you . . ." another bear-like hug.

"O-o-o-h! Now let me go and get my hat."

Donald lit a cigarette while the hat was being balanced and patted and pinned into place; in certain emotional states, cigarettes seemed necessary to him.

"Now! Where shall we go?"

"Oh, let's take a bus—" Donald wanted to re-create the meeting of last Wednesday—"and go to Charing Cross. Then we can go to Ragoul's, if you care for that kind of thing—Italian-French cookery, you know."

"Splendid! And we'll have a bottle of Chianti, won't we Donald?"

"We certainly will!"

And they did. The wine, light though it was, the warmth, music, food, and most of all the fact that Mona sat across from him, and he could even press the calf of his leg against hers under the concealment of the table-cloth, quite went to Donald's head. He became lyrically loquacious. The room seemed filled with scented mist—the same scent he had noticed that night in Mona's room.

Their waiter, a huge square-squat Italian, with nutcracker nose and chin, waited on them with intense devotion. Leave it to a Latin to comprehend the symptoms of young love! Almost he seemed to hesitate at accepting the lordly tip Donald pushed toward him, but not for long. After all the young lord probably had plenty of money! And, indeed, Donald had the whole of his week's wages—eighteen shillings!

Then to Maskeleyne & Cook's, for which Mona had expressed a preference, to be thrilled by the necromancy of Egyptian Hall.

A little supper at a tiny, inexpensive little place; and then, back to bus-top, swaying down the Westminster Bridge

Road like a sacred elephant with them, all alone, in the howdah on his back.

"Can I . . . can I come in to-night, Mona?"

"Surely you may, Donald; I've been looking forward to our fireside chat!"

Donald didn't care so much about the fireside chat; but his whole being burned with the desire to hold her firmly slender form in his arms again, to drink great breaths of the perfume from her hair and body; to slip out of the burden of himself, and to forget the world and all its chemist shops.

4

Oh, the delightful days that followed, like a dancing procession of young loves, through the summertime of London!

Donald gave up his position with Asquith, explaining that his father wished him to devote all his time to study for the next few months. A horrid lie; but if ever the end justifies the means, surely he had a right to it!

Fortunately for him, since even ambrosia and nectar are terribly expensive in London, he and his savings account at the Penny Bank—that same account into which so many gifts greater than half-a-crown had gone under passionate protest.

How glad he was now that father had insisted! Let's see—there's thirty-two pounds ten and twopence! A fortune! Inexhaustible!

He took a little room not far from Mona's, without meals, because he didn't want to be tied down to any schedule.

Mona was a "special" at one of the big West End establishments—owing her position to her finely-fashioned figure, and owing to it, too, her comparatively high wages and immunity from unbreakable "hours."

And so sometimes the whole day, and always a part of every day could be devoted to each other.

Donald rediscovered all the old familiar places, finding unexpected glories in them as he shared them with Mona.

She didn't care much for Galleries or Museums; but the Parks, and most of all, the Zoological Gardens, were her delight.

There was a wonderful day when they went out to Hampton Court, and spent the hours wandering in the woods, breathing the forest perfume, and picking pale flowers with which to adorn each other.

Lying beside a murmuring stream, under huge elms, his head in Mona's lap, and his mouth full of sausage cake, hurriedly purchased at the railway station to avoid the necessity for early return from the woods; Donald thought that heaven could not be so fine as this; "Because, you know, Mona, we wouldn't have our *bodies* in heaven. I love your body, Mona; it is so firm, so warm, so beautiful."

Mona caressed him with cuddling little gestures. "Dear boy, you are the *dearest* boy, Donald!"

Slowly, back to the station, arms intertwined. Even the dark dusty ride back to London seemed romantic, mysterious; and the great town warm and welcoming, because was it not London that had brought them together? . . .

Days spun out into weeks, and weeks into months.

Father would soon be back again; but before that, there was the second Examination. Absurd even to attempt it. He had forgotten what little he had known and he had learned no more. It would be a farce, foolish. The fated date came and swung past. Now he *had* done it!

CHAPTER VI

1

A LETTER for Donald, forwarded from Asquith's; a legal, learned-looking letter, dressed in ice-blue, precise and formal:

"Sir: In accordance with instructions contained in the last Will and Testament of Donald Gordon, deceased, we hand you herewith our cheque in the sum of three hundred, thirty and seven pounds, fifteen shillings and twopence, being the principal of three hundred pounds deposited with us by George Gordon, under

the instructions of the Will above mentioned, and interest upon same to the present date: All of which sums, under the terms of the said Will, are to be paid to you upon your attaining the age of eighteen, on the day and year of this communication.

"Kindly acknowledge receipt hereof upon the enclosed form writing the date of same across the attached stamp and appending your signature in the presence of two witnesses."

A slip of blue paper, a little deeper in tint than the envelope which had contained it and the letter, was folded in with the receipt form.

"Three hundred and thirty-seven pounds fifteen shillings and twopence" it said, as plainly as purple ink could speak; and "Pay upon demand to Donald Gordon" was there just as plainly.

Suddenly Donald remembered the excited searchings through grandfather's treasure chests. That must be the explanation! To think of it!—He, Donald Gordon, was rich beyond the dreams of avarice!

His landlady and her husband witnessed the signing of the receipt, with respectful awe at the nature of the document, although understanding nothing about it beyond Donald's casual explanation, "A small bequest; just a few hundreds."

The landlady detained him in the hallway as he was dashing down to break the news to Mona, and suggested that the first floor front would be vacant next week. "A lovely room, sir; hand bee-yutifully furnished, hif hi do say hit myself."

Donald demurred. He contemplated no change at present. After awhile he would see.

"Just tike ha look, sir!" the siren suggested, her hand on the doorknob of the bee-yutifully furnished room; but Donald was on fire to tell his tale to Mona, and must not be detained.

"Later, Mrs. Mickleson, later!" he exclaimed, darting out of the door and slamming it behind him!

Mona was out. When would she be back?

"Couldn't soy, hi'm sure, sir; she lef' no messidge."

Donald smothered an expletive of disappointment, hesitated, and then turned away. Oh, well, he would go down to his bank and deposit the bequest. How it would make the girl's eyes pop!—There were women behind the cages of the Penny Bank. The girl's eyes didn't pop, perceptibly. Other people's money meant nothing but her daily work to her. She accepted the blue slip with an incurious hand, but promptly turned it over. "You haven't endorsed it."

"Oh, must I? I didn't know. Where, please?"

"On the back . . . here."

Donald obeyed.

The amount was recorded to his credit in the little bankbook he had brought. "When can I withdraw some of this?"

"Oh, you must wait until it has been passed for payment."

"Well, but I want—" suddenly Donald remembered that he had nearly eighteen pounds of his original wealth remaining on deposit.

"Oh, very well," he changed his thought, "I'll just withdraw from my other funds."

"Other funds" sounded impressive, he thought, but the girl seemed scarcely interested. "As you wish," she answered, with a slight yawn, smothered against the back of her hand. Donald hadn't intended to do it, but that yawn, somehow, prompted him to draw a demand for every penny beyond the actual amount of the inheritance.

Now for a real celebration! Mona *must* be back soon.

But Mona was not back: nor did she return until Donald had nearly worn out his patience and his boots, walking up and down the short street like a policeman on his beat.

"Oh, Donald; hope you haven't been waiting long?"

"Not long," lied Donald, gallantly. "Were going to have a celebration."

"Celebration? What about?"

"Wait until were in your room and I'll tell you all about it."

"Oh, how exciting—" and she hurried up the stairs ahead of him.

"How perfectly delightful, Donald; and now whatever will you do with all that money?"

Donald became mysterious. "I'll tell you while we dine!" and neither threats nor entreaties could get another word out of him on the subject of his plans until they were seated face to face over the friendly little table at Ragoul's, with the square-squat waiter, who had come to watch for them, hovering near the kitchen door at a convenient distance, waiting to bring them their orders.

"Now, Donald; I'm dying of curiosity!"

"Mona, how would you like to go to the Continent—France?"

The question was exploded before her with eager expectancy that she would mirror his own delight at the thought; but, instead, her lashes fell over her eyes, and a slow tide of deep rose flooded up over throat and cheeks.

"Oh, Donald!" her voice was heavy with regrets, "I can't; I simply can't; I'm *so* sorry. I'd love to more than anything else in the world, but I can't."

"*Why* can't you?" demanded Donald, deeply disappointed, but hoping against all the evidences of finality in her face and tone that he might yet turn her decision.

"I . . . I can't tell you, Donald. I'm sorry, but you'll have to trust me. I simply can't tell you."

He protested; eagerly at first, then warmly; finally rather bitterly; but her answer remained unchanged: "I simply can't tell you, Donald. It doesn't concern myself alone, and I can't tell you. You'll have to trust me, dear."

"Trust you? What do you mean by that, Mona? Of course I trust you, but what has that to do with your not going with me to France?"

"Well, I mean . . . you mustn't think there's anyone else but you, Donald, there isn't; it isn't that, but . . ."

Donald's eyes were fiercely wide open. He had never thought of that, but now; why, her very insistence upon it had planted the thought firmly in his mind. He reached across the table and caught her wrist: "Who is it? What is

it? You *must* tell me now; you *shall*, Mona!"

She tried to draw her arm away, but he tightened his grip. "Donald, you are hurting me!"

He dropped the arm at once; but his eyes continued to blaze into hers. "Who is he? Where does he live?"

"Don't be so silly, Donald; there is no one but you." She dropped her eyes as she said it; his burning gaze was more than she could bear.

Abruptly he rose. She looked up at once, startled. "Where are you going?"

Donald ignored the question. "Good-bye!" he answered in an unnaturally metallic tone; and then, again, "Good-bye, Mona!"

She half rose as he started for the door, but sank back again hopelessly, burying her face between her arms outstretched before her on the white tablecloth.

Donald's brain seemed dead within him as he walked away, but one part of it came to life suddenly as his half-seeing eyes encountered the perturbed face of their waiter. "Not *going*, sir?"

"Yes: here—" he thrust a gold piece into the ready hand. "Give the lady her dinner; I'm—" he broke off the phrase, and hurried out.

2

At first Mona would have gone too; but came the insistent thought: "He'll come back; he *must* come back!" She would wait; and she did, spinning the long dinner out interminably, playing with each course, eating practically nothing, hoping, willing him back. But Donald did not come back.

Already, in his room, he was throwing his things into his two big bags. Fortunately he had no boxes; for his father, world traveler, had often warned him, "Donald, when you travel, never carry anything that you *can't*"—it was his formula for *hand* luggage; founded upon many experiences of being dumped off on docks where there was none to lend a hand. Donald remembered it now. "I *can* carry, every-

thing I own!" But he couldn't leave tonight. He must get his money first. Well, he would finish packing anyway, and be all ready.

Lying sleeplessly on the big brass bed for the last time, he went over all his hours with Mona, in his mind. All over now. What a fool he had been! What a fool! Perhaps he was still a fool! Well, not so big a fool as that! He would go away and forget. To France? Why not. There was gaiety there, and gambling! They would help him to forget.

There were blue semi-circles under his eyes next morning as he paid his landlady two weeks' rent "in lieu of notice" and told her that he was away to the Continent for a few weeks.

"Well, hi'm sure—" she began indignantly; but cannier thoughts suggested that he would be back! "Your room will be ha-waitin foryer, sir; or a better one!" she assured him, instead of what she had held in mind to say.

"Thank you, Mrs. Mickleson; I'll remember, and good-bye!"

"Good-bye, sir, hand 'ave a good houting!"

The door closed behind him, and he felt the finality of it.

Now to the bank. Yes, the cheque had cleared. He could have his money. "What, all of it?" Well, he knew best, no doubt.—The tone suggested grave doubt; but Donald pressed the thick wad of Bank of England notes into his wallet without paying any attention either to tone or teller.

And now what? Trains, of course: The boat train.

Not until he was on the boat, and the frowning chalk cliffs of England were sinking into the Channel behind him, did Donald have time even to think of Mona. She was somewhere over there; far behind that barrier, growing more and more distant every minute. His lower lip trembled a little. "Damn it, I mustn't be so soft!"

Came a providential interruption from a middle-aged man in decorous tweeds, wearing mutton-chop side whiskers, and supported on either hand by

angular females, attired in tweed skirts and jackets, obviously his daughters. Donald's swift glance answered at once all that his curiosity wanted to know: neither of them was Mona. . . .

"Looks as if we were to have a pleasant voyage, eh?" The speaker may never have accosted a stranger so before in the whole of his life as a Midland banker; but traveling breaks down barriers, and one mustn't be too parochial.

"It does that!" Donald agreed, removing his cap, to which gesture the banker responded formally. Then, "My name's Hawkins, sir; of St. Mary's; as fellow travelers, I presume we may waive ceremony; my daughters, sir; Ann and Mary." He gestured to each in turn.

"How de do? How de doo?" murmured Donald to each. "Donald Gordon's mine, sir!" (*"Donald Gordon. What a lovely name!" Mona had said!*)

"Aha, Mr. Gordon; it is indeed a pleasure. Going to Boulogne, I presume?" And then was revealed the real reason for the encounter. "You speak French?"

"A little . . . not very much," Donald confessed; wishing that he had kept up his schoolboy acquaintance with the language.

"More than myself, sir, more than myself. Not a word of it, not a word. My daughters the same, sir; not a word!"

Donald emitted a mild murmur which might be accepted as assent or surprise.

"No, sir; not a word: now, I wonder . . ." he came to his real point quickly, "whether you would mind taking us over, so to speak, taking us in charge, as it were? Would you mind? So awkward, don't you know, to be without a word of their language!"

Donald suggested that there would be many English-speaking people about; but the banker was not to be put off.

"Yes, but we want to see the *French* people; not English!" he protested. "Of course, if you don't care to, if it would be too much trouble, why not for the world would we . . ."

"Oh, not that at all!" Donald assured

them quickly, horrified at the implied discourtesy. He would be delighted, indeed; but he feared that *his* French wouldn't be much help.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the other, patting him on the arm in a fatherly way. "Isn't it, girls?" The girls agreed that it was.

"Now, sir, you understand—" dropping his voice mysteriously, "in the matter of expenses; it must be *my* business to look after that—yes, indeed; not a word!"—Donald had begun a protest, feeling his fat wallet against his right breast—"Not a word! You must accept my hospitality, or we cannot accept your kindness to us. Can we, girls?" The girls agreed that they could not.

"Oh, very well; let it be as you wish." It didn't matter much; though Donald was itching to spend his own easily acquired money.

And, by the way, that brought up a new thought. They would need *French* money over there, wouldn't they? "Aha!" the banker drew a fat wallet from his breast-pocket, and patted it with profound pleasure in his own perspicacity. "I have attended to that, sir; trust a banker to be beforehand in money matters!"

"Well, I haven't," Donald admitted, "but I suppose I can change some at Boulogne."

Undoubtedly, but he wouldn't need to do so. The banker glowed with the thought that *now* the matter was well settled. "Keep your English money in your pocket, sir! This is my 'treat'!" His tone put the word "treat" in quotations carefully, as though to say, a plebian word, but appropriate.

3

AND so Donald landed in France as with a family party. Even the customs inspector, incomparably gorgeous in gold lace, with the veritable imperial of Napoleon III fiercening his face, made some obscure reference to "*Votre père, et les mesdemoiselles*," which Donald only half understood and so dodged with a "*Oui! Oui!*" of complete

comprehension. Then, pointing to the bags, "*Des allumettes? Du tabac?*" Donald bethought him of the box of cigars purchased at the station. He had filled his case from it, and tried to tell the inspector that it was a "broken" box.

"*Ouvrez!*" came the response, in a tone of deep command.

Then, after Donald had obeyed, exposing the box with its forty-six cigars: "*Bien! Fermez!*" And again Donald obeyed.

"You see; your French is going to be perfectly all right!" whispered one of the daughters, squeezing his arm.

Donald didn't see, but thought it wiser to say nothing.

A cab to the hotel; how did one say "Folkestone" in French? The hotel of his choice, suggested by the friendly porter in London, was "L'hotel de Folkestone, Boulogne, et Paris." "Boo-long eh Patee" was simple enough, but how about "Folkestone"? He decided to give it a foreign twist, and apparently he was understood, because eventually they drew up in front of the very place, as a huge sign attested. To the hotel at Boulogne! But what different companionship than Donald had dreamed—a Midland banker and two plain daughters . . . not Mona.

Dinner. But first a wash. "*Vous desirez du savon, monsieur?*"

My God, yes!—what a question!

A little cake of soap was handed to him by the mustached female at the hotel office. It was to be charged for in the addition later.

The Midland banker threw up his hands, while his two daughters tittered. They must buy soap! What a country! What a people! What curious customs these foreigners had! Probably *never* washed at all!

Donald felt like suggesting that *they* were the foreigners, now; but thought better of it. Might offend the old fellow. No use doing that. Seemed a decent enough sort.

Madame, behind the desk, displayed no evidence that she had understood, but handed out three more cakes of soap imperturbably. But after they had fol-

lowed their luggage upstairs, she too had something to say about the habits of foreigners to her humble friend, the resplendent commissioner: "These queer English . . . in their hotels, Jean, believe one, they would use the soap of previous guests! Think of it!"

Jean tuttered with the tip of his tongue, and shrugged his magnificent epaulets. They were all mad, those English, every one! . . .

On his way up the Grand Staircase, Donald had passed others going down to dinner. Two or three were in tweed sports suits not unlike his own; so now he *knew* he was right. He washed his hands and face, and hurried down.

After a few minutes he was joined by the family which had adopted him, or which he had adopted, and then they were assigned to a table, which they must take every time thereafter.

Donald did the ordering. He could do that well enough, after his experience at Ragoul's, where all the menus were in French. He even explained the nature of the different dishes to the others, so that they might make their choices. Even the names of the courses reminded him of his lost Mona—the times they had dined together. . . . Their last dinner—God!

The waiter was most polite. Yes, he understood perfectly. Monsieur wished this and this . . . pointing.

In the same way Donald indicated what was really wanted, diplomatically saying "*Oui! Oui!*" meanwhile.

"It's lucky we met you, Gordon; or we'd have starved to death, wouldn't we, girls?"

The girls nodded in unison. "Or else we'd have been eating frogs and snails without knowing it!" The girls shuddered. "Father!" they exclaimed, reproachfully, still in unison.

The dinner went off well; although the girls seemed a little shocked when Donald ordered some cognac, and a great bottle of it was placed on their table.

That same bottle was put before them at every meal thereafter, and the level was but little altered.

When Donald left, weeks later, there was quite a discussion between his waiter and the mustached female as to how much should be credited to his addition on the unconsumed quantity. He was amazed at that, but was careful to add the sum to his gratuity to the waiter.

After three days the banker and his daughters departed to their native Midlands, with profuse expressions of gratitude, leaving Donald to his own devices. . . . Now he would really set about forgetting . . . but why did memory hurt him in the chest? . . .

At once he retained the services of a professional guide, who had offered himself every morning and evening since their arrival. And then he went back to all those places he had visited with the others, and discovered what they really were.

He went to other places too; which might not have been mentioned to the Midlands banker, at least while his daughters were along: The Casino, cafés, places even less mentionable: the guide saw that Donald was indeed young and well-to-do; and was anxious to earn as much as possible. He had a small commission, be it understood.

Donald disappointed him in those other places, however. Not that he was shocked or mock modest; but there was no appeal, after the sweet nearness of Mona; his lost Mona. . . .

Donald was drinking a great deal more than was good for him, without realizing it, since it was mostly *café au cognac*, which never seemed to affect his legs, although it developed increased nervousness and sensitiveness.

He would sit, with his guide, at the marble-topped table of a *café chantant*, downing cup after cup of the insidious beverage, and drumming with his finger-tips on the marble. Gaudily dressed and painted girls would come between the tables, singing songs. French songs; apparently witty and naughty, to judge by the smiles and winks. They meant nothing to Donald. Sung French was out of his depth. . . . Never was he free from the oppression

of his memories of Mona. Unacknowledged, a stream of vision, almost unthought. Never absent.

There was a flaxen-haired English girl at one of the places who would sing mournful English ditties for the special benefit of the tourist trade. "Farewell, My Bluebell, Farewell to You!" she would moan to music; "Good-bye, little gel; I am going afar to dwell. Kiss me. You won't?—Ah, well! Minuet, good-bye, Minuet, good-bye!" Very sad.

Sometimes she would stand right in front of Donald to sing her song; and then it was the thing to stand her a drink. What would she have? The answer was always the same, "Rum and milk!"

It was the *most* expensive drink, his guide protested. "A franc!"

But Donald waved the matter aside. Let her have her rum and milk if she liked: God knows she looked as if she needed something. . . .

Donald plodded through the days and nights without elation, mechanically. Would Mona never go out from his mind? . . .

One evening the English girl had a new tune.

Donald had been drinking *crème de menthe* for a change that day, and was nearer being "half seas over" than ever he had been in his life before.

She came to him at once, and with a gesture to the *chef d'orchestre*, started to sing: "*Mona, my own love; Mona, my true love; far o'er the seas comes my true love to me!*"

A crackling stroke of flame rose before his eyes. Did he reel visibly, or was this frenzy merely internal? Did those sounds of ironic laughter, those brazen shrieks he heard, come from the orchestra, or was he crazy? They subsided, but he heard his pulse beating in his ears, drumming—"Mona—Mona—Mona."

What devilish intuition had suggested that song? None. It was merely the popular ballad of the day.

"Stop!" he cried hoarsely, half rising, with bloodshot eyes that glared at her.

He choked. The startled girl broke off her song and swayed away from him. The orchestra swung along for a bar or so, and then stopped too. Everyone was staring at him.

His guide clutched his shoulder, and the touch brought him to himself. "I'm all right," he said, sinking back into his seat, "But she mustn't sing that song, Eugene; tell her she mustn't!"

The girl had vanished, and there was a frock-coated person beside them, chattering and gesticulating, but not with obvious hostility.

The guide gave some explanation which seemed to suffice. With a shrug and an expressive gesture the frock-coated one withdrew.

The waiter received an order for another *crème*. All was well. . . .

But Donald was deciding that it was all over. He was going back; back to London; yes, he would leave on the first boat!

CHAPTER VII

1

BACK in London, Donald dashed to Mona's lodgings. "Wait!" he told his cabman, with a wild idea of dragging her down and off to France with him.

"Miss Carew ain't 'ere, sir; she lef' a week ago."

"What! Impossible! Where?"

"Hi'm sure *hi* don't know, sir!"

"But she must have left some address for her letters!"

"Hi'll ask the loidy of ther 'ouse, sir, if you'll kindly wait 'ere."

Back came the "slavey" in a minute with a precious scrap of soiled paper. "You're to copy it orf, sir, she ses."

Donald did so, slipped a shining half-crown into the astonished slavey's hand, and dashed out again to his cab.

"Vauxhall Walk!" he shouted, as he dived between the folding doors.

"Gawd, sir, but hi can't drive down that there place!" protested the cabby.

"Why not?"

"It's narrer as the Good Road, sir, and crarded wif barrers besides."

"Well, go as far as you can, and I'll walk the rest of the way."

"Werry good, sir." The folding doors shut him in, and the aristocratic-looking hansom started its journey into terra incognita. . . .

"Gawd, Shiney, see ther 'ansom cab!" called one little waif to another. "Gaw' blimey!" was the only adequate response; not that both hadn't seen hundreds of "hansoms," but never in the purlieus of Vauxhall Walk before.

"I can't toike me cab any further, sir!"

"Well, wait here with my bags. I'll be back soon."

Could this be the place? A slimy fishmonger's shop, with a rickety flight of stairs leading overhead. Donald climbed them carefully, and tapped on the first door.

Voices, and shuffling feet. Then silence.

He tapped again, harder.

Silence still, and the tense feeling of people waiting with hard breathing.

Again he tapped.

Finally, "Oo's there?" hoarsely, but in a feminine voice.

It seemed impossible to announce his name: "I'm looking for a Miss Carew," he called, "Can you tell me where I can find her?"

The door opened reluctantly to expose an inflamed eye and a gin-flushed cheek. Then it opened wider, and the whole of a horrid, hag-like form was revealed, clothed in tatters inconceivably soiled.

"Ullo, dearie!" said this apparition, "'Ave yer got thruppence fer a go of gin?"

Donald produced a sixpence and handed it over silently.

"Gawd bless yer! Now, oo did yer soi yer wants?"

"Miss Carew."

The old hag opened her mouth widely, revealing serrated crags of rotting teeth, as she chuckled harshly, pressing her claw-like hands to her stomach the while. "Mis' Carew! Well, hi loikes that! Hand wot does a pretty

boy loike you want wif Mis' Carew, hi'd loike ter know?"

Donald repressed an exclamation of impatient disgust; it wouldn't be wise to offend the old beldame.

"I have some important news for her."

"Not ha lawyer, hare yer?"

"No, only a friend."

"Well, she hain't 'ere."

"What!—But you know her?"

"Hi knows 'er all right. Heveryone hin Vauxall knows Hemily Carew, and 'as, goin' on these fifty year; but there hain't any hof 'em as knows no good of er so far as *hi* knows!"

"Oh!" Donald breathed a sigh of relief. "The wrong Miss Carew. The lady I was looking for is *young*; quite young."

A shrewd twinkle came into the red-rimmed eyes of the old hag: "Would that be *Mona*, hi'm a-wonderin'?"

Donald flashed back to attention: "Mona!—She has been here? You know her? Where is she?"

"Heasy, heasy, young man!"—she waved a claw as though to ward away this rush of questions. "One at a time, *hif* yer please. Heasy does it!"

"But what *could* Mona be doing down *here*?" Donald spoke to himself rather than to the woman, but he spoke aloud.

"Hand wy wouldn't she be down 'ere to see 'er pore mother die?"

"Her mother?"

"Surely: Hemily Carew as was, rest er pore gin-soaked soul; and hits meeself must be gettin' along to the palace, wif yer koind consent, me lud."

"The palace?" repeated Donald, busy with other thoughts.

"Yes, ther palace: Ikey Cohen's Palace of Pleasure hat ther end of ther Walk. Hit's well that pore Hemily knowed hit—hevery day has hever was, she would be toikin' 'er dozen goes er gin there, w'en she wuz in funds; w'ich hi'll soi for Hemily, she ginerally wuz."

Donald stood in a daze, trying to comprehend the situation; until the old hag started to push past him impatiently.

He recoiled from the contact, causing a flame of fury to sweep across her dis-

torted face: "Hafraid hi'll soil yer pretty close?" she snarled.

"Not at all—you startled me—I was thinking. Where is Miss—Mona—now, can you tell me?"

"Mebby hi can, and then mebbly again hi carn't!" she put her arms akimbo.

Donald drew a shilling from his pocket.

She clutched it eagerly before confessing: "Hi don't know, mister, 'onest ter Gawd hi don't know. She come back ter bury 'er pore mother and that's ther larst we sees hof 'er. Too prard fer 'er mother's fren's, hi suppose," she added bitterly.

"But she must have left an address, a piece of paper, or something?"

"And 'oo would she leave hit wif, hi'd loike ter know?"

Donald stood irresolute.

"And now, sir, beggin' yer pardon; and since hi've told yer all hi knows, hi'll be on my woi, *hif* yer don't mind."

He followed slowly down the creaking and cracking stairway and saw her dart across and through the doors of Cohen's Palace at the corner.

What to do now? Nothing, apparently. It was stalemate!

He returned to his cab, finding it surrounded by a conglomeration of miserable humanity.

The cabby cracked his whip sharply. "Clear ther woi for the gent!" he commanded; and some of the gamins, with the irrepressible humor of their breed, backed away solemnly doffing their dirty caps, and bowing low.

"Me lud, the carriage waits!" said one; rewarded with a roar of laughter.

Donald drew half a handful of copper and small silver from his pocket and scattered it amongst them.

Under cover of the scramble he climbed in and the cab drew away.

"W'ere to, sir?"

"Back to the station," he told the cabby. "Might as well," he murmured to himself.

2

AND so, after this brief interlude, Donald is ensconsed once more at the

Hotel of Folkestone, Boulogne and Paris; but a desperate Donald, a world-wary one; ready for anything that might help him to forget.

He would go on to Paris after awhile, he promised himself. Meanwhile, he knew this place, knew where to go. He would spend a few more days here.

Eugene, his former guide, was on hand to welcome him next morning; but Donald decided to do without a guide. It would be more interesting; it would help him to keep his mind occupied. He had even foresworn his Norfolk and knickers, preferring to be mistaken for a native; although not even a carefully closed mouth could insure that, with his pink complexion and blue-green eyes, and his clothes, obviously of British tailoring despite the plainness of their pattern.

However, the English made up a large proportion of the population in spring and summer.

He was not unduly conspicuous. . . .

He found his way to the Casino, returning night after night to tempt Fortune and find forgetfulness in the whirr of *les petits chevaux*.

.. "*Faites vos jeux, messieures et dames, faites vos jeux!*"

Whirr-r—the little horses are spinning on their circular track; slower, slower:

"*Le jeu est fait . . . rien ne va plus!*"

A Japanese flings a crumpled note on the nine.

The croupier rakes it off hurriedly and unfolds it. It is for five hundred francs, and the limit here, on a single number, is one hundred.

A waiting official takes the note and hurries around to the Japanese.

As the discussion swells, the little horses come to a stop.

"*Neuf gagné!*"

With a shrug, the official accepts the inevitable and orders the payment of the maximum—seven hundred francs.

The Japanese smiles inscrutably and prepares to play again.

"Doesn't know the rules?" whispered a player near Donald to another.

"Well he *should* by now," is the

answer. "Comes here every year . . . a nobleman's son . . . immensely wealthy . . . does it like that for fun . . . likes to see the scramble. But he drops a few thousands every time he comes, so they let him play."

Donald is punting with five franc, pieces big and broad and solid, and losing them steadily.

At last he rises, and, as he walks away, carelessly, he collides with the Japanese. "Pardon!"

"Don't mention it," the Japanese responds in perfect English; and then, "You have had enough? Fortune is reluctant tonight?"

Donald nodded indifferently.

"And I, too, have had enough. I shall go for a drink. Would you care? . . . would you do me the honor?"

To drink with a Japanese nobleman would be something quite new. "The honor will be mine!" said Donald, most mannerly, with a slight bow.

The bow was returned. "I am Count Inoye." "Donald Foster."

"Ah, a Scotsman. Wonderful people, sir."

"Born in England," said Donald.

"Indeed; a splendid arrangement!" smiled the other.

They crossed to a little café not far from the Casino, and the Count called for champagne. It was a place frequented mostly by fisherfolk, and the order produced a sensation. Some of the fishermen even left their seats and crowded to the bar to see this "liquid gold" poured.

"Champagne for all!" exclaimed the Count, "Come, my friends, will you drink with me?"

With smiles and bows and clattering of heavy shoes the fishermen surrounded them.

"But not champagne for these, monsieur!" protested the proprietor. "It would mean less to them than their *vin ordinaire* or their cognac."

"Give them whatever they want."

The subsequent ordering vindicated the proprietor's protest. Not one asked for champagne, though Donald wondered whether it might not be merely

politeness and the will not to presume upon hospitality that prevented them. He thought of the old hag in Vauxhall Walk, shuddered, and turned to his glass for warmth.

"Cold?"

"Not at all—just someone walking over my grave." That had to be explained to the Count. "A silly superstition—one is supposed to shudder when someone happens to step on the place where one's grave is to be."

"That one must be very young in this case!" smiled the Count; but Donald wasn't so sure of that.

"It may not be so long!" They were speaking in English so that the fishermen did not follow, but busied themselves with their drinks.

"So?—You are not well? But your health seems to be magnificent!"

"Oh, my health's all right," replied Donald, gloomily.

"You are in trouble? May I help? Come, let us leave this place!" He threw down a note and turned away to the door.

The proprietor came from behind his bar with surprising agility. "But, monsieur! This is for one hundred francs!"

"Is it not enough?" demanded the Count, drawing his wallet from his pocket.

"But it is far too much, monsieur!"

The Count smiled and slipped an arm through Donald's.

On the Promenade he repeated his wish to be of help, and drew from Donald the whole story of Mona's disappearance.

"Oh, is it *that*!" he exclaimed, a touch of contempt in his tone.

Donald said nothing, but looked sulky.

"Forgive me! But in my country we do not regard such things as do you in yours. No doubt it is very serious. Forgive me that I do not understand."

They walked in silence for awhile, and then, "What are your plans?"

"Back to the hotel, I suppose," said Donald, "it's quite late."

"Oh, but I meant for the future, not for tonight."

"Plans? I have none."

"But you are young; your life is before you; what will you do with it?"

What a curious dream was this, thought Donald; to be walking on the Promenade at Boulogne beside a Japanese nobleman who was asking what he would do with his life! "I don't know—I may end it all!" It was the champagne speaking, perhaps.

"End all! You mean *hāri-kari*—for a *girl*!" Astonishment quite shattered the enamel of politeness, leaving only the ugly iron of contempt.

Donald flamed with indignation. It was *his* life, wasn't it; and Mona wasn't "only a girl." He stiffened his spine, and his voice chilled as he answered: "I'm afraid you could scarcely be expected to understand how an Englishman looks at these things."

His companion did not smile. Instead he devoted himself earnestly to altering Donald's forbidding state of mind. "There are your wonderful colonies," he suggested. "Why not a *new* life—out there?"

Donald thrust the thought from him at the time; but, after they had parted before his hotel, in his own room it returned to him. "The Colonies!" Well, why not? There was Canada. He had relatives there. But he would forget his relatives. They were powerful and wealthy. He would be a poor relation. No, not Canada. But Canada was a big country; bigger than the whole of England, wasn't it? He would not need to meet his relatives. Well, it was worth thinking about!

He awoke next morning without much memory of the night before; and fell into his usual routine. Evening found him at the Casino, his pile of five franc pieces before him.

He began to play a "system," a very simple one. Starting with a definite number of pieces, he pocketed all his winnings, and when the original pile before him was gone, he would abandon the game for the night.

So far as numbers were concerned he inclined toward the nine. Of course the game was honest, but just the same the house won heavily when nine won.

S. S.—Feb.—4

All the "band" money was swept away then, because nine lay between the double line of odd and even numbers, and the bands applied only to them.

Ten times without a nine.

He dropped a piece on the number.

"*Neuf gagné!*"

Then he withheld his play, but nine won again on the fifth spin, when he was on a band. He decided to concentrate on nine. Six spins without a nine. He dropped a piece. It was swept away. Two this time. Swept away. Four. Lost. Eight. The inexorable rake took them home. Sixteen. The last chance to double. Lost again. Well he would try once more, with the maximum, twenty pieces.

"*Neuf gagné!*"

What a pile of silver and notes was thrust toward him! He let them lie, abandoning his system of pocketing his winnings since so many seemed to be staring at him. All night long he played the nine, with varying success; but steadily the pile of gold and silver and banknotes grew.

"*Le dernier jeu!*"

He staked the maximum on nine.

"*Cinq gagné!*"

Ah, well, there was plenty left. He changed the silver into gold and notes, and walked back to his hotel, bulging at the breast.

On the bed he counted his winnings: nearly two thousand francs! That was four hundred pounds, wasn't it? And he still had nearly a hundred of the bequest.

Fortune was with him! Then he thought of that last play. He had lost the maximum. He closed his eyes and pictured himself back at the table tomorrow, dropping maximum after maximum . . . they always did.

No! He would be the exception. He would leave tomorrow. Where?

Paris, perhaps; but after all, where was all this taking him?

If he hadn't won tonight, how long would his money have lasted?

It would melt away quickly enough anyhow, in Paris; and then what?

After all, he *was* young; and somehow thoughts of suicide seemed silly, after tonight's winnings. What *was* he going to do with his life?—as Count Inoyé had put it. Well, what about the Colonies—Canada? Why not? A new start, a new life; and now, surely was the time, while he was well provided with funds. He patted the pile of notes and gold, which clinked alluringly. By jove, he'd do it!

Early next morning he packed his bags, paid his bill, passed between the line of expectant palms, boarded the boat and was once more on his way to London.

3

Fortune held. There was a boat leaving Liverpool for Montreal in three days time. A second-class cabin could be had. It had two berths, but Donald bought both, feeling an intense disinclination to a strange cabin companion.

He would have liked to search for Mona again, but where? London's inscrutable seven millions said, "Impossible!" and the brief time remaining at his disposal endorsed the finality of it.

Well, at least he would run around to his father's club.

"Not back, sir; not expected for months!" The same answer.

"May I leave a note?"

"Certainly, sir." The factotum led the way to the writing-room.

Donald sat at a desk and thought hard. What should he write? Well, least said, soonest mended.

"Dear Father:

"I am going to Canada. I have enough money. Please don't be at all anxious about me; I expect I shall do very well.

"Your loving son,
"DONALD."

That was enough; it would do. He sealed the flap and wrote "Dr. George Gordon" on the envelope.

How that letter would leap out at father!—he thought, as he handed it in to be added to the little pile awaiting his father's return.

And now how to kill the last days in

England?—Mona recurred to his mind constantly, like a throbbing in a sick head. There would be no trouble about enjoying the remaining time if only he had Mona to share his enjoyment.

And yet—that old hag, like *her* mother. Mona's mother—God! to think of that! But Mona was different. Why should she be judged for the sins of her mother?

Perhaps, though, there was something in *her* life—something she had been afraid to tell him about, that time in the cafe?

Well, if there was—so long as it wasn't a rival—what did it matter?

He knew Mona, and he loved what he knew of her. God, what a fool he had been!—There was the answer to all his questions. He *knew* Mona. Whatever circumstances might seem to say about her; whatever mystery her own lips might hint at concerning herself; he *knew* her—and he wanted her! And now he couldn't even find her! . . .

He must make one last effort.

No use going back to Vauxhall Walk. She wouldn't be likely to go there again, now that her mother was dead and buried. Well, where would she be likely to go? Perhaps she had gone back to her old lodgings?

Calling another cab, soon he was ringing the old familiar doorbell.

Came the familiar slavey in answer. "Miss Carew?" "Not 'ere, sir; she hain't never come back, 'cept to get 'er letters."

"What! She comes here again to get letters? But of course she would—Vauxhall Walk means nothing to her now—When was she here last?"

"Lessee, a week hago it was, sir; no, come to think, it was a week ago to-morrer—Wensday as is!"

Perhaps she would come again to-morrow! "Can you let me have a sheet of paper and pen and ink?" A shilling transformed a shake to a nod of the head.

On the tottering round-topped table in the ghastly "drawing-room" he wrote, and tore up what he had written, and wrote again:

"Mona dear:

"I have been trying so hard to find you. I traced you to Vauxhall Walk, but they told me there that you hadn't been back since your mother's funeral. I know I've been an awful fool worrying about what you couldn't tell me that time at Ragoul's, but now I know that it didn't matter at all, that nothing matters except our love for each other.

"I want you, Mona. If you cannot forgive, cannot come to me, I am going to Canada and shall never come back. I couldn't come back to London, anyhow; it would remind me of our happiness here together, and I shall never dare to think of that again.

"But you *must* let me see you, Mona dearest. I promise not to ask you about anything you don't want to tell me. My boat sails from Liverpool on Friday. To catch it I must leave London on Thursday night. But I am praying that you will get this before then and that you will let me see you again.

"I shall put up at the Elephant and Castle, because that is close by and I shall come back here again tomorrow and Thursday at this time. For God's sake don't let *anything* keep us apart if you get this letter.

"DONALD."

An incoherent note, but it was all he could write. He thrust it into an envelope and sealed the flap. "Miss Mona Carew," he wrote on the face, in his handwriting, which would tell her so much before ever she opened the envelope—if ever she did!

Well, he had done all that was possible. Now he must wait. . . .

The Elephant and Castle could accommodate him with supper and lodging and breakfast for half a sovereign. It was a good supper, but he left it almost untasted. The waitress murmured distressfully when she came to clear away, but her distress died away as a silver shilling dropped into her apron pocket. . . .

To bed, but not to sleep. Tossing from side to side; how hot it was, and how harsh the sheets! Well, morning must come sometime, it always did. But morning is so slow in coming to the sleepless, and nights are long indeed.

What if she did not come; if the letter never reached her; if she had been too deeply wounded to forgive? How dull,

how intolerable, life would be then—in London, in Canada, anywhere. The world would be empty wherever he went, unless Mona went with him. But he mustn't give up. There was time yet, perhaps . . . ah, this terrible thinking that led nowhere! He must stop, and *sleep*. But he couldn't, and the same wearying cycle began to revolve again through his tired brain.

It was a heavy-eyed Donald who came down to earliest breakfast on Wednesday; and again the good food went back almost untouched.

The day dragged worse than the night, but at last it was nearly the time appointed. He walked over to the old lodgings, and once again walked up and down before them, trying to gather courage to ring, and learn his fate.

At last—"No, sir!"—like a blow in his eager face—"she hain't been 'ere!"

Another night like the last would drive him mad! But what was there to be done? Nothing. He must wait. There was still one more day. . . .

Perhaps—but he mustn't *think*, because perhaps she wouldn't come—ah, there he was *thinking*. Stop it! A drink might help. Back to the hotel.

"Brandy—in your room; yes, sir, I'll send up a bottle. Use what you want and return the rest."

Donald wondered darkly whether there would be anything but a bottle to go back to the bar.

He poured himself a half tumbler and drenched the back of his throat with the blazing fluid. Why did they set fire to brandy on Christmas pudding? He found himself wondering, idiotically; surely, it was fiery enough—liquid fire—he abandoned the idea, and took another drink. Ah, that was better! A gentle glow flushed through his arteries. He forgot that he was tired and in trouble. . . .

"No wonder the poor drink," he found himself thinking; and then, with the genial glow, "If I were really rich, I would put up a fountain filled with gin . . . a fountain filled with gin . . . on Vauxhall Walk. That would be better than charity doles. Money? Why

give them money? One couldn't give each enough for life, and nothing less could serve them. . . .

"Why not give them *life* instead of merely money? Life—this glorious glow that was in him now—that was the thing! A short life and a merry one—yes!" With the fourth drink he had quite decided to erect his gin fountain in Vauxhall, when he came back from the colonies with bags full of banknotes. . . .

He began to compose an inscription: "Donald Gordon has caused to be erected this fountain for the supplying of free gin . . . free Gordon gin . . . why, that was funny . . . he hadn't thought of that before . . . must be some sort of a relative. A good fellow. A world benefactor. And *he* would be a benefactor, too; surely he *would* erect that gin fountain . . . it was a worthy thought. . . ."

There was a sharp double knock on the door.

"C'min!" he commanded crisply.

A dirty boy with a dirtier apron obeyed. "A loidy to see you, sir—in ther parlor—it's on ther right at the foot hof ther stairs, and—" He stopped, bereft of his audience.

Donald, suddenly sober as a judge on the bench, was half way down the stairs. "Mona!"—as he hurled open the door, before he saw her standing there in front of the friendly fire, he knew it was she!—And it was!

Ten thousand years of speech fell away. Wordlessly, they drew together as twin atoms become a molecule. His arms went about her, drawing the soft, slender body firmly and more firmly to his, until they seemed to melt into one.

She felt the blood pounding in the carotids at the sides of his throat, against the flesh of her forearms, clasped about his neck to draw his mouth down to hers.

Her own pulses caught the same rhythm. They seemed to have one heart, driving some divinely golden elixir to every part of both glowingly young bodies.

A black ormolu clock on the mantel-

piece ticked on as though minutes mattered. It had stood there, ticking, for thirty years to see one moment such as this! It would tick itself to pieces, and never see another.

At last they drew apart to look into each other's eyes.

"Mona, my dear!"

"Donald, boy!"

Speech was gone again, swept up and away by the tidal wave of fierce tenderness. They clung to each other as though in fear lest something, anything, might part them again, leaving each alone, in a dead and vacant world.

Donald was the first to fight the thought with words. "I shan't lose you again ever, Mona!"

"But, Donald, what can we do?"

"Do?—This—and this—and this!"

Mona gurgled, gleefully, in the pressure of his strong young arms: "But let's be sensible."

"We two are the only sensible people in the world, Mona—let's just stay sensible!"

The clock ticked louder in the silence, still convinced that time mattered as much now as in the long dreadful weeks before.

The flame of intensity cannot stay white forever; the human lamp has too little fuel with which to feed it.

Quieter, though still radiant, they came to the use of words:

"So you *know*, all about my mother, I mean; my poor, dispirited, drunken old mother—you know now why I couldn't go with you that time—why I couldn't tell you—I was *ashamed* of my mother, Donald—but I couldn't go away and leave her—to starve—down there, could I?"

Donald's brain whirled within its constricting casing. So *that* had been it—only that! Why, as if that mattered . . . nothing mattered now.

"But, Mona dear," he suggested timidly, "Now there is nothing to keep us apart, is there?"

Mona's face paled beneath the intensity of her emotion. Her eyes yearned into Donald's. "Nothing, Donald, nothing—if you see nothing."

"You mean—your mother?"

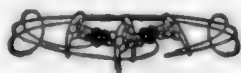
Mona nodded.

He drew her again into his arms, and the flame shot up once more welding them into one.

With sudden unreasoning terror, Mona broke the circuit: "But, Donald, you are going away!—Your note said

Thursday—and this is Wednesday—oh, Donald, are you really sailing on Thursday?"

Donald chuckled delightedly, and drew her closer to him: "Yes, dearest," he said softly, looking down into her troubled eyes, "*We* are sailing on Thursday!"



Narrative

By Elisabeth Clarke

THERE was Joan, she had beauty,
And Judith, full of wit and fun;
But Meg was the quiet kind,
She was the homely one.

Judith had flattery and favors;
You couldn't count the lovers of Joan.
But Meg just whistled under her breath
And polished the pans till they shone.

Now Judith is bitter and lonely—
Her tongue grew too sharp for the men, 'tis said.
And Joan's beauty was her ruin,
She'd be better off dead.

And Meg? That was Meg who rode by then . . .
She married the squire's son.
Yes, she was the quiet kind,
She was the homely one.



IT'S easy enough to be good; it's the keeping it up that tires us.

When You Are Gone

By Harold Lewis Cook

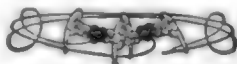
WHEN you are gone there will be flowers still
And wind a-blowing on our little hill.

Thrushes will be singing to the people.
One to twelve will strike within the steeple.

And through my open window stars will leap
To strew the room with silver while I sleep.

But there'll be no more wonder in the lane,
Nor in your house a mystery—only pain.

Ah, we shall be two dead things, you and I,
One sleeping, and one walking, under the sky.



A Kiss

By Elliot W. Chess

IT was night in the heart of a great city; and it was springtime.

Myriads of cars crawled like ants along the lamp-lit boulevards.

A young and amorous boy, unable to suppress his desire, stopped the car in which he sat that he might touch, in one languishing kiss, the lips of that enamouring one who sat pensively by his side. . . .

The car behind him stopped.

Four more halted.

A hundred moved no more.

For minutes all were motionless.

An ambulance stopped so suddenly that its attendant heard the last sigh of a dying man.

A runaway wife, realizing her mistake, leaped from her lover's arms and fled homeward.

A thief, who for hours had been closely pursued by the police, was caught.

A gunman, taking advantage of circumstantial opportunity, shot the president of a bank who died without the utterance of a sound.

A young man swore at the driver of a car with which he had collided, and his fiancée refused to marry him.

In the city a child was born. . . .

The kiss over, the pensive girl powdered her nose and the amorous boy stepped on the gas.

Adventurer as Playwright

By Norbert Lusk

This appraisal of Gilbert Emery, playwright and actor, erstwhile author, editor, wanderer and soldier, is the second article in SMART SET'S series on certain figures in the arts which rise at the moment as of special note.

The series deals with the men and women who are coming into their own today in the various fields of aesthetic endeavor, and who are being talked about in the metropolis. It deals with the persons who are on the tip of greater achievement, of whom still finer things may reasonably be expected in the near future.

It is SMART SET'S aim to give recognition to the promise of these figures, to tell the true story of their successes and of their lives, and to try to account for their capacities.

I

THE curtain—symbol of fate—swept noiselessly down. The play was ended. There was nothing more to see in that particular cavern of the illusions. The descending strip of heavy stuff effectively shut off a fancied world—and it was time to go.

Lights instantly grew bright. The throng of people a moment before welded into a unit—an audience—became just as many unrelated folk again, hunting for wraps, brushing hats, elbowing through crowded aisles, on their way to trains, cabarets, apartments—wherever it is that an audience distributes itself at eleven o'clock of a New York night.

Across the footlights, in the little corners of the empty stage the puppets of the piece went through a transformation too. They became men and women in their own name, anxious to get home, anxious to get a

bite to eat, anxious to do any of the thousand things that occur to humanity as the need of the moment. Anxious principally, these folks, doubtless, to get the trappings and the grease paint off, and to take themselves out of the glare in which they are precipitated certain hours nightly, in the pursuit of the three items—bread, butter, and fame.

"Come in," called a big, well-modulated voice, and Gilbert Emery pushed the door of his dressing-room open with a welcoming gesture.

This was the man who not many moments earlier had been part of the night's particular illusion, who had skilfully and lightly helped to bring the drama in question to its close in a restrained, humorous and quizzical love scene. He was the man whose own play, "Tarnish," was nightly unfolding in the theatre next door to the one where he played his part; the man whose first achievement as

actor or playwright were scarcely more than two years old, but who nevertheless has been singled out during the current season for unusual esteem by fellow craftsmen, and by the public.

There were other things to be noted about Gilbert Emery. One had learned—but not from him—of a war service that began when Italy entered the conflict against the Central Powers.

"I was loafing in Italy," Emery—whose reserve is almost diffidence—has been quoted, "when the war broke out. I was in a little villa in the hills—what more natural than to get in on the fun, too? It was a great lark. It was there at my hand, and it was a new experience. . . . Well, it lasted longer than any of us thought, but it didn't stop being fun. . . ."

And afterward, too, there was to be more fun. The man, not then a playwright, was to find himself in charge of American relief work in and about Albania. There was a time when, but for the fumbling of chance, a dictatorship was in his grasp. That, Emery has admitted, would have been fun, too. Fun for just about a month, fun probably terminated by a firing squad in some obscure Balkan hill town—but, one fancies, almost worth the finish, at that . . . of this, more later. . . .

Emery filled the dressing-room. In fact, he was too big for it. A strapping fellow, well over six feet, and broad. He gives eminently the effect of composure, of competence. There are few situations, one fancies, that would stir him from his quizzical, semi-humorous, quiet attitude toward the game he finds life to be. Yet there are qualities—qualities of sensitiveness.

II

GILBERT EMERY—playwright, actor and much else besides—is a romantic realist.

His work is realistic, while the man himself is a romantic figure among the everyday people he writes about.

The author of "Tarnish" has won the approval of the critical and gripped the casual theatregoer with his play. Yet he has written about life precisely as he knows it, not as managerial or suburban conventions would have had him write it, even while he remains himself romantic of heart and intention.

Not that the mere routine of writing and acting validates anyone's claim to romance, but, curiously enough, if Gilbert Emery had not lived an adventurous life it is doubtful if he would ever have been an actor at all or, for that matter, a playwright. It is all, as he looks upon it, a part of the adventure of living.

He is the sort of man who takes everything as it comes and nothing too seriously, though he enjoys people perhaps too keenly not to be misled at times in his valuation of them.

"Is your play doing well?" one asks, politely. "Oh, I don't know," he answers rather idly, "if I'm lucky I'll be able to pay my debts and buy a piano at the end of the season. I have so wanted a piano."

The remark is typical. It could come from no other man among the elect, meaning successful, of Broadway. You guess that he owns a piano, or would have got one as he would get anything he very much wanted, but the chance to give the flavor, if not the substance, of repartee, to his reply is a temptation he does not resist.

Indeed, part of his ingratiating manner and his quality as a conversationalist comes from his ability to invest his remarks and observations with epigrammatic values—perhaps it might be more accurate to say "histrionic values." He creates, quickly but meticulously, a character for the thoughts he utters. He might have been, let us say, Beau Brummell deprecating his social eminence instead of Mr. Emery himself dragging in the piano as a symbol of his indifference to what most of us would be wild to know.

He is much too facile of speech, too

pliant of mood, too chameleonic, if it may be said, for a writer voicing his opinions. Yet his sense of verbal color and tempo is that of a man who has tried all his life to transfer them to the printed page.

From which you will gather, perhaps, that Gilbert Emery has the merit of personal individuality of a kind usually called charming, though he would revolt at that bromidic generality, combined with an acute faculty of observation and a nice feeling for words. Unmistakably his *milieu* is where he now means to stay, in the theatre. . . .

"It is commonly thought that one should work hard in his youth and loaf when he is no longer young," he said in an effort to be impersonal after declaring that talking about himself would be so much rot, of interest to no one.

"But reversing the procedure seems to me best. I played when I was young—went where I wished—did what I pleased. Now that I'm in the theatre to stay, it will be nothing but hard work for me from now on. Youth is the time to enjoy, to live, to experience, to be unhampered in one's quest for what the moment yields. One's best work comes later when the sum of a man's knowledge can be put into it, not before, when the most that can be given are ambition and application.

"My first and only novel was written when I was too young to know better. It had the significant title of 'Handicapped.' The net profits were eight dollars—deducting twelve for typing from the sum total of the sales, a matter of twenty dollars. My arithmetic, in retrospect, is infallible. But I didn't realize how lucky I was."

In this vein he continues to tell of his early experience as a writer, forgetting entirely, in his characteristic way, to say that he really did succeed to the extent of publishing in many magazines and making the name of Emery Pottle rather well known if not actually at the forefront.

III

"You were born in Geneva, New York?" he is asked, in quest of biographical data.

"No: Naples, New York. It's much worse," he answers dryly, with an inflection that causes you to denominate him a comedian first of all.

Whatever success he did achieve was given up for the greater enjoyment of following the impulse of the moment. It is such moments that have beckoned him to seek adventure, out of which have come experiences that make him the romantic he is.

He was lecturing in short story-writing—or something equally trivial, he says—when friends on the point of going abroad asked him to join them on the extra ticket they had. In some incredibly brief period—a day or less—he ceased to lecture, packed his belongings, collected his fortune of a hundred dollars, and went to Europe with the intention of staying a few months. One could do it then on that sum, he knowingly reminds you. He remained ten years.

Going everywhere. Stopping for a time in Stockholm where he lingered because of attachment for a traveling circus. Equal zest in something else kept him in the next capital. And so on. Until, in time, all Europe had been covered and the years had been eaten up by living gloriously, though not always goldenly, for he could only pay his way from place to place by sending stories back home.

It was no life of idling, as Emery describes it, but one charged with uncertainty and adventure and youthful enthusiasm most of all. And it was out of this period of his life that came impressions, experiences, memories of beauty and depth and pain, and sympathy, too. For despite his banter and gay refusal to take himself seriously, except in rare moments, he is a man sensitive to sentiment and feeling. He tries to disguise it, as many men do, his especial evasion being to call himself

"a person of infinite distaste." But his distaste, you quickly realize, is only for the false, the spurious, not the frailties or the faults of people.

"I am not interested in the abstract, but in people. I have always been up to my neck in people," he naively puts it, "for they interest me intensely. I want to know what goes on inside them. I like to study their relations, their contrast, subtle or not, to other people. I want to study their reactions to situations unexpected or anticipated. I never tire of the limitless scale of human notes."

His particular flair for people brings about the mentality that finds expression in writing plays rather than novels. Yet he spent years in finding this out.

Asked how he goes about his work, he declined to submit a formula.

"As a matter of fact, I have none. Honestly, I know nothing at all about writing from a technical standpoint. There is no rule that I can give for creating a play—at least none that I can apply to my own work—and a discourse on theory is something that for the life of me I couldn't negotiate. There's too much theorizing about the theatre anyway. Either you feel it or you don't. Too many people think they do, and consequently bring suffering upon themselves and others.

"With myself, a play must first boil inside me in order to get started at all. After that it is a matter of working at fever heat. 'Tarnish' was done in five weeks—or was it three? I forget which. It is all, I should say, a matter of knowing the people one writes about. Formerly the young novelist chose as his figures people he knew not at all, such as lords and butlers. Hence he embellished his characters from imagination and they were amusing. Nowadays the young writer lavishes his literary substance on commonplace people like himself, so his novels in most instances are ungodly dull like he is. I never read anything any more, nothing at all."

Emery continues in this intolerant vein his masquerade as a person of infinite distaste, yet, forgetting himself in order to be serious, he gives a bit of information about his work which might be heeded by anyone willing to span great lengths to capture success as a playwright.

"Each character in a drama has a story of his own, apart from his actual place in the plot. Independently of dialogue, of the play itself, I write, separately, a story about every one of my people. It begins long before the opening of the play is touched, and goes far back in the lives of the men and women. The little story is a study of character, crammed with details. Likely it begins in childhood and touches upon everything, from the sort of school the subject might have attended to what he or she likes to eat.

"From out of this mass of personal data comes a clear conception of how the character would react to any given situation. By the time I have worried with this sort of thing I know pretty well just how the person of my imagination will conduct himself in the piece I am scheming out. At least he is to me a living being, even an old friend, entirely familiar to me when I begin to project him into my play.

"And what I plan for him to say and do comes from my conviction of what he is. So he goes along through three acts, and, ten to one, emerges still a human being at the end, whether you like him or not." Almost airily the author of "Tarnish" thus disposed of the seeming simplicities of his craft. He said next to nothing about planning the structure of a play and less of the trenchant vernacular of his people, a point of excellence commented on by all who have studied his plays.

IV

ABOUT himself—as an actor, Emery is equally casual. His debut even-

tuated through necessity as have all his experiments. A return from Europe after the War found him rather at a loss for something definite to do when, dining one night with Jane Cowl and Adolph Klauber, the actress turned to the manager who was about to produce a farce with the vaguely indecorous title of "Scrambled Wives," and told him he ought to give Emery a chance to act. Miss Cowl was sure the writer would qualify as an actor, though it had never occurred to any of them before. Emery vows he is in the dark as to the qualifications.

That facility, resourcefulness, and inherent histrionism—qualities that come from long adventuring—enabled Emery Pottle, author, to become Gilbert Emery, actor, without pain to the public and with a meed of credit to himself. Again he says he doesn't know how he did it, and doesn't know more about acting today than he did then, asseverating his ignorance of technique, his lack of theory or formula—all quite in the Emerian attitude which, without direct implication from himself, nevertheless builds up one's belief that he is uniquely and fluently talented, and has lived long enough to know himself.

That period of reestablishing himself in his own country stirred Emery to essay a first play, written, he says, in ten days while he worked in a room lent by a friend. Out of this effort came "The Hero," classified as an artistic success but not a popular one. Presently came the chance to act again, and playgoers found him admirable in "The Truth About Blayds," that comedy of A. A. Milne's in which Emery declares he enjoyed playing because he could get around and under and into the rôle. Though, of course, he professes to know not at all how this was accomplished any more than he will tell how he overcame the difficulties of his first part behind the footlights. He will not be persuaded to alter his protean rôle of

one to whom each change of activity is an effortless lark.

It is only from others that one hears at all of his exploits while a member of the United States Food Commission after the War, and of how nearly he came to a throne. Knowing Emery even a little would spoil one's chances of imagining him a king because his own sense of humor would be directed at himself. Consequently you might feel he would have been too disillusioned, too quizzical, to carry off without the glamorous incentive of footlights, a regal impersonation. But still—

With the fall of Bela Kun, erstwhile dictator of Hungary, a period of chaos ensued. Emery was on the scene. In his hands, and in those of one other American, were supplies of grain and other foodstuffs, as well as other necessities of life that gave them immediate and absolute control of the situation in at least one province. The moment was ripe, but there was a hitch. What it was, Emery will not divulge. It would seem apparent, however, that it was not he who turned his hand from that particular plow. . . .

The war's close ended an epoch. Europe was not the Europe that Gilbert Emery knew so well and so devotedly during the preceding decade. It was time to go home. One wonders with what mixed feelings he turned his face westward. Whatever they were, they were certainly disguised under the veil of quiet *savoir faire*, of reticence and composure that distinguish the man.

V

His immediate career before the footlights is as paradoxical as the greatest Shavian could desire. Rising from the comparative obscurity of his part in "Scrambled Wives," Emery next appeared as the kindly critic in Milne's vehicle for O. P. Heggie. "The Truth About Blayds." In this play he acted as the foil for the darts

of wit of the other members of the English cast. His restraint was admirable in the piece, his sense of tempo was as assured as the most veteran actor's. His work was received by the critics with praise for its complete naturalness. This is not to be wondered at—for Emery played himself. Mannerisms that are his in private life were his behind the footlights.

Soon after, he was appearing with Nazimova in a flaming little play of amorous treachery, "Dagmar." Here his opportunities were enhanced. It was a small cast. With him rested much of the play's development. Again the qualities of restraint, of authenticity, of fine feeling and capacity to express character, were evident. Last spring when "Dagmar" went on the road, Emery stayed behind to play the delicate and sympathetic part of the blind major in "The Enchanted Cottage." This too was an opportunity not lost.

His appearance in "Chains" was another successful development. In this work he revealed more variety, within the bounds of his talents, than hitherto. . . . In all his parts so far, Emery has been cast as a man of distinction, a quiet ruminative fellow of understanding and fineness, a whimsical chap, sometimes, a disillusioned one other times. He has been basking in English gardens and drawing-rooms, at Deauville, in the regions just to the east of the Avenue, basking, however, with a suggestion of perfect competence and at-homeness in the hinterland of the Amazon tributaries, as a foil.

The paradox of all this, like most paradoxes, after all doesn't exist. Why shouldn't a man born in Naples, N. Y.—a tiny hamlet lost in the morains of the west central part of the state—a hamlet whose principal distinction is that it is located somewhere near Canandaigua—hold his own among the high-hats of the visiting British mimes? If acting be really an art, and not merely a self-permitted

madness, Emery is qualified to act. If it be a question of interpreting life, of drawing on the stored observations and emotions of civilization, Emery is qualified to act. One might say that he proves again that the stage is a profession for a gentleman. . . .

However, it is not as an actor but as a playwright that one expects to hear definitely of Gilbert Emery in future. He chooses the broader field, where he can create ten characters to the one he would find to his hand in personal appearance. After all, he is primarily a man of the pen.

VI

WHAT is written of a man rarely if ever mirrors the spirit and feeling of the subject if he is himself a writer. Which is just by way of saying that Gilbert Emery's ability to limn character in his plays, to create atmosphere delicate and frail, and to achieve a climax by means of minute suggestions, one by one, should speak for itself rather than in an interview. He forgets to play the gentle cynic and traces his real self in this tender recollection printed by Heywood Brown in *The World*.

"It seems not so long ago, though in reality a good many years have been stricken from the calendar since it happened, when I went as a lad on my first journey to Italy. All that in itself was exciting enough; yet, oddly, out of the delightful confusion of those youthful impressions there remains to me today one, still among the most significant, among the most cherished. And, as it often comes about, one of the less prepared, one of the less typical.

"It was my fortune to find myself, for some weeks of a summer, in the house of friends on Lake Maggiore—at Ghiffa, a little untouristed lakeside village which looked out placidly on great stretches of water and the farther mountains. The affairs of the family had not gone prosperously, and as a result the imposing old villa,

once theirs, had been sold, the family moving philosophically into the shabby, simple gardener's lodge, which stood humbly at the entrance to the estate. For all of that, it seemed to me a romantic enough spot—wasn't it Italy?—and I remember how curiously I explored the careless, down-at-the-heels boxes of rooms that had held us on days when the weather made the garden impossible.

"The first day of arrival was a day of rain; and after our luncheon, as we sat in the rather cheerless sitting-room over our coffee, I caught sight of certain scratches on the window-pane. (I confess to a sentimentality regarding names diamond-scratched on the windows of old houses).

"I ran to look—there were two names, a woman's and a man's; 'Why, why, it's—! Not hers?' I said with awe.

"'Yes, my dear, it is hers,' said my hostess, with a smile for young enthusiasm—what a wise, gentle, distinguished, valiant, mondaine old lady she was, too! 'Once, in the days when I lived grandly in the big villa, a young actress and her husband—

they were newly married—came to the inn in this village, and I, who used to be a singer, have a soft heart for young artists. So I made their acquaintance and offered them this house for their stay on the lake. I didn't know them, though I like to think I may have suspected that I was giving hospitality to a woman destined to be perhaps the greatest actress of our time. Such a sweet, sad-faced, quiet, simple young woman she was, with a tragedy in her eyes.'

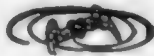
"I turned back again to the pane; and read, over and over, imaginatively, the two whitish scrawls: 'Eleanor Duse,' and her young husband, 'Cecchi.'

"All that, as I say, was a long time ago, but it all comes back very vividly as I see again, this time in my own country, that significant name, Eleanora Duse. And I wonder if the sad-eyed white-haired, weary woman of sixty-odd recalls sometimes the day when, as a girl, she wrote with a diamond her name on the window-pane of the little cottage on Lake Maggiore."

The third article in the series will be an appraisal of Rebecca West, English authoress and critic now in this country, by Miriam Teichner. It will appear in the March number.



IN uncivilized countries they use fire to torture their victims; in this country we use banquets.



MANY a woman weeps with a friend over the latter's troubles when she really is weeping for the pleasure the exercise invariably gives one who is naturally emotional.



I Thought I Was Through With Gilded Youths

By Vivian L. Willits

I thought I was through with gilded youths until last night I passed one on the street. Old memories flooded back. Gay, glittering memories of other youths and other nights. . . .

There was Bob. Tall and sleek and dark. With hands as soft as my own and hair glossy and black. His skin was like a girl's, silky, and his voice was silky and his touch was silky, too. He smoked perfumed cigarettes and called me "baby."

He knew all the smartest cafés and his dinners were perfect. His kisses were long and seeking and aggressive—yet I liked them. . . .

There was Ivan. He used something sticky on his hair and was training a little eye-brow of a mustache. His brains were apparently in his feet. His dancing was as smooth as glass. His eyes were small and cat-like. His clothes were immaculate. His kisses were cool and calm and deliberate. He was hard as nails but very gilded and very young. Only twenty-three was Ivan. . . .

There was Dick, whose eyes were like bits of hard blue steel. He did not strike one as being athletic or husky did Dick, but the strength of his arms about you was surprising. . . .

There was Allan with the crazy philosophy. He never kissed one. Orientals don't kiss, he would explain. He was not an Oriental but he should have been. His eyes were almond-shaped and sinister. But he was strangely fascinating. . . .

There was Paul, who spent money like water. He had a preference for orchids and imported champagne. . . .

There was Hector, whose line was almost original. . . .

There were Claude and Herbert and Fréd, all gilded youths. Sleek and sophisticated and skilled in the art of pretense, but they had no real flame. . . .

I thought I was through with gilded youths until I passed one on the street last night. His cigarette glowed and I saw him clearly in the shadow. Sleek and dark and slim. Bob and Ivan and Dick and Paul, Allan and Hector and Fred and Herbert—he was like them all. Memories hurt. Perhaps I am not through with gilded youths after all.



Peach Marmalade

A One-Act Play

By John V. Craven, Jr.

(It is necessary that the scene be laid in a breakfast-room. Let us choose a Long Island one, and so do away with the necessity of describing it. The time is about nine o'clock of a morning in summer. MARTHA (hostess) and MERIAL (guest) are at the breakfast table.)

MARTHA

Now, Merial, it's all very well to go three cigarettes simply staring into that coffee cup and smiling like an adventuress. I haven't a dying doubt he's *most* attractive, whoever he is, but you might answer at least every other one of my questions. It's the price I demand, my dear, for the exquisite breakfast you've ignored and for keeping the butler out of the room.

MERIAL

(Continues to stare into her coffee cup and to smile like an adventuress.)

MARTHA

(After slapping the table so that the breakfast service and MERIAL jump.)
Merial!!

MERIAL

Oh, I beg your pardon! What were you saying, dear?

MARTHA

Being hostess is bad enough, but I won't be kept out of the scandal that goes on in my own home. So come out with it like the adorable little heart-breaker you are. You're in love and he's married, of course. Go on.

MERIAL

I don't know whether he's married or not.

MARTHA

He's preposterously rich, naturally.

MERIAL

Of course I hope so, but I really haven't any idea.

MARTHA

Darling, there is a limit. *Who* is he?

MERIAL

I don't know, and what's worse, I don't even know what he looks like—except that he *must* be handsome if not radiantly beautiful. But I do know that he talks divinely in the dark and that he kisses like—like—oh!—and that he has an ungodly passion for peach marmalade! So there you are. Now blaspheme.

MARTHA

Perhaps you had better learn to like this too. *(Passing the peach marmalade.)* It might eliminate divorce later. . . . Well, then, go on.

MERIAL

That's all.

MARTHA

Then kindly repeat it.

MERIAL

I've told you, my dear Martha, I don't know which one it was, but it wasn't your husband. He kisses much, *much* worse, so don't be huffy at me. There were at least seven new guests served up, you know, and I didn't remember any of their names. Well, it was late and I'd run in here from the garden (*she indicates the door*) to get away from that silly fat one. It was all dark in here and before I knew anything I was in a man's arms.

MARTHA

So you threatened to scream, naturally.

MERIAL

How could I threaten to scream? He was kissing me. And he'd been drinking—what I call beautiful drinking—just enough and a little more. Then he talked—

MARTHA

Saying?

MERIAL

Oh, he talked marvelously.

MARTHA

About what?

MERIAL

How should I know? Except that it was wonderful. He talked on and on and kissed me and talked and kissed me and talked—oh!

MARTHA

Stopping at intervals to bolt down an occasional dish of marmalade. Well?

MERIAL

He said that to tell me his name would spoil half the romance, and when I asked how I was to know him at breakfast—

MARTHA

He replied that he never knew himself at that hour.

MERIAL

He replied that the way was by his ungodly passion for peach marmalade. So don't wring your hands, Martha, even though it costs seventy dollars a jar.

MARTHA

Can't you manage to recognize his voice and spare the preserves?

MERIAL

All voices sound alike in the dark. At least no voice sounds the same in the daytime, which is the same thing. Anyway, I was down before anyone else and sat here and watched, but none of them so far have so much as glanced at the peach marmalade. They were positively horrid about it. And now—
(*Enter the butler, PANCOAST, en route for the pantry, bearing a tray.*)

MARTHA

Oh, Pancoast! Who hasn't breakfasted yet?

PANCOAST

Mr. Clough, madam, and Mr. Gresham.

MARTHA

Are they up?

PANCOAST

Mr. Clough and Mr. Gresham will be down directly, madam. I have just served their bromo seltzers. (*He bows and enters the pantry.*)

MARTHA

Darling, you're sure none of the others qualified?

MERIAL

Not a single living eater of them. They all had horrid, horrid baked apples or cereal or awful bacon and eggs, and toddled off swimming or tennising. I could have cried.

MARTHA

So peach marmalade is trumps and Y and Z want one of the two remaining tricks.

MERIAL

Are they both attractive tricks?

MARTHA

Most desirable, dear. You could go game either way. Bob Plough has a wife here—the little dark thing with the French r's, you know—but his yacht's most seafaring. And Todd Gresham, although he hasn't a yacht to his name, is single. So learn to see the bright side, Merial.

MERIAL

But what do they look like?

MARTHA

Bob Plough's the one with the redder nose. Todd Gresham's the one with the squint.

MERIAL

He couldn't have had a red nose.

MARTHA

All red noses, love, are the same color in the dark.

MERIAL

Which one has the yacht—and not the squint?

MARTHA

Bob Plough equals the redder nose, the wife, the yacht, Cannes, Naples, Alexandria. Todd Gresham represents the squint, and Niagara Falls. (*A sound of footsteps descending stairs.*) And here they come. Your lead, my darling.

MERIAL

Martha, do yachts make you seasick?

MARTHA

Not marmalade eaters. (*Enter PLOUGH and GRESHAM.*) Well, dears, up at last.

GRESHAM

Not half after nine yet!

PLOUGH

Coal miner's life, it seems to me. (*Seeing MERIAL.*) Oh, good morning!

MERIAL

(*Smiling sweetly.*) Good morning,
S. S.—Feb.—5

Mr. Plough. (*Smiling sweetly.*) Good morning, Mr. Gresham.

MARTHA

Why not call them Bob and Todd, Merial? It's simpler and therefore in order. (*Ring.*) Grapefruit?

PLOUGH

That'll do. Anything, anything. (*They sit. Enter PANCOAST.*)

MARTHA

Grapefruit, Pancoast. (*He bows and exits.*)

GRESHAM

Not such a rotten day, is it?

MERIAL

It's a perfectly sweet one. It must be lovely on the ocean. I've always thought yachting—

MARTHA

No, no, dear. Bob here is our ancient mariner.

MERIAL

Oh, you're Christopher Columbus! Won't you tell me about it?

PLOUGH

Awful life, awful. Better than trains, though. (*Turning.*) Reminds me, Martha. Wish you'd have your man pack up my grip. Due down at Quogue tonight. Can't cut it.

MARTHA

So soon, Bob? Why, I thought I served quite decent Scotch. May I weep?

PLOUGH

Don't mention Scotch to me. Off it seriously. Can't stand the stuff any more. Liver's terrible today, terrible.

GRESHAM

His usual morning line. Shall I tell you what he said last night, though?

MERIAL

Oh, you must!

PLOUGH

Shut up, Gresham. Where's the grapefruit, Martha?

GRESHAM

Well, I won't repeat it. Something about a love affair, though.

MERIAL

(*Radiant.*) Oh! (*Suddenly to PLOUGH.*) Martha's service is frightful, isn't it? Do have some toast without waiting (*uncovering it*) and—(*she offers the marmalade.*)

PLOUGH

What's that? Marmalade? No, thanks. Can't eat it. Awful stuff!

MERIAL

Oh, hell to damnation!

PLOUGH

Eh? . . . Ah, here we are! (*Enter PANCOAST, who serves the grapefruit and exits. MARTHA pours coffee.*)

GRESHAM

We the last down? Where are the others?

MARTHA

Swimming, idling about the premises, getting in mischief, I suppose.

MERIAL

(*Redirecting her advances.*) Do you swim, Mr. Gresham—or—Todd?

GRESHAM

Oh, I swim a bit. Just a bit.

MERIAL

I'll bet you're awfully good.

PLOUGH

He's afraid of the water.

MERIAL

(*Still to GRESHAM.*) Is he making clever prohibition jokes?

GRESHAM

No, no. Cramps. I'm subject at times. Not at all afraid of the water, though.

MERIAL

Oh, no cramps can be hovering about in you today. It's too divine. Won't you take me for a dip, Todd?

GRESHAM

I assure you I'd like nothing better. (*He has finished his grapefruit and, to MERIAL's delight, has reached for the peach marmalade. Suddenly he hesitates.*)

MERIAL

Don't you like it? (*She pushes it closer.*)

GRESHAM

Oh, yes, I like it. But I have to go light before swimming? A bit subject to cramps, as I said.

MERIAL

But then you don't—you don't have a passion for it?

GRESHAM

Passion for it? Marmalade? Can't say that I do. It's too rich entirely. If you had studied dietetics—

MERIAL

Oh, damn dietetics! (*She slaps the table, rises, and goes to the window, where she stands disconsolate and on the verge of tears.*)

MARTHA

(*Joining her.*) There, love! (*patting her, perhaps with a secret glee.*) Somebody has revoked, that's all. But the rubber's not over yet.

MERIAL

Martha, I'm an idiot. (*PLOUGH and GRESHAM stare and swallow coffee. The short silence is broken by the abrupt entrance of a very fresh-looking young gentleman.*)

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN

Early risers here, aren't you? Heigh-ho, everybody! Thought I'd drop over, Martha, and—oh! (*He sees*

MERIAL *and smiles delightedly. So does she. There is an air of love-at-first-sight about them henceforth.*)

MARTHA

(*To MERIAL.*) I don't know whether you've met our neighbor, Merial. He has a habit of dropping in.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN

I know she hasn't. When I rushed over here last night, everything was one grand riot. Too much hilarity for— Well, may I have the pleasure?

MARTHA

Let me present Jimmy, Merial.

JIMMY

Merial! I call that jolly. I—

MERIAL

So do I, Jimmy. (*Offering her hand.*)

MARTHA

(*Turning to PLOUGH and GRESHAM*) Finished, gentlemen?

PLOUGH

Eh? Oh, yes. (*Rising*) Go at noon, Jimmy?

JIMMY

(*Turning*) What's that?

PLOUGH

Sail at noon. Quogue. Coming?

JIMMY

Thanks, Bob. Some other time. I'm detained. Unless (*to MERIAL*) you're going?

MERIAL

No, Jimmy.

JIMMY

(*To PLOUGH*) Sorry. I'm detained.

PLOUGH

Suit yourself. (*He goes out.*)

GRESHAM

(*To MERIAL.*) Ah—about that swimming. If—

MERIAL

I don't think I'd better, after all, Mr. Gresham. I'm not used to the ocean, you see, and—but thank you for suggesting it.

GRESHAM

Not at all, not at all. Quite all right. But then, I think I'll go a little heavier breakfast.

MARTHA

No, no, Todd dear. You'd better not. There can be cramps on land, too, you know. Be adorable and take me out for just a little stroll.

GRESHAM

What?—Oh, delighted!

MARTHA

Merial, do give Jimmy some breakfast. I'm sure he's starving. (*Kissing her impulsively.*) Grand slam?

MERIAL

Oh, I hope so! (*MARTHA and GRESHAM go out. MERIAL and JIMMY confront each other across the table.*) Won't you . . . sit down?

JIMMY

Thanks. (*He remains standing.*) May I really call you Merial?

MERIAL

Of course, Jimmy. Jimmy, what will you have for—breakfast?

JIMMY

Excellent idea, breakfast. Merial, how long have you been here?

MERIAL

Five days, Jimmy.

JIMMY

And like an ass I've been away till last night.

MERIAL

Till last night. Yes, Jimmy.

JIMMY

I did run over then. Why didn't I see you?

MERIAL

In the dark, Jimmy?

JIMMY

That's so. It was dark. And everybody wandering about the lawn plastered.

MERIAL

But aren't you hungry, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Ravenous. *(He sits down.)* I got up for a dip and didn't bother with anything at my place. Then I rushed over here and—I'm awfully glad I did!

MERIAL

Here, Jimmy. *(She pushes the marmalade toward him.)*

JIMMY

Thanks. But I can't eat when I look at you. *(They stare at each other. She smiles. He rises quickly and approaches her.)* Merial, I don't know whether you're married or not and it doesn't make any difference. I'm going to kiss you.

MERIAL

I'm not married, and I'm glad it wouldn't make any difference. *(They kiss. Interval.)* Jimmy, do you love me as much as peach marmalade?

JIMMY

Peach marmalade! *(They kiss again. Interval.)*

MERIAL

Jimmy.

JIMMY

Yes?

MERIAL

How many girls have you kissed in the last month?

JIMMY

(Promptly.) Not one. Before today.

MERIAL

What about last night?

JIMMY

I didn't kiss anybody last night.

MERIAL

Jimmy! *(She disengages herself and looks at him almost in horror.)* Jimmy, what's your favorite food of all foods? What food have you a passion for? An ungodly passion?

JIMMY

Roast beef, I guess. Why, dear?

MERIAL

Oh, how awful! Oh! *(She stares at him dumfounded.)* But last night! Who—who—whoever could have—*(Suddenly.)* Oh, who the devil cares about last night! *(Seizing the glass dish of peach marmalade she hurls it to the floor, then turns to JIMMY.)* I'm so happy I just want to do something crazy—like that—and this! *(She throws her arms about his neck and they kiss a third time. Even longer interval.)* Let's get out of this horrid old breakfast-room. Out in the sun!

JIMMY

Hurrah for the sun! I could jump up to it! Come on!

(Out they go. For a few moments the room is deserted. Then the pantry door is opened cautiously, admitting PANCOAST, the good butler. Seeing that the coast is clear, he crosses rapidly to the breakfast table. In his hand is clutched a dessert spoon. Suddenly his glance lights upon the fallen peach marmalade, strewn about the floor. The spoon drops from his grasp and a cry of annoyance escapes him. Perhaps he is angry over having to clean up the mess. Or perhaps . . . he falls to his hands and knees, seizes the spoon and scrapes up from the floor a big mouthful of the marmalade which he wolfs ravenously.)

(THE END)

A Prelude to Her Evening

By James Frederick Kronenberg

I

THE Herr Oberleutnant Fritz Heinrich Adelbert Von Schaffskopf was extremely fond of little white doves—not the variety from which the chef at the Adlon Grill concocts those excellent pot-pies—but those other silly pigeons who so trustfully accept a lift in the smart roadster of the big *Officier* who fortunately happens to be going their way.

He enjoyed their futile, terrified flutterings, and their soft yielding to his superior strength—took pleasure in the sardonic insolence with which he thrust them into the street again, ashamed, frightened, afraid to go home; little white doves no longer. Truly, the Herr Oberleutnant Fritz was a masterful hunter, and seldom was he disappointed. A good *Officier* with a Kaiserlich mustache and three saber nicks may still find something to do in Berlin despite the *verdammte* republican government.

He approached his quarry with confidence, a lone girl sauntering slowly along a dimly lighted, shadowy street of little villas. It was a fashionable neighborhood, a good quarter, so he had hopes of something rare. His ready formula was on his lips as he throttled the gray roadster to a walk. She turned at the sound of fat tires slithering through the rubble of dry leaves at the curb.

"May I not offer you the hospitality of my car, *Fräulein*? We are going in the same direction."

"Perhaps," she smiled, fingering a small white card that dangled from the lapel of her shabby coat.

As she took a tentative step toward the invitingly opened door the Herr Oberleutnant spied the little card. "*Verflucht!*" he muttered—this was no little white dove, but a scarlet tanager! One had no sport with such birds!

"Licensed, eh?" he snarled, slamming the door. "Be off with you, this is a decent neighborhood." The big roadster snorted with its driver in outraged virtue and glided on.

Clothilde resumed her slow walk with a little sigh. To be sure it was a respectable neighborhood, one of those districts in which it was *verboten* to display the little card, but she had to pass through it on the way to her evening's engagement. Surely there was no harm in picking up a few extra marks, she was very early. But it was a chilly evening, unfavorable alike for Herr Fritz's sport and *Fräulein* Clothilde's vocation, there were few passersby.

As she turned the corner into another street, broader and more amply illuminated, her sharp eye caught the glint of buttons on a *polizei* uniform and she quickened her loitering pace, thrusting the card out of sight in the bosom of her dress and catching the lapels of the coat together across her slender throat. One must take no chances with the *polizei* in a *verbotener* district.

II

A sign artistically displayed over an ornamental iron gate claimed her attention. THE ROSE GARDEN SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, it read, FRAU BERTHA KUMMEL,

HEAD-MISTRESS. It was a big house, set back from the street, its lower part concealed by a trimmed hedge and dark shrubbery. Clothilde gazed speculatively at the one or two lighted upper windows. She could visualize the cosy interiors behind those rose-tinted blinds, the fresh-cheeked schoolgirls preparing for sleep, giggling over bedtime confidences or smuggled goodies, perhaps saying evening prayers at their bedsides like little novitiates in their white night-robes. The little card burned in her bosom like a shameful brand.

It was suddenly misty in the street, was she fainting? No! It was a real mist, with an acrid odor, like smoke! She looked up. It was smoke! An orange glow flared behind the "Rose Garden," outlining its tiled roof. A window was thrust open with a scream and a shrill cry of "Fire" rang out. The policeman on the corner came a few steps down the block, peering into the shadows, then turned and darted to an alarm-box.

The quiet street became suddenly alive. Doors opened, heads popped from other windows. There was a confused babble of voices. Clothilde shrank back against the hedge as two young fellows in shirt-sleeves brushed by. "Frau Kummel's School," they were saying. "Let us rescue the pretty doves." Oh, to be a little white dove again, even though the loft be burning! To feel clean, strong rescuing arms about her, to be cherished just once more for sweet, pure innocence! And then the thought came, why not? There was a night-dress in her pocket.

In the gathering tumult no one noticed the slight girlish figure in the shabby coat that slipped through the hedge, nor did they see the transformation that took place behind the dark screen of a spreading mulberry-bush, where hat, coat, skirt, lingerie, and even shoes were flung aside with deft, practiced fingers. For a moment Clothilde was as innocent of covering as a slim white lily, and shuddered with cold as she slipped into the doubtful concealment of her nightdress, but she was

happy—for just a little while Clothilde was going to be a pretty white dove again!

III

THE Herr Oberleutnant Schaffskopf, cruising back over his hunting ground, took in the situation at a glance. "Himmel," he exclaimed to himself, "it's Dame Kummel's dovecote on fire! Perhaps I am still in time."

There was quite a crowd pressing around the gate, but they respectfully made way for the tall *officier*. Here and there a limp form was stretched on the grass waiting for the ambulances, coughing weakly from smoke-filled lungs, but he was not interested in those. All the others seemed totally or partially in the arms of stalwart rescuers. The Oberleutnant cursed his ill-luck. They were a pretty sight, though, in all stages of picturesque disarray, clutching what they had managed to save in their wild flight, a stocking, a book, a bird-cage. Here and there a white limb or bared breast gleamed enticingly in the flare of the blazing building. And how they did shriek! The Oberleutnant licked his loose lips and thought of those blazing nights in France—what sport it was there!

A hoarse clanging and clattering in the street told of the arrival of the engines, rumbling up for all the world like ammunition camions. Firemen pushed stolidly in, dragging lines of hose, scattering the onlookers with guttural oaths. The whole interior was ablaze now. Heat, smoke, and the ubiquitous *polizei* were slowly driving the crowd further back. Clouds of steam obscured the trampled garden as water bit into the flames.

Dourly the Oberleutnant turned to depart, but even as he did so a small form stole almost timidly out of the murky gloom that enveloped the rear garden beyond the corner of the building. Ah! Something rare indeed—a big-eyed, frightened *mädchen* distraughtly clinging to a bundle of hastily gathered clothing.

He reached her in three bounds, swept her into his arms, and bore her triumphantly into the street. Clothilde sighed contentedly in the rescuing embrace. The ambulances had arrived—a white-jacketed orderly touched him on the arm, proffering a stretcher. "This one is not overcome, only scared," said Fritz curtly. "I have an apartment nearby, my wife—" but the fellow had turned away. Clothilde stirred at his voice close to her ear, faintly reminiscent of someone. Whom? Nonsense!

Tucking a lap-robe around her in the car he spoke again. "My villa is only a little way, Fräulein, you can rest there—something warm to drink, you are chilled and shivering—Frau Kummel will not miss you—" purring, trust-inspiring sentences. Again that faint memory-stirring, but still she thought it could not be, and snuggled into the warm robe.

IV

It was, indeed, not far. Still swathed in the lap-robe, he carried her into a snug, richly appointed library and set her down in a big leather chair before the fireplace, dismissing a cringing man-servant with a flick of his cropped head. From a wall-cabinet he produced a dark bottle and glasses, smiling to himself as he poured out the stiff potions. The Herr Oberleutnant's evening was about to begin!

"Drink this, Fräulein, it will restore you."

Taking the glass, she looked up and saw for the first time clearly the features of her rescuer—the protruding ears; little, reddened, popping eyes; the loose lip beneath his waxed mustache; the slightly pendulous chin; and on his fat cheeks the unmistakable saber scars, heritage of his aristocratic student corps. Her hand trembled involuntarily, spilling the amber liquid.

"Drink it!" commanded Fritz, annoyed at her awkwardness.

"And now—" he set the glass aside and was again bending over her—"now you will be too warm, you must come out of the rug."

"But," she pushed his thick fingers away, "we are alone. Where is your wife? I am not dressed."

He shrugged his shoulders. "My wife—is not here. In fact—but come, Fräulein, do I not get even one kiss for snatching you from the furnace?"

She ignored the crude hint, saying instead, "We are then quite alone? No one else here?"

"Entirely alone, little one," he winked heavily, anticipating the first flutter, "but for the valet—and he is deaf, devoted, and discreet, besides, he has gone to bed."

"Very well, you may kiss me."

He was a little surprised at the cool readiness with which she gave her lips. It was not always so!

Hot breath on her bared neck. Familiar fingers searching her bosom. What a miserable fiasco her little journey to the land of innocence had turned out to be.

"Come, let us see what a pretty dove it is," wheedled Fritz.

The lap-robe would have to be surrendered. After all, it did not matter—now! Coolly she laid it aside and stepped out on the rug, stood silhouetted for a moment against the glowing fireplace, then crossed to the library table and deliberately selected a cigarette from an open box.

"Just like a butterfly coming out of its cocoon!" gloated Fritz. He stepped behind her and placed his hands caressingly on the slim shoulders.

"Herr Leutnant!" she admonished, "your good wife might enter and misunderstand."

"There is no danger," he whispered, close to her small ear, "have you not guessed? I have no wife, unless—" his lips came closer. "unless—you—Fräulein—tonight."

She slipped from his grasp and walked around the table. "Really, Herr Leutnant," her voice was cutting, "you flatter me, but we are hardly acquainted."

What the deuce! Why didn't she scream, run, beat the locked door, like the others had? Fritz shook his head

and poured another great slug of liquor.

Clothilde found a match and lighted her cigarette. Her attention wandered hither and yon around the room. Like white thistle-down she drifted over to a low couch and reclined against its cushions, beckoning. A little bewildered, uncertain how to proceed, Fritz followed. Surely this was an extraordinary pigeon! Still his little red eyes lost no detail of her slight figure against the dark covering.

She touched the waxed point of his mustache. "You are *Kaiserlich*?" she asked.

"Well, now—" he began, thinking it a poor time to discuss politics.

She laughed, a trifle mockingly, "Of course the Herr Oberleutnant von Schaffskopf is *Kaiserlich*."

Fritz started at the mention of his name, and stared. "Who are you?" he questioned.

"Just—" there was a little catchy hesitation—"a little schoolgirl. Come, tell me about the war. Were you not very brave and fierce? I like to hear brave *officiere*n tell about the war."

"But tell me first where we have met before," pressed Fritz. It was astonishing that this one should know his name, they rarely did.

"Let us make a game of it," she said playfully, toying with the tassels of his *sabertasche*, which rested where he had carelessly tossed it, beside the cushions upon which she had ensconced herself. "You will try to remember, and when you do I will cry, '*Touche*,' as they say in the fencing school when you prick your opponent."

"Well, was it the *Tiergarten*?"

"No!"

"The *Siegesallee*, perhaps?"

"No! You are far, far off, Herr Leutnant." Her eyes were teasing. Playfully she jerked at the carven hilt

of his saber, lifting it a little way out of the scabbard.

"Have you ever been here before?" asked Fritz cautiously. They didn't come back, as a rule.

"Oh, no! Not here."

"The Opera, then? The Regimental Ball?"

"No! Perhaps, Herr Leutnant, it wasn't in Berlin at all." Behind her the scabbard was slowly sliding away from the shining saber blade.

"Oh!" he brightened, "Wiesbaden, or Karlsruhe! I seem to remember someone—" He paused inquiringly.

"Perhaps it wasn't in Germany, even." Her smile was still provocative, but her eyes were narrowed behind their long, black lashes.

What the Devil—what did the silly thing mean? "I have been nowhere else, *Fräulein*," he said perplexedly, "except France; it could not have been—"

"I see I shall have to help you," she said softly, her thin fingers caressing the bared steel, idly testing its glittering point. "Do you not remember Louvain, Herr von Schaffskopf?"

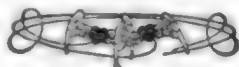
"Louvain? But yes!" he growled impatiently. "Louvain certainly, but not you! Come, you are making sport of me, *Fräulein*."

"Oh, no! You must try to remember, or you will lose the game! Louvain—and the street of the Tall Poplars—and . . ." He did not see the slowly rising point.

Herr Oberleutnant Fritz's piggish little eyes grew round, his loose lips writhed, "—and" he muttered thickly, "*Donner!* The Convent!"

"*Touche!*" whispered Clothilde as she pushed with the saber.

It was very late now. When Clothilde reached her destination she was soundly scolded.



The Nomad

By Jo Huddleston

BREAKING up another home . . . packing . . . heartbroken by the ending of another dream, half dreamed and half lived . . . sobbing . . . I came, at last, to the box of other dreams . . . half dreamed, half lived. . . .

Henry, a lad fourteen, smiled up at me with tear-stained face from his brown folder . . . tears spilled there in my childish hurt long ago. . . . A strip of black and orange flannel brazenly reminded me of the night I sewed until dawn, making a sport coat for Chester . . . he took another girl to the dance the next night and wore the coat. . . .

Red carnations, faded and crisp, delivered by mistake to the house next door where I saw them in the window and wrathfully pulled the bell demanding my flowers. . . . A pink ribbon with pale gold letters on it spelling *Reisenwebbers*, important because it was wrapped around my first French pastry. . . .

The tinfoil from the bottle that poured my first champagne. . . . The letter that told my mother I was to pose for a famous artist, scrawled in round, childish letters at the bottom, "This is a great honor and you should be proud of me. Tell everybody." . . .

A letter from an old sweetheart who said, "Shake the husband by the flipper for me—the lucky stiff." . . . The lines of the first part I ever played in a show. . . . The key to a hotel room of a friend where I slipped in one Hallowe'en and placed a leering jack-o-lantern on the dresser and then hid, in the closet, and almost

smothered waiting for him to come in. . . .

The taxi receipt reading \$30.50 for the mad dash to Crown Point when I came home Mrs. . . . A letter from Jim saying that my diction and construction were rotten but he still loved me. . . . A baby jacket, half finished. . . .

A diary of my first year in a big city, spent in the studios, posing, when the earnings of my work averaged \$9.25 a week. . . . A full page Sunday story a local newspaper ran, "Confessions of an Artist's Model." . . . A signet ring belonging to a youthful love whom I thought I could never live without. . . . A few small paintings which aren't so bad considering I have never studied art. . . .

A pitch pipe from the days when I dreamed of captivating large audiences by the clear-sweetness and deep feeling of my voice. . . . A Latin grammar which I waded half through . . . by myself. . . .

A letter to a man I thought I couldn't possibly live without. . . . after reading it over I decided it was quite appealing and made a copy to keep for myself. . . .

The dress I made and wore when I graduated from grammar school. . . . My last doll. . . .

A letter from a famous theatrical agent who wanted to make a career for me . . . for 15% of the sum earned while under his management. . . . A pencil, some faded flowers and a small etching given me in 1917 by the secretary to the President when I sat in the President's chair and rapping

on his desk said, "Stop the war"....

A cook book whose aid made it possible for my husband to eat our first dinner....A tie I had started to knit for some love and had never finished....A bill for over due room rent marked paid....The bow from my first evening dress....

A tin star with City News Bureau Reporter stamped on it....that had lain under my pillow many nights offering cold comfort in the absence of it's owner....The pawn ticket for my diamond wrist watch....

The first commercial photograph I ever posed for, in which I held a dime to represent a "Mothersills Seasick Remedy" tablet.... The flowers from my first formal dance.... The books from which I taught myself shorthand... and the ones from which I was going to master book-keeping... the leaves of which are innocent of having been turned....

And when I had reached the bottom of the box and looked about me I realized I had been methodically

filing the emotions and adventures of a quarter of a century in carefully labeled packages....And I laughed despite myself....

I wondered with whom I would fall in love next and what foolishness I would be into next....I knew from the indisputable files in front of me that there would be more... and more....

I put them back in the box carefully and closed the lid gently... and went on with the packing... I cried just a little after the movers were gone... and I was alone in the empty house... walking through the deserted rooms that spoke so silently of dreams... half dreamed, half lived....

But my cab came... and one can't go out into the world to conquer with red eyes... sniffing....

Besides, I was dining with Amos whose keen understanding and sweet sympathy heals... and whose eyes plead for favors he dare not voice....

Perhaps....



I Looked for Poems

By Helen Hoyt

I LOOKED for poems in other places,
 But no poems could I find;
 Except in my own body,
 My own mind.
 There alone were the things
 For me to tell;
 And never in other places,
 Though I looked well.



The Idle Apprentice

By Nancy Hoyt

I
The little gold serpent twined around her arm pressed into the skin, and showed a pretty reluctance to come off.

"Oh, it is lovely, Tup," she said, "I can't bear to take it off."

"Don't," he answered, and she, taking his remark as a temporary order, let the snake remain. It was beautifully worked of pale greenish gold with a forked tongue and emerald eyes, but the finest part of the goldsmith's work was its extreme flexibility, the smooth way it stretched and contracted, and twined, quite like a real snake.

"It is a pleasant bauble," he said, "and under the circumstances, I thought it indicated your name, you know," he added, after a pause.

"Evelyn Appleton and her pet reptile," she said and poked an adventurous forefinger into the snake's open fangs. "But I'm afraid I won't be allowed to take it, Tup."

"Not unless—Well, isn't that as good a reason to get engaged as most? Of course, if you were to like me as well as my snake *tant mieux*, but we hardly expect that."

He smiled teasingly, and his face, usually impassive with a tense, ironed-out look, broke into the most individual and light-hearted grin. "A sort of crazy quilt, my face," he explained once. "You see this is a bit of Pete's skin, nasty coarse skin it is, quite unlike my own aristocratic and delicate epidermis and this bit of bone here,—feel it?—that's not bone,

old thing, that's platinum! You have bones, horses have bones, all sorts of low creatures have them, so, deciding that the beastly stuff wasn't distinguished enough for me, they put in platinum."

All the visible effect this patching had left was a certain blankness of expression, a slightly surprised look around the eyes, as if a monocle had just dropped out of place. This, and a short scar on his left cheekbone had somewhat changed the face which Tup had originally started out with. He had been so extraordinarily good-looking, that even in a world which prefers two-fisted young go-getters (nice homely young men with enlarged jaws and determined eyes) he had always been able to command a certain amount of sympathy, particularly from very old and very young ladies. As he wasn't exactly handsome in the classic way, these females had always been able to feel a little rush of discovery, a unique discernment in themselves in finding him attractive.

Evelyn found him so now. He was long, he was limp, he was rather too thin. He leaned against the mantelpiece in the way that corset manufacturers and daily-dozen exponents advise you against repeatedly, threatening dire results. Evelyn looked at him.

"I like you, Tup, but I do not approve of you." He laughed and arranged a lock of her black bobbed hair into a Kewpie's peak.

"Think how much nicer that is than

approving of me and not liking me," he said; then seeing that she was going to speak, he added, "Don't be in such a hurry, Infant. Give it twenty-four hours to seep in. No, don't tell me there isn't any use, now, because I'll come around tomorrow night and take you to dance and we'll fix it up then." He wandered toward the door and then returned quickly.

"The usual custom," he said and drew her toward him. "This seems to be indicated."

"It's not our usual custom, Tup," she said a little shakily, "we mustn't, we never have before."

"I'm establishing a precedent."

It wasn't her first kiss, perhaps, but it was the first one that had ever counted. Why should it be so much nicer to kiss Tup than anyone else? But she didn't "approve" of him and she was not, positively not, in love with him. Therefore it was indescribably soppy to have tears in the eyes and no whalebone left in her pride just because he gave her a casual embrace. She made a very feeble attempt to push him away.

"You don't even like me," she said drearily.

"My dear kid, I've just asked you to marry me. What nicer little compliment can you expect?"

"You don't mean it, and besides, I can't; and besides if you really loved me you wouldn't have used such ridiculous words. 'Indicated'! Anyone can see you don't give a damn about me," and she relapsed into tears again.

Tupper looked rather upset for a moment. The flat mask of indifference which he habitually affected changed to something almost tender. But Evelyn, engaged in powdering a slightly pink nose, did not see him.

"You think the state of my affections should make me inarticulate?"

She was annoyed. She could be quite as cool, quite as hard as he and she would show him.

"Do go, Tup, I'm fed up for the

time being. Of course, you can come around tomorrow night and take me to the Camerons if you like, but naturally there won't be any answer to give you because you've hardly asked me a serious question, have you?"

"I'm sorry I can't change myself, Eve. But it was as near to a serious question as I've ever come. Perhaps the serpent will act as my emissary and beguile you. Keep him till tomorrow, anyhow won't you? Good-bye."

He was gone. Evelyn sat down on the great sofa and wondered. She was bored by the young men she knew in the two Washington professions, real estate and bond selling, but it was right that they should work and right that she should have to listen to accounts of their labors. For example, Worth Fairfield's, who was coming for her in his car that afternoon.

Tupper neither worked nor gave any reason for not working. He was quite strong and yet, you couldn't get around it, he didn't do a darn thing. There weren't even the foggy explanations sometimes given for the uselessness of certain drones. "He writes," or, "I think he paints"; such labels covering a multitude of sinful hours of leisure.

Tupper had money but this was no excuse, for shouldn't he be engaged in the process of making more, no matter what he possessed already? Oh! Tupper was incorrigible, inexcusable. There was, of course, one good mark in the shape of a dimly heard-of "fine war record." But he never explained this or talked about.

Once Pete Marten, a friend of Tupper's, had talked about their service together but it had consisted chiefly in descriptions of cheery parties in Paris.

"Remember the night we started throwing the banquettes around at the Folies Bergers?" or, "This tough kid from the slums we took to Pre Catalan." And apropos of the two-

inch scar Pete said, "That scar? Why Tupper did that on purpose with a razor so people would think he'd been to Heidelberg or in a duel. Looks very tricky, doesn't it?"

How was Evelyn to know that five years ago one John Tupper Trevor had got the enemy plane he was chasing and had returned, not triumphant, but only very tired, and had sworn, then and there, never to work again if he could possibly get out of it, never to be a credit to his family once the war was over, and never, absolutely never, to get up early again in the morning. It was characteristic of him that after his plane had been shot down and he had been taken to the hospital his first words to the nurse were, "I knew they couldn't make me get up early much longer."

II

EVELYN'S engagement with Worth Fairfield was set for two o'clock because he wanted to start early. She was not sure where he was going or why it was necessary to start so early but she guessed it would be a country ride into Maryland or Virginia. Very seldom did Fairfield take her to dance or to the theatre which might have accounted for the hour, and very often he proposed these long rides through the green fields and empty roads of the nearby counties.

They hardly ever stopped for tea because Worth held that, in the first place, three meals a day were enough for anyone, and in the second, tea was bad for people. Evelyn often tried to point out that this was only his point of view, that she never ate a meal at breakfast and so was entitled to one in the afternoon. But he wouldn't give in.

The honking outside drew Evelyn to the window. Drawn up next to the curb was Worth's solid black touring car, the symbol of his own solidity and prosperity. For several years he had possessed a battered and rakish looking Ford and an equally bat-

tered hat but now, his bond and insurance business having waxed fat and profitable, the Ford was replaced by this more costly make, and the battered hat by a firm greenish gray felt one that sat squarely in the middle of his head.

Evelyn regretted the Ford; to her, the antique rattle-trap had been infinitely more chic than this shiny new car. She drew on her gloves hurriedly and jumped down the stairs two steps at a time.

There are some makes of automobiles that are built so that the minute you step into them you find yourself sinking luxuriously down into tilted front seats with the pleasantly warming knowledge of presenting a very dashing, sporty picture to the passerby. But Worth's car was as upright as himself. In the days of the Ford, egress had been difficult for the driver, as the door on that side was jammed tight and Evelyn had often seen Worth's two long legs describe a semi-circle as he vaulted out.

This afternoon he soberly opened the door, got out and walked around to help her in.

"Mawnin', Evelyn," said Worth politely. She sighed at the hopelessness of ever making him pronounce the name her way. "Like Eve, Worth, *not* like Zev, please," she had explained patiently.

Worth Fairfield may have had tortuous and involved mental processes, but his speech was of the simplest. She could not find him guilty of using too large words in times of emotional stress. The brutal and cynical Cintra had said in a verbal autopsy at a debutante lunch, "That Southern suitor of Eve's, he talks like the 'Stories for Very Little Folks' in the back of St. Nicholas—in words of one syllable."

But it was restful to be with him; you knew he was dependable, that he would take care of you. Not that he bothered you with little attentions, no, he was too manly, too rugged, but in the big essentials (and

weren't they far more important than any little outward graces?) he was complete. Honest, industrious and truthful—all the things that Tup was not. And then she had known Worth so long. He shone best at a dance perhaps, where his flat patent leather feet worked miracles of perfect rhythm. He danced like an angel, and he talked in the accent of an eleven-year-old country-bred nigger child.

As he classed most of the remarks she made about other people as cat-tishness, the conversation naturally progressed along limited lines. Lines which had become classic through constant use, safe remarks that she knew wouldn't annoy him.

"Where you wanta go today, Evalyn?" he asked the regulation question.

"Any place you say," said she, making the correct reply.

It was like a game, these conversations. She knew just which subjects were best, which houses to admire, which friends to praise. But today, he evidently had some new expedition in mind, for instead of going out through Rock Creek Park, he drove through Georgetown and chugged on at a decent pace just inside the speed limit, till they came to the old canal.

It was very beautiful today. The old pollarded willows along the banks were tipped with the palest, tenderest green. The shanties were freshly whitewashed, a few were pinked and some artistic soul had painted the tree trunks half way up with surplus whitewash. Incongruous, but very fresh and naïve looking, those whitewashed trees. Two barges moved with stately slowness around the bend of the canal. Even their inhabitants, unusually happy looking for canal-boat people, smiled today. The mule was leisurely, a little Noah's Ark dog yawned on a pile of coal, and the owner at the tiller dozed gently. What fun to live on a canal-boat! Evelyn pictured in her mind a super canal-boat with checked cur-

tains, brass rails and potted geraniums. She felt very happy, unreasoningly so. A half-formulated vision of herself and Worth floating serenely down a canal in this dream boat passed across her thoughts.

"Nice day," said he. "Makes you feel kinda good."

"Yes, I know what you mean," Evelyn answered, looking at him as if with great perspicacity she had understood his subtle thought.

"Kinda nice," he repeated. They jogged along, crossed the chain bridge and were in Virginia.

III

It was perfect, this ride. She felt cheerful, well-fed, able to ride along forever. Often the rides had ended in silence, conversation lagging more and more, and Worth and herself, grown tired and fractious, had parted with a slight coolness. But today she was hopeful that there would be no such riding. Surely this pleasant silence was better than the too-ready talk of Tup and herself, who laughed and chattered and bickered, even interrupting each other in their hurry to exchange views, dispute points, settle discussions.

Worth had read in his twenty-five years of existence two novels, and these he was in no hurry to talk about. Reading bored him. So did painting. There was none of the glib fluency of Tupper about these subjects. They were all right for girls, just like playing the piano was, but men, real *men* did not trifle with them. Nature, colonial architecture, praise of certain unaffected Southern girls, these were the prescribed subjects for Worth. Architecture was indeed his only vulnerable point in the seven arts and in that his taste was perfect. Evelyn sighted with relief the first fine old house on the Fairfax road and broke the silence.

"That's a nice house, Worth," she cried.

"You're right it is. Prettiest house

in miles, I like those columns an' the gallery, don't you?"

"Yes, it's sweet. Where are we going today, Worth?"

"You'll see soon. Plenty of time to know."

A pause again. What next?

"Oh, I saw Dudley Carroll yesterday, Worth; she's a nice girl."

"'Deed she is a nice girl. Nobody nicer or sweeter than Dudley. No puttin' on airs, or pretending to be blasé" (he pronounced in blawzy) "bout her."

Evelyn nodded with guilty consciousness of the many times she had shortened Dudley Carroll's name to its first syllable. "Dud," and a darn good description of her, too.

Cintra, the cold, the sardonic Cintra, had said once, "Everyone has some suitor who is their *Ladies' Home Journal* mate—the kind that makes a good husband. Now I'm often amused by the *Ladies' Home Journal*, but after reading it long, I get the feeling of having been in one of those gayly decorated chintz breakfast rooms of theirs, eating a very large gayly decorated chintz breakfast, surrounded by a floor littered with the kiddies' paper cut-outs. A feeling of slight satiety, if you get me."

But they did make good husbands; even Cintra admitted that. Evelyn was unfortunately nineteen, an age at which you imagine that unless you marry pretty soon you will be left to the enjoyment of spinsterdom and a loveless old age. And she knew that Worth wanted to marry her, wanted to, that is, if she would reform her ways, become interested in farm life and drop this foolish absorption in the amenities of European civilization, this interest in the tags of culture of wornout and effete lands.

There was something so delightfully Southern about Worth, so touchingly provincial and loyal to his home in Virginia. Perhaps she would not have liked it so much in a Westerner, but this insistence of love for

his State was sweet. And she herself felt that there was an integral fineness in the South, though her family was entirely a New York and Pennsylvania one. Families who had lived for generations in cities, these were her people. It was hard to understand his feeling for the land, his violent, if ignorant loyalty to the Confederacy, for she herself had no particular feeling about the Civil War, though one grandfather, or was it both?—had fought on the Northern side.

On for an hour through a lovely lazy countryside, a land of rich fields, poor houses and ragged little farmhouse gardens. Small children, cheerful in tattered gingham and faded overalls, waved greetings and asked for lifts. Worth, possibly out of consideration for Evelyn, or more possibly out of respect for his stolid, self-respecting car, did not stop for them. There was something ridiculously picturesque about a landscape with a half-plowed field, a clumsy plow and a boy in blue denim, but after an hour, two hours, it began to pall a little, ever so little. And Worth sitting there so blond, so clean looking, even his monosyllabic remarks in Southern dialect tired her. Her tea—that was what she wanted. She wanted it now, right away. There must be a tea house of sorts somewhere round here.

"I want my tea," she wailed, voicing the silent desire of ten minutes.

"What you want tea for?" asked Worth.

"I always have tea, Worth. I should think you'd know that by now," she said fractiously.

The crusading light dawned in his eye.

"I'll get you somethin' a heap better'n tea," he said, "an' a heap better for you."

"But, Worth—" she protested uselessly. It was tea she must have and one or possibly two leisurely cigarettes. Tup, wicked Tup, encouraged the habit of the filthy weed. Worth,

who strictly rationed himself to three "Luckies" a day, regarded it as a nasty habit for females and most unnecessary.

"A heap better'n tea," repeated Worth slowly, and guided the car across a bridged ditch, along a track worn with wagon wheels, ending by the door of a small red-painted house. Here he stopped the engine and jumped out.

"Miz Johnson," he called. "Oh, Miz Johnson!"

In response to these yells, a fat, amiable woman came to the door, nodded brightly at Eve and greeted Worth with many pleased chuckles.

"Certainly am glad to see you, Worth. My, how you've grown!" (but that was ridiculous, because he hadn't grown in six years an inch beyond his original six feet of spare height). "Come right in," she invited and he disappeared inside with her. Evelyn sat in the car outside waiting. Presently she saw Worth and Mrs. Johnson cross the yard back of the house together and go into the immense red barn which dwarfed the house and trees beside it.

The place was very still and quiet and when an unpleasant artillery of clucking and gobbling commenced near her she started, and shrank back in the car. The sight of an immense turkey-cock sailing furiously toward her, with puffed feathers and crimson wattles, was not reassuring. Turkeys, Evelyn thought, were large respectable objects, which, beautifully browned and encased in shiny crackling, presented an appearance on festive occasions. It was hard to reconcile even the erratic hen that skittered across the road in their path to the animal which, with legs chastely back against its frame, graced every Sunday dinner at her house.

This towering horror, this frightening brute—but luckily the turkey, at this point, perhaps intimidated by the unfamiliar motor, turned off on another tangent, and she sat up, panting with relief, to find an audience of

Mrs. Johnson and Worth roaring laughter at her discomfiture.

"Scared to death by a turkey," said Worth, still laughing. "My Lawd!"

"Didn't you ever see a turkey before, honey?" asked Mrs. Johnson more kindly.

"Not that kind," she answered and they laughed again.

"Here's what I promised you—'member I told you it was a heap better'n tea?" and he offered her a large cup of foaming milk.

"Warm from the cow, jes' fresh," added the amiable Mrs. Johnson.

Evelyn stared, horror-stricken, at the cup. Milk was a drink to be taken thin and ice-cold from the refrigerator, to wash down hot gingerbread. She lifted the cup up and took a timid sip. Then a cunning look came into her eyes and determining to play the "little stranger from the city" rôle they had given her, pointed in the opposite direction and asked in an artless voice, "Is that a sheep?" They both looked where her finger pointed and before they turned back, half the cup of milk had been poured silently onto the grass.

"Why, it's Johnnie's pet nanny-goat," said Mrs. Johnson.

"Aren't I stupid? I don't know a thing about animals." Then, with a sweet smile, "Thanks loads for the milk. It was lovely, but I guess I won't finish it all because I'm not really thirsty."

"Do you good to drink it. Maybe you could get a little fatter if you drank plenty of rich milk," and Mrs. Johnson's eyes said plainly how much more becoming 140 pounds would be than 110, in her estimation.

With many goodbyes and admonitions to Worth to give her love to his mother, Mrs. Johnson waved them out of the place, Evelyn repressing a conscious desire to cower when a large gray horse galloped friendly up to the car. They turned from the ruts of the path onto the smooth highway and were off again.

IV

"We're goin' to Bull Run now," said Worth.

"Bull Run! Where the battle was? How nice." She forgot her tiredness in the excitement of finding that they were actually going some place on this pointless ride.

"Where the ole' Yankees ran away," Worth said, a sly triumphant smile on his blameless blond countenance.

"What? Oh, yes, it was a Northern defeat, wasn't it? I remember in History Class."

"Ole Yankees runnin' away. Every durn one of 'em turnin' tail an' runnin'," pursued Worth.

"But they couldn't *all* have run, Worth."

"Deed they did. You on the Yankee side?"

"No,—yes. I don't know. My grandfather fought for the Union."

"Should be ashamed of yourself, Evelyn, having a grandfather on the Nawthen side. I always said you talked like a Yankee."

"But I thought you liked the way I talked?"

"Yes, I used to think it was kinda cute. But I'd rather hear you talk Southern any time." He mused for a few minutes, then as they crossed a little creek, gave a wild yell.

"Whoee! we're nearly there! This is where the ole Yankees ran away!" he chanted.

This was puzzling, thought Evelyn. Worth, the silent, the monosyllabic, giving excited cries about a long past battle.

"Don't you think you're a bit war-like, Worth? I mean, why all the excitement?"

"It's interestin', and darned excitin'. Maybe that old snake you go round with don't think so, but Lawd, that man ain't good for anythin' except tea-parties. That Tupper what-doyoucallem; lounge_lizard is what he is."

She flamed furiously. She would

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protest at this. But what was the use of telling Worth about Tup's "fine war record"? Worth would first deny it, then grudgingly say that even if it was true, he had been pretty no-account since the war. Besides, what was she doing, feeling so outrageously loyal to that ne'er-do-well? The intriguing gold snake lay upon her dressing table, at home, ready to be returned to Tup that evening. She sighed over the snake; never would there be a gift she had wanted so much.

Smooth rolling hills, land curved and dimpled, like some lovely lazy woman, uncultivated, unadorned, lying in tranced sleep. A great tenderness for this filled her; she covered Worth's hand with her own.

"Oh, my dear, this is very beautiful," she whispered.

"Thought you didn't care for Nature," said Worth. Then peevishly, "Evelyn, I wish you wouldn't use that cologne," he sniffed, "it smells awful."

"That, my good fellow, is Nuit de Chine—six dollars an ounce. How vulgar of me to tell you the price, but when you call it cologne that way—"

But Worth had forgotten the perfume. With a wild chirrup of delight he crossed a little brook where two or three placid cows were standing, ran the car up the hill and stopped on the summit, next a wooden stile. Evelyn jumped out, climbed the stile and was standing on a high windy eminence, which viewed for miles the peaceful panorama of Virginia. A little house half-a-mile away was the only sign of man's inhabitation. But directly on her right stood a stone monument to the Northern dead.

"In memory of the New York Regiment of Zouaves killed in the first battle of Bull Run July 21, 1861."

And on the other side of her was a small tablet on which she read

" . . . General Fitz-John Porter's Corps. Second battle of Bull Run, August 30th, 1862

—Outnumbered three to one, checked an advance thereby saving the Union Army from a total rout. More than one-quarter of his men falling on this field."

"You see," she said slowly, pointing to the monument. "You see, Worth, they didn't all run away."

But Worth, chanting his triumphant cry, looked over the little creek at the bottom of the field and said,

"Ole' Yankees runnin' away! Jumpin', rushin', hollerin' to get across that brook!"

Then slowly, vaguely, the bright afternoon faded in Evelyn's eyes to a dim twilight. How gray, how dark it was growing. . . . This was not herself, this figure sprawled on the turf in the grotesque attitude of death; but that one there, still living, that was Christopher Vaughn. Not her grandfather—how could a pale youth of twenty-two be a grandfather?—but somehow, strangely, a part of herself. . . . He lay there thinking, cursing quietly the confounded luck which pitched him onto this smoke-covered sodden Virginia field, with a mist before his eyes and queer pains inside him. War was dirty, filthy, uncivilized—what was a diletante, dandified person like himself doing in a torn bloody uniform? Gallantry—Yaah, what else could anyone do but be gallant when they were surrounded on three sides by a tidal wave of Confederates? And that fourth side—it would be so hatefully undignified to run away through it. So they stayed. . . .

Warren, with his weak brigade from Porter's command, he had been gallant, but Christopher examined with scorn his own bravery, "Silly donkey you are, to be lying here when you want to be strutting down the Rue de la Paix in a wine colored suit with a gardenia in your button-hole. . . ."

By God, he would go there, go there

as soon as he could get out of this mess, and take Belinda with him, arraying her in a yellow taffeta dress at Worth's, a dress that swayed out in myriad black Chantilly ruffles—primrose colored gloves on Belinda's little hands, a black lace parasol with an ivory handle one could bend to keep the sun off. Still thinking of Belinda, frocked in the yellow taffeta, he swayed off into unconsciousness. . . .

And Evelyn, suddenly startled from ten minutes reverie by some movement of Worth's, turned on him with blazing eyes. There was an agony in her breast.

"*Damned Johnny Reb!*" she cried. Her voice was strange to her.

Worth, surprised, opened his mouth in sheer astonishment.

"Where did you ever hear that expression?" he asked, laughing. . . .

Evelyn moved her hand stupidly across her forehead. "I can't think," she said. "I can't remember."

Wearily and crossly she climbed back into the car. And then with a new light in her mind, she seemed suddenly to see, to understand Tup. Hadn't her grandfather been just such a person? Tired of war and of effort, he and his wife had played gracefully around the capitals of Europe for several years, doing nothing but enjoy themselves. And it was that grandfather who had been made Ambassador to France! Indolence rewarded! . . .

Dreamily Evelyn planned to do many things. First to take a very hot bath with an enormous quantity of bath salts in it (Tup liked her to wear perfume), second, to dress herself in her best dress and wear the gold snake on her arm, and third—at this point conjectures stopped and Evelyn traced in the air with one forefinger the new and thrilling names—

MRS. JOHN TUPPER TREVOR.



Painkiller

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

I

LILY BELL THURBY was the most famous girl in all the country around Cavanaugh, which is in North Florida. It takes a good bit to make a nice girl famous in North Florida. And Lily Bell was a nice girl. Everybody, rather awed, considered her so. In fact, with her pale blue eyes, the narrow ivory of her delicate face, with those two red splashes on the cheeks, the stooping, wistful figure, nice was hardly the word. What the people around Cavanaugh meant to say, if they had only known the word, was that she was exquisite, ethereal.

She was famous because she had already taken three hundred and twenty-seven bottles of Dr. Parkin's Pleural Painkiller.

People came from Watkins and from Oak Crest and from Sand Hollow and even from Ridgeville to see the shining array of Dr. Parkin's Pleural Painkiller bottles which she kept on two tables in the back room of the store. She had a shelf of assorted bottles that she had been taking before she began on Painkiller. They served as a sort of background to the dazzling main exhibit. People looked at those afterward.

With the sun coming through the back window and glittering on the clear glass of the bottles, from which she had carefully washed the labels, they were like lovely bubbles, which shot all sorts of colored lights and gleams about the room. The women,

shifting their snuff sticks and peering at the brilliance with faded, astonished eyes, turned their faces toward Lily Bell Thurby with respectful stares. "It don't seem hardly possible," they generally murmured.

But then there was the testimonial that Lily Bell had actually sent Dr. Parkin, all about how she wouldn't be without his Pleural Painkiller for anything. He had printed it right in the circular that came around the bottles. There was her name, "Miss Lily Bell Thurby of Cavanaugh, Florida," along with letters from women from foreign places—Chicago, Illinois, and Falls City, Idaho.

After they read that, the visitors used to stare harder than ever at Lily Bell, and Lily Bell flushed with pleasure and coughed modestly. Not even Aunt Susan Thompson, over by Brown's Grove, could cough like that. She was only on her one hundred and fortieth bottle.

Lily Bell Thurby had her fame easily all to herself. When she walked down the one brick-edged dirt sidewalk of the one street of Cavanaugh, people standing in stores or driving up behind mule teams from the country round could not have stared with more flattering blankness if she had poised great curving silver-feathered wings over the faint gold of her hair, or if she had been a two-headed calf.

II

OF course, according to Silas Thurby, the best part of his daugh-

ter's fame was that it brought business to the restaurant. That is what he called it ever since he had taken that trip to Jacksonville.

There were only three tables in the restaurant but there was a long board counter and an ice chest and boxes and boxes and boxes of coca-cola and lime-cola and chero-cola and orange crush piled up against the blistering blue walls. Silas Thurby generally sat behind the counter and knocked off tops of coca-cola bottles and sold plug tobacco and cob pipes and took the money.

When anyone did come in and sit down at the spotted tables Silas sometimes unfolded his long limbs and brought them thick goblets of the local sulphur water, which smelled like rotten eggs, so that he could talk to them. If they were the very occasional automobile tourists who sometimes came through when Cavanaugh was made a detour from the Dixie Highway, he brought them knives and forks and asked them what kind of a trip they were having.

But it was always Lily Bell, noiseless on her dusty bare feet, with her scarred little bony ankles showing under her faded blue checked gingham, that hardly seemed to touch any part of her body but her shoulders, who fried their eggs and their ham or their steak and potatoes and brought them bread and coffee. Sometimes they tipped her. But that all went in with the money her Pappy gave her to buy Painkiller with. He made a fuss about winter shoes or a hat or curtains for the back room, but after all it was expected of girls' Pappies that they should make a fuss about needless expenditures. On the other hand, Dr. Parkin's Pleural Painkiller was something not only right and natural, but the making of the Thurby family fame. Not everybody could take Dr. Parkin's Pleural Painkiller. It was the aristocrat among medicines. The rest of Cavanaugh contented itself with calomel and blue moss, a blood purifier in the

springtime, and iron and vinegar tonic in the fall. Malaria and fever'n agur were allowed to take their own shaking course.

So Silas Thurby was not at all a difficult parent, Lily Bell was sure. He changed his shirt whenever she washed it for him. He did not get drunk very much. He did not follow after women. He never beat up Lily Bell, at least, not since she had begun to get famous. A lank, thin-voiced, sallow-faced cracker, he liked best to stay quietly around his own doorstep, opening coca-cola bottles and shooting tobacco juice across the sidewalk. Lily Bell had no particular unhappiness with him.

In fact, in the days when Lily Bell Thurby was consuming her three hundred and twenty-seventh bottle of Dr. Parkin's Pleural Painkiller, life was not at all a bad sort of thing. She might have her moments when coughing racked her, when even the smallest frying pan seemed too heavy in her birdlike grasp, but there was, on the whole, a golden mist about things. The admiration and amazement in which she was held made her feel secure and queenly in her world. Let the other fatter girls of Cavanaugh eye with desire the ribbons and ginghams in Davis' General Store and the few automobile tourists with hopeless and bitter envy. Lily Bell, taking the last spoonful out of the bottle and feeling the run of new warmth through her, had no desire of anything left. She would sit for hours, when there were no customers, dreamily in the sagging doorway, her bare feet in the dust under the huge live oak tree, where the moss hung grey and untidy high over head, staring out across the flat muddy road toward the flat muddy country beyond, where the tangles of buttonwood and ghostly cypress in the swamp shut off the horizon. The golden haze was a part of that landscape then, coloring it warmly, making it glow and glitter for her in the long, dusty yellow streaks of the sun.

Up the street the voices of the loafers came softened and mellowed in the quiet. There would be the distant hoot of a locomotive slowing down for the Sand Holler crossing. The clink, clink of hammers from William's smithy made pleasant music. Somewhere two or three negroes laughed with a throaty rich "Hi-yi." Straw-hatted men in muddy boots and overalls, slatternly women in sunbonnets nodded at her and said "Howdy" with respectful attention as they went by in springless muddy carts, soundless and slow in the muddy or dusty street, behind listless rawboned mules. Later, perhaps, after they had brought their bit of cotton or cane or eggs to the store for flour and bacon and calico, the women would come to sit with Lily Bell. They would stare silently at her array of bottles and then sit as silently beside her on her doorstep, their snuff sticks moving only a little. These visits with the famous Lily Bell Thurby, who had taken three hundred and twenty-seven bottles of Dr. Parkin's Pleural Painkiller, were the most exciting things they knew. It was the climax of going to town from the poor patches of farmland and silver grey cabins beyond.

III

BUT there was more to "settin' a spell" with Lily Bell Thurby than her fame implied. With the older women she was generally silent, except for the coughing which they listened for. But when children, or half-grown girls, shy of her as she was shy of the shining automobile tourists, squatted down awkwardly beside her doorstep, Lily Bell, especially if it were one of those days when she had extravagantly taken a whole glass of Painkiller, told them stories. With the red spots on her cheeks flaming, her eyes shining, her scrawny little frame quivering with happy excitement, she told them stories that bulged their young eyes

with delight. Without her slow swinging north Florida accent, they went after this fashion:

"When in the night time the engines over to the Crossing hoot seven times, which doesn't happen except when the moon is upside down, that's when you can be sure that the locomotive engines are all going to run off to a dance. And where they goes to a dance is the Pale Junk 'Possum county where the ice-cream comes in bar'ls. The locomotive engines always have dances in Pale Pink 'Possum county because every locomotive engine had to have four bar'ls of pink ice-cream before it can dance at all, and four hogsheads of pink lemonade afterward.

"Well, any night when you hear them hoot seven times and the moon is upside down the frogs hear it and go shouting the news for miles and miles across country clean down to Jacksonville. And down in Jacksonville all the shiniest big automobiles hear it and know they are invited to a dance with the locomotive engines and they all come raring and roaring up through the dark with their lights going, all the bright red automobiles and the bright green automobiles and the bright blue automobiles coming up to Pale Pink 'Possum County, where the ice-cream grows in bar'ls, to go jigging and dancing with the locomotive engines, hooting and roaring and sending firey sparks miles in the air until the people in the counties round think the stars are raining, all in the night-time when the moon is upside down. . . ."

The story would go along like that for as long as Lily Bell liked. She had others, in which river mist that brought dreams to babies was knitted on solid silver needles by ladies wearing red satin dresses and sitting on green plush chairs in elegant houses; or watermelon fields where watermelons burst open when you came near them and begged to be eaten, lay just beyond the turn of the road if you said "Icker-icky" when a star fell

on a warm June night. There were towns in her stories where the mud in the streets was all chocolate ice cream and the pigs were of brown sugar and grew other legs if you broke them off. There were palaces as big as the Jones barn all covered with shiny stuff, where at the top of cloudy ladders sat Dr. Parkin, who made Dr. Parkin's Pleural Painkiller, smiling and giving everybody winter shoes and new gingham dresses and straw hats with red roses on them and everything they wanted to carry home.

People came from China and Chicago and Tallahassee to visit Dr. Parkin's Painkiller palace, all painted red and yellow stripes, and they went away back to China and Chicago and Tallahassee carrying candy canes that never broke and corn cob pipes and so much red calico that they used it to make coats for cats out of. And sometimes Dr. Parkin climbed down from the tops of cloudy ladders and got into a big red automobile as big as the whole street and went to China and Chicago and Tallahassee with the horn blowing and the people running out to see him and sometimes the President would come riding up in another red automobile and shake hands with Dr. Parkin and nobody ever cried any more. . . .

That is how Lily Bell's stories went around and children for miles dreamed of them.

IV

THEN one day when Lily Bell Thurby had finished the three hundred and fifty-third bottle of Dr. Parkin's Pleural Painkiller, Lon Corson came down the street and stopped beside Lily Bell's doorstep and heard her telling the end of a story to three little girls. She looked up vaguely at the shadow between her and the dancing lights on the live oak leaves and saw Lon Corson looking at her. She thought first he was John Wes-

ley, who built the big Methodist Church in Jacksonville, whom her mother told her about when she was little, because he was tall and slender and his face was young and kind and his eyes looked at her the way her mother thought that John Wesley's eyes probably looked. Lon Corson was not looking at her as if she was the most famous girl anywhere around Cavanaugh. His eyes made her feel trembly and new.

So he sat down on the doorsill beside her and pretty soon her Pappy came out and saw them there with their bare feet in the dust and the dancing light of the leaves over them and the breeze moist and fresh from the wet woods, so he handed them out two bottles of coca-cola and they sat there drinking it and not saying very much. She could feel that he trembled every time he touched her shoulder and she could see that he got red in the face and that his Adam's apple jerked up and down over his open shirt. She wished that he would go so that she could cry about him and she was terribly afraid that he would.

After that he came by every once in so often when he came to Cavanaugh to get his Pappy's tobacco and bacon and Lily Bell waited for him with a velvety look growing in her eyes. Every day she took more Painkiller because she wanted to make him admire her by having four hundred bottles gleaming on the table in the back room. The spots in her cheeks grew brighter and her hands were like sparrow claws and people heard her cough for houses around and admired how poorly she was.

The world was all swimmy and golden for Lily Bell then, the most famous girl anywhere around Cavanaugh, and the happiest. Lon Corson brought her spearmint chewing gum and they sat on the doorsill in the sunshine and threw pebbles at passing pigs and chickens and Lily Bell told marvelous new stories that

she made up out of her own head for nobody but her and Lon.

One day she was telling the one that they loved the best, although Lon never looked quite sure that he understood them, the one that always made his jaw drop in dumb adoration that she could think up things like that. It was about the town that ran away to the Peppermint hills and fell in love with a State Fair, all glittering and winking and shining like fireflies in a swamp and Painkiller bottles in sunshine, and danced and danced with popcorn flying around like snow and all the people shouting like a nigra baptism to see it. She had just come to the most exciting part, where the State Fair says to the Town that ran away, "Honey, over beyond the Peppermint Hills is a place where the birds talk and ten-dollar bills drop from trees," and Lon was looking dazed but perfectly sure that it was all marvelous and wonderful and beautiful.

V

Just then a tourist automobile, all covered with mud, drove slowly up Cavanaugh street with chickens squawking before it, dogs barking and pigs squealing from its way. It stopped in front of them and a big, soft woman in veils and coats got out. She was the biggest, softest woman Lily Bell and Lon had even seen. She unbuttoned her coat and looked softer than ever. Her body was soft and seemed squashy and her face looked soft all over and her cheeks quivered with softness. She picked her way across the sidewalk and looked at them. She seemed very big then and her face was redder and her eyes were small and black and stuck out a little like guinea pig's eyes.

"Little girl," she said to Lily Bell, "is there a place here where I could wait while they fix the car?" Her voice was not as soft as the rest of her.

Lon vanished around the corner.

Lily Bell came back vaguely from her story and stood up to let the lady pass in. "Yassum," she said. "This here's a restauraw. Come in an set."

The big soft woman swept into the restaurant, shrank from the blistering blue of the walls, chose a chair from a table, dusted crumbs off it, found it shaky, chose another, dusted that, and sat down with an air of maintaining a complete vacuum between herself and all the other objects. She sat away from the chair-back and arched her feet from the floor. She gazed on the dirty counter, the piled boxes of coca-cola and lime-cola, the tobacco and cob pipes in the case.

"Want I should fry you somethin' to eat, m'am?" murmured Lily Bell vaguely.

"Heavens, no," said the big woman. "You might bring me a glass of water."

Lily Bell brought her a clean thick goblet of the water of Cavanaugh, which is slightly yellow with sulphur and smells like rotten eggs. The woman accepted it suspiciously and sipped. Then she set the goblet down, floundered to the door and spat out the mouthful on the sidewalk. She came back wiping her mouth hard with her handkerchief. Then she unbent a little. She sat down again, gasped, flounced, and pushed the goblet away with a shudder.

"Horrible stuff," she said. "Horrible. How can you drink it?"

"We don't drink much," said Lily Bell.

The big woman looked at her for the first time. "Mercy, little girl," she said, "how pretty you are. Straight out of an Easter card, I declare. What are you doing buried in this horrible mud-hole?"

Lily Bell stared at the woman. She was not sure what she meant but at least she knew that here was someone who was contemptuous of her dignity. She drew herself up,

her hair pale and shining against the blistering blue walls, and said with simple majesty, "I reckon how you don't know who I am."

The woman looked amused.

"No, I can't say I do. Who are you?"

"Why, I'm Lily Bell Thurby, the girl that's in the testimonium. I've taken three hundred and ninety-four bottles of Dr. Parkin's Pleural Painkiller. Pretty soon I'm going to get up to four hundred. Everybody knows about me. Would you like to see the bottles?"

The big woman, making queer noises, followed her out into the back room, where the three hundred and ninety-four clean shiny bottles winked and glittered in the sunshine and the testimonial was actually in print.

The round guinea-pig eyes of the big woman stuck out blackly. A steely look was growing in them. She stared around the room with a shudder, shuddered at Lily Bell's untidy bed in one corner, shuddered at her Pappy's untidy bed in the other corner, shuddered at the dirty stove, the table. Lily Bell hung proudly over her beautiful bottles. She showed the woman the next bottle that she was finishing. The shudder that she had shuddered over the room, the beds, the stove, the bottles, was as nothing to the shudder she shuddered at sight of the dark brown liquid staining the side of this last bottle. Gingerly, she removed the cork. Malevolently she sniffed at the contents. Her huge soft body drew itself up, towered over Lily Bell. Her eyes glittered.

"Alcohol," she said, as if it choked her. Then she seized the bottle in one hand, Lily Bell's wrist in the other, dragged her out to the restaurant, dashed the bottle on the table, sat down and stood Lily Bell before her.

"Young girl," she said, and her voice boomed and rolled among the coca-cola bottles as if across plat-

forms and auditoriums, "You poor, misguided girl—don't you know—don't you realize—that you have been pouring into the beautiful body God gave you the deadliest poison in the world? Don't you know that, instead of doing something to be proud of, you have been dragging yourself through the mire, drugging yourself into ill-health with this vile, this loathsome stuff? Don't you know that this dreadful patent medicine is only the Demon Rum in disguise? Don't you know that by going on and on soiling your young lips with this devil's brew that you are making yourself a shame and a disgrace, a laughing stock and a stumbling block? Don't you know that by stupefying yourself with this awful curse and by thrusting it on the shuddering lips of young men you are shaming your virtue and degrading forever your womanhood?"

Lily Bell, standing clutching her apron, with the great voice of the woman banging in her ears did not know that she was beholding Mrs. Oliver M. Grace, secretary-at-large of the Southern Woman's Christain Temperance Union, working herself up into one of her finest climaxes. She only knew that the golden light which had been about her was drifting away like river mist. And in the continued cataract of edged, dreadful words which the soft woman threw at her, her whole comfortable, admiring, satisfactory universe tinkled to smash. In tremendous uproar she stood silent, but her mind staggered.

VI

WHEN Mrs. Oliver M. Grace finally swept from Cavanaugh in her touring car, the three hundred and ninety-fifth bottle of Dr. Parkin's Pleural Painkiller tight in her large, soft hand, Lily Bell had promised never to touch another drop of it. She stood still in the middle of the floor, a small emaciated figure in a faded

blue apron, tears slowly glinting down her cheeks. When there were not any more sounds from the automobile engine, she turned and went slowly into the back room, slowly got into bed, and lay huddled miserably among the tumbled covers.

At first there was only one thing in her mind. What would Lon think? What would Lon think? Now she could never show him the four hundred empty bottles, gleaming beautifully in the sun.

But as the day went on, and she had to get up and fry two orders of ham and eggs and go to the store for bread, another feeling lay heavy in her chest, grew sourly in her mind. It was a consciousness of shame, of guilt so aching and so terrible that she could have cried out with it, but there was no one to cry to. She had done this thing. For miles around Cavanaugh they had admired her and she had tempted them with poison. She shivered and felt cold and hot. When two men in the store door spoke to her respectfully, she felt the sting of shamed blood over her face, down her neck. They admired her, and she was vile. Three hundred and ninety-four bottles of Dr. Parkins' Pleural Painkiller. Three hundred and ninety-four bottles of the devils' brew. It was not simply that she would have to go straight to hell. All these others, all these because of her, would have to go to hell, too. Lon would have to go to hell. There was no crack or chink that would hide her from that.

The next day crawled, black, shameful. The ache in her chest was bitter. She shivered constantly. There was no golden mist, there were no warm black spoonfuls to help her forget it. She sat on her doorstep, hardly daring to lift her eyes to the puzzled gaze of people.

And as she sat there the understanding suddenly grew upon her. There were no longer pleasant people. Cavanaugh was no longer a place of dreams. She looked with stricken

eyes upon foul smelling mud and unpainted, rickety houses and dirty pigs and sore-bodied chickens. Across the street and beyond where the other road straggled, the marsh was dismal. The men slouching along the sidewalk were dirty and sallow and poor. The women were ugly, flat breasted miseries, worn with too much bearing of babies and too much work and not enough food. Living was terrible. There was no vague kind God to be placated by conversions and shoutings. There was not even any Dr. Parkin. There was only ugliness and misery and hell inevitable. A sick heavy hand was laid on the town and it was she, Lily Bell Thurby, who had put it there. As the fever mounted to her eyes her terror grew upon her. She had done it. She had done this thing. And there was no hope, not for anyone.

Then she found Lon sitting on her doorstep. At first sight of his shoulders, the young line of his head, she stood still in the restaurant and felt the bitterness cut into her. The small sound of her gasp went to his ears and he unlimbered his thin height, slowly stood up, and looked at her, Lon's look. "Hullo, Lily Bell," was all he said, but the sunlight was in his hair and in his eyes and all about him in the gleaming particles of dust. "Comin' out?"

She crept to him. He would not have touched her, except that her small face was twisted.

"Why, Lily Bell, you feelin' kind of porely?" he said, and the warmth of his hand on her shoulder almost made her cry.

"You got to go away from me, Lon," she burst out, staring up at him with great, flooded eyes. "I—I ain't fit—you don't know—" She caught his shirt front, warm with the touch of his body and smelling of tobacco and of himself, and twisted it in her fingers.

Lon put a careful arm around her and they sat down, huddled together. "What you talkin' about, Lily Bell?"

he said softly. "There ain't nothin' the matter with you, chile."

"Yes, there is, Lon. Yes, there is. You don't know—I'm bad—that's what it is—I've brought bad things to people—the bottles, Lon—stuff out of hell—"

"Hush—listen, Lily Bell— Why you're all of a tremble. Who's been saying things like this to you?"

"You mustn't touch me, Lon. You mustn't come to see me any more. I'm bad and I'm going to hell—"

Lon's thin young hands were suddenly hard about her. Her tears made dark wet spots on his shirt front. "Why, little baby honey, don't cry like that—Lon's got you, baby. Lon'll take care of you. Hush up, now, hush up."

"Oh, Lon—it's so ugly. It never was before. Look at the poor mis'-rable people, Lon, and the mud—it didn't used to be like that, did it? I can't bear it like it is—I can't bear what I done to them—look at their eyes, Lon—sick and tired and mis'-rable, and was me brought it on them—Painkiller—poisoning 'em— You got to go away, Lon. You got to."

"But Lily, listen—why, your crazy. Nothin' is different from what it always was. Cavanaugh ain't so bad—"

"Can't you see how mis'-rable they are, Lon? Just being born and livin' and dyin', and nothing to make them happy or any way of livin' but horridness and mis'-ry—sick and raggin' round and dyin'—I could scream, Lon. I could scream. And I doing it to them with devil stuff out of bottles—"

"Lily, no—you mustn't, honey. Why, you—you've been the one thing—you've made people happy, just settin' here, talkin' to 'em, tellin' 'em stories—talkin' up their minds out of what's on them. People have to have something, Lily Bell, like drinkin' or story tellin', to take their minds off. It's always been so, Lily Bell."

"But their minds hadn't ought to need takin' off, Lon. If they didn't

have mis'-ry they would need not to think about it. And it's me that brought it to them—me—me—"

With a wrench and a jerk she tore herself out of his grasp and stood up with her face twisted and her arms tossing. "It's me—it's me—and I can't bear it—I can't bear it."

Then she ran back through the store and threw herself on her bed, biting the pillow. The door slammed shut just in Lon's face. When he finally went away, very slowly, Lily Bell felt every footstep as if it was stepping on pieces of her body. When he came back she must tell her Pappy to scare him off with his gun. She couldn't have him go to hell. She couldn't have him there—suffering—oh Lon, Lon!

VII

ALL Cavanaugh found there was something queer happened to Lily Bell Thurby, the most famous girl in north Florida. The children, for whom she told no more stories, stopped coming or ran away, frightened by her crying and shivering. Women, little by little, ceased to sit with her. The admiring interest slacked, grew cold. Lily Bell felt it as proof and confirmation of her guilt. They were finding out who had done it. They knew she was guilty. They hated her. Lily Bell's weakened body and groping mind carried her in a daze of shame and agony about the stove and the restaurant, but she rarely went outside except on errands, and when she passed people she shrank against the wall and would not look up. She began to feel them behind her, whispering and pointing, haggard faces and accusing eyes, pointing and whispering out of dim windows, around corners, behind her as she turned her head. Even Lon, she felt, stayed away without protest, although nights she could hear him talking in low tones to her Pappy, out in the restaurant. She always

knew when he came and when he went away.

She had taken the gleaming Painkiller bottles out of the window and hidden them under the bed. Immediately the room seem stripped of light and color, only drab, frowsy, unkempt. Nights, as she lay flat on her back, without moving a muscle, but feeling the ache of terror in her chest burning like fire, she wondered if it would make any difference if she took them out and smashed them, one by one. Would it make up for anything?

She thought about and thought about it, coughing. She knew she ought not to keep them, but she had a feeling that something could be done with them, some sort of making up, to pay for what she had done. Dimly in her mind she fumbled about for a word, a religious sort of word. She had been great, but she was now humbled, yet that was not enough. She hunted for something that would exalt her again, but that would hurt her terribly, something that would stop the whispering and the contempt and take that awful look out of the eyes that surrounded her, staring. She wanted to take all of their hurts on her, in one big hurt, and have them admire her again.

There was something about the blood of the Lamb—washed in the blood of the Lamb. But this was different. It was different from getting religion. It had to hurt her.

Lily Bell lay very still, not even coughing. Something was coming to her, an idea, the way the stories used to come. Her breath came in little excited gasps. Yes, perhaps there was a way—

As still as the moonlight, in her coarse white nightgown, she slipped from bed, felt under it, found a Painkiller bottle. The door to the restaurant swung easily, unbolted. Outside the moonlight lay in great blotches between the live oak leaves, caught on the mud and the puddles in gleams and splotches and spatters of moon

silver. Her body felt burning up. The west wind from the swamp made her shiver and she loved it. It hurt. It made her feel better. She was sure now that she was right about the way.

The mud was chill to her bare feet and squudged up between her toes. She was looking for a rock in the road. When she found it she stood a moment, listening. Far away a dog barked. There was a faint hooting of an engine at a distant crossing. The wind was quiet. She could hear someone snoring in the nearest house. Cavanaugh was very dark and very sound asleep.

There was a sharp crash on the stone and the jagged pieces of the Painkiller bottle flew and glittered in the moonlight. She picked them up carefully, hugging them close to her white nightgown. She felt white all over, flooded with moonlight.

A sort of exaltation was sliding over her. This was the way. This was the way. . . . She found a deep space of mud, rutted with wheels. She threw the bottle pieces down in it, arranged them carefully. Her breath was coming sharply. In just a minute now—in just a minute—the people would look at her with admiration again. They would never be poor any more. They would never be unhappy any more. Lon—Lon would look at her with his mild blue eyes and that look he had for her. Lon would always be happy.

She got down on her knees among the broken bottles. The mud was soft and cold and wet. It soaked through her nightgown, touched her flesh. Scorching waves ran over her, but she felt as if she was going to laugh out loud.

Very slowly she stretched out on her back in the mud, threw her arms out straight and stiff so that she felt like a small white cross on the huge, black bosom of the world. The cutting edge of the broken glass stung and ate into her back, her shoulder blades. She made herself heavy on

them and laughed out loud at the tears that filled her eyes. They stuck and stung. The mud under her back was suddenly warm and sticky in places. They would find her this way in the morning, she thought. They would know she was taking all the badness on her—the pains of being in hell—oh, hot, hot, and burning. . . .

Her whole body was wet with sweat. If the big, soft woman should see her now she would be sorry. She would smile to see the broken Painkiller bottles biting, biting into her back. And then a great shiver of exaltation, of such ecstasy she had never dreamed of, swept her—swept her, uplifted her, . . . Exaltation—

There came a wind on her hot wet face and she stirred her heavy eyelids. Far over her the moon was hanging upside down. She remembered what she used to think, that you could wish things then, and have them come true. Her lips were queer and stiff, but she moved them a little, "I wish that everything would be nice again and the people laughing and hollering out loud," she whispered and made her arms and legs straighter and stiffer among the mud and the glass.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash of light as if the moon had exploded and all her guilty feeling was gone. She could have laughed. She could have shouted, and shiver after shiver, the ecstasy, the exaltation mounted, mounted—Far off, far off, there was a sound of automobile horns coming from Jacksonville and all the locomotives tooted softly together. Everything was all right and all the happy people shouted. The State Fair was dancing on the peppermint Hills and the auto horns were loud and glad. Then a huge red automobile came softly up beside her and Lily Bell Thurby, the most famous girl on north Florida, went away in it somewhere, sitting proudly in the front seat beside God, who drove very fast.

VIII

THE dogs were barking early in Cavanaugh, and the first man to drive a mule cart up the street in the grey light stopped and swore and climbed down. He went and looked and ran to Thurby's restaurant and pounded on the door. Thump, thump, people heard the dull sound and started up at the strange hoarse voice of Lily Bell's Pappy and the noise of men running from other houses.

A lot of men and a woman putting on her dress stood and looked down at Lily Bell lying in the mud among splinters of broken glass. Her nightgown was soaked with mud and red streaks, and her little bony feet, like yellow wax, were stained with mud. When the sun came up suddenly it caught on her face and in her hair and glinted and shook and quivered on the edges of the broken glass. Her Pappy gave a kind of gasp and fell on his knees.

People came from all over north Florida for the funeral, from Sand Hollow and Watkins and clear over to Ridgeville. Lily Bell's Pappy and Lon Corson walked together and afterward they stood together. The people stood about for a long time in groups, talking in excited and hushed murmurs, and their faces looked bright and animated, the way they did when there was something to be excited about. In fact, there never had been such excitement in Cavanaugh. The children were all dressed up clean and they went tiptoeing around, looking important. It was a great day.

Lily Bell's Pappy's eyes were red, and he kept doing awkward things with his hands. Lon Corson's eyes were red and his mouth was swollen, but when Lily Bell's Pappy did not seem to know what to do, Lon directed things in a clear voice. He had on store clothes and they made him look taller and older.

"I'd shore like to git her a nice

monymment." Lily Bell's Pappy said, on the way home, "Kinda nice, like she was."

"Something real pretty that people could come and see and be glad of," Lon answered him. "Something she'd like—"

So the next day Lon thought very hard and then went and bought five more bottles of Dr. Parkin's Pleural Painkiller from the store, emptied them out and washed them. He took the other three hundred and ninety-five that were under her bed and put them side by side, all the way around and all over the top of that little mound in the cemetery.

At first they put flowers in the bottles but after that Lon kept them washed nicely, so that they were like lovely bubbles, with the sun gleaming and glittering in them, sending all sorts of brilliant bits of rainbow light in dazzling glints and sparkles over the thick grass and over the

faded dresses and tired, astonished faces of the women who came to look at them from miles around, from Watkins and from Oak Crest and from Sand Hollow and even from beyond Ridgeville.

They always come there now when they come to Cavanaugh and they bring the children and sit on some of the other mounds and take their shoes off, if they are wearing shoes, and rest their feet in the long, cool grass. And then sometimes, moving their snuff sticks hardly at all, they talk in awestruck tones of Lily Bell Thurby, the most famous girl on all the country around Cavanaugh, who took four hundred bottles of Dr. Parkin's Pleural Painkiller. If a two-headed calf or an angel with great curving silver-feathered wings should suddenly start up from the sod, they could not be more pleasurably astonished.

"It don't seem hardly possible," they always say.



Gifts of Learning

By Milton L. Farber

IT was lunch time in the barber shop and one barber was on duty. I sat and waited for my turn. Presently an elderly gentleman strolled into the room and cast his eyes about the group of unshaved men.

His was a tall man, with gray hair and a pair of keen eyes. His trousers were freshly pressed and his coat fitted him with matchless perfection. He was a professional man, I guessed immediately—probably a lawyer. He removed his coat and on his vest was pinned the emblem of a fraternity. His watch chain bore a Phi Beta Kappa key. Beside the fraternity pin on his vest rested a small "Y," the symbol of a 'varsity athlete.

He glanced again about the group of men. He placed a towel across his arm and nodded in my direction. He smiled.

"Next!" he said.



A Delicate Touch of Comedy

By Philip D. Anderson

THE director sat, wrapped in thought, just beyond the range of the camera, The setting included a hall bedroom, partly rigged up as a gymnasium, and a young man in horn-rimmed glasses gently tapping a punching bag hung from the chandelier. In his other hand he held a book of rules. Suddenly, as if in accordance with instructions in the book, he gave the bag a forceful punch, which sent the oval, together with a good deal of plaster from the ceiling, to the far corner of the room. At the same time the hero registered extreme surprise.

The director awoke abruptly from his artistic reverie, and slapping himself ecstatically on the knee, exclaimed:

"Hah! Hah! That's funny!"



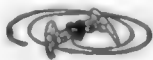
Ride The Nag

By Basil Thompson

HOLD to your dream, brother my brother—hold! hold!
Harness your dream to a whimsey trap, bridle the nag with gold,
And ride, ride like a fellow of fire, recklessly and bold.

Harness your dream to a right gig and goad, lad, goad!
Seeing before and seeing behind and watchful of the load—
An eye to the nag and the trap's freight and a keen eye to the road.

Goad and worry and spur the nag—on, lad, on!
Whisking the trap and its whimsey freight in a breathless marathon
To the end of the road and the night's end and the stables of the dawn.



IT is not boldness in man that attracts woman. A woman's vanity is sugared when a man betrays this trait in her presence, because she instinctively knows that it is her charms that have brought out this quality in the male.



"Temporarily Out of Order"

By Ethel M. Kelley

I

IF there had been more time, or if Alison hadn't had Kit Morgan visiting her, or, of course, if we had lived anywhere but in New York, it would have all been very simple. As it was I could have made an appointment to see her alone some evening, and then with all the lights on, and the phonograph in the apartment below playing "You're my Jazz Jane," and the family in the near background, guessing jocosely as to the nature of the interview, I could have told her that I was reporting to the London office in fourteen days, and—scheduled to start from there on a trip around the world in fourteen more, and so have invited her to accompany me.

Kit might, or might not, have allowed us to get that far. My guess is that she would have looked in once to ask the day of the month, once to ask me to mail a letter for her when I went out, and once to find out the name of some dear little specialty shop that she was writing a friend at home about. I should have been trying to get close enough to Alison to tell her that I loved her,—for whatever impression you may get from literature and the movies about the business that goes with asking a girl to marry you, you don't finger a pipe or a small round object on the mantelpiece at those moments, you finger the girl itself,—and the Victrola record, reproducing with faithful candor the adenoidal difficulties of the soloist would have been cheering me on with, "You're my Jane, my Jazz, Jazz

queen, If you'll be my wifie wife, I'll give you every bean," and then Kit's gold-washed little bobbed head would have flashed on us again. Alison likes Kit because her sister that died was one of her best friends. Personally it would give me the most intense pleasure to choke her with my own hands.

What I decided to do was to take my chance. I thought I'd stick around as long and late as I could, and nail my opportunity when it came. At least, that was what I tried to do for the first few days, after that I played it more like an obstacle race.

I invited Alison to go to the theatre with me, but we had to take Kit and Billy Knight along, and as Bill met us at the theatre there was no chance in the taxi to say anything to Alison that Kit couldn't get in her paws and examine, so to speak. I hit upon the idea of a cabaret afterward thinking that I might get in a word between dances, but Billy, it developed, had gone lame, and wasn't doing any dancing. On the floor with Alison, I made a beginning, however.

"In a month from today I may be in London," I said.

"So Edith Potts told me."

"Do you know Edith Potts?" I said.

"Why, of course," Alison's tone implied that not to know Edith Potts was to argue oneself unknown.

"She's a cousin of my secretary's."

"Such a pretty girl," Alison murmured.

"Edith,—I mean Miss Potts?"

"No, your secretary. Edith, I mean,

Miss Potts, isn't quite as goodlooking, do you think?"

A blond baldhead ran an armful of lispig chicken into us.

"My fault," I said, as the chicken flung me a baleful glance.

To our left a youth of about four feet eleven was doing a cat and mouse step with a girl a few inches shorter than himself.

"Where were we?" I said to Alison pleasantly.

"As far as London with Edith Potts."

"Quit it," I said, as we paused to applaud an encore.

"All right," said Alison, "I've danced enough anyway."

"How can you be so crool?" I said, "I was just around there one evening, and Miss Smith knew it anyhow, so I spilled it. Nobody else knows."

"Edith—I mean Miss Potts—didn't say it was a secret."

"I was waiting to tell you, right."

"Is that a compliment?"

"Hell, I mean, Heavens, yes."

I applauded another encore.

"I don't think I'll dance any more," said Alison.

"But listen to me," I said.

I swept her into position, but she pulled away.

"I said I wasn't dancing any more," she said.

The next dance I had with Kit. Then I took them both home.

II

THREE precious days went by. I was in the office every morning at seven, and I worked till midnight. I thought if I could clear away the worst of the clutter, I could earn the time to pursue Alison. It was not a bad sign that she resented Edith Potts. On the other hand it argued nothing excepting that she was not crazy about sharing my confidence with that large toothed, underfed, professional college graduate who was my secretary's cousin. But if I had called her names to Alison in this connection, it would have been used

against me. If my secretary, Mary James, hadn't been engaged, and entirely devoted to the world's greatest idiot of an interior decorator, why there might have been something in *that* intimacy for Alison to look into. As it was, my conscience was not only clear, it was crystalline. Three days out of fourteen leaves a meagre eleven. The only time Alison had on the fifth day,—she had no time on the fourth,—was an hour at luncheon, and if I would meet her at the soda counter at Haft's, she would proceed to the rear of the establishment and have lunch with me.

"With all that shopping crowd?" I protested, "Come to one of the hotels, where there are great wide open spaces, and where men are men, and the waiters too."

"I've got a fitting at Gernard's at two," she insisted. "and I want to be near enough to make it."

"Jaques?" I said.

"No. I want some of Haft's nut bread." She had made up her mind to be nasty. To her credit be it said that she had not learned from my raw-boned friend that my departure was so soon. She might or might not have been kinder if she had known I only had ten days.

"Don't bring Kit," I said, foolishly putting the idea into her head, as I rang off.

I had the pleasure therefore of sitting between Kit and a stout lady from Newark, who was supposed to be occupying merely the space designed for two at a table of her own. She was eating chicken paté and creamed potatoes, and having, it developed, a great deal of trouble with two Finnish maids,—and two snapfasteners. Alison occupied the seat on the outside of the table and ate nut bread sandwiches, a chop, and tomato salad with no pause for conversation. Kit did all the talking, and did not choke once. I've come to be rather sceptical of the efficacy of prayer!

For two days more, I was mad. I made up my mind I would get a great

many letters to people in London, and fall desperately in love with some blonde, bright-featured English girl—Alison is brunette—whose greatest dream in life was a trip round the world. She was going to be an outdoor type, and yet have a brain like a Galsworthy heroine at his best, and we were going to pick up some very stunning prints in the interior of Japan. Japanese prints are more than a passion with Alison, as is proved by the fact that collecting them has entirely gone out without affecting her. . . .

This left me six days, and I had to take two of them to make a trip to Syracuse to confer with the president of our company, who made up his mind suddenly that Mahomet had the right business ideas. When I came back Alison's telephone was out of order.

The next day I spent ten hours at the office, bought an overcoat, a supply of collars, picked out a pigskin bag, entertained my sister at lunch, and said good-bye to her and the "kiddies"—it doesn't seem possible that I could have a sister who would call her children kiddies, but I have—and put them on the Long Island train. Between these chores and my day's work, I took an occasional taxi to Alison's address. The first time the maid said she had gone uptown, the second time her mother said she had gone downtown, and the third, the hall boy said she had just gone out in a Packard sedan with a gentleman friend. The phone, however, was being repaired, and would be in use by noon the next day at the latest.

I spent the evening with my dentist, who excavated a tooth in which the nerve was still gloriously alive, and put a craftly looking inlay in it. Then he took a little pickaxe and a trowel and prepared a good stretch of gum for next season's planting. By the time he was through I didn't care whether I ever saw Alison again or not, for I realized that if I hadn't been in such a state about her I shouldn't have forgotten the precautionary measures I usually

take before resigning myself to the dentist's mercies. A quart will do it.

III

I MADE up for the oversight. I was able to be up the next morning, but I took the worst headache of my life to the office with me. I ate no lunch, *au contraire*, as the Frenchman said. I went to bed for the night at 4:30 P. M. with a large piece of ice. I'm not proud of the circumstance, but I'd had no sleep for a week, the most casual meals, and my girl was unkind to me. If the stuff hadn't been mostly synthetic I think I could have got away with it. Certainly, these are the days when "Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging." I must have got hold of some that was very angry indeed.

My time was getting short, and I was reckless. I called up Alison and told her the date of my sailing, and then I did what any man would do if he didn't take time to think better of it. I told her I had had absolutely no time for the last several days in which I could get in touch with her, and then begged her to make an appointment with me at her earliest convenience.

"Edith Potts says she has seen you."

"Damn Edith Potts. I had spent two evenings dictating to Mary James, and Edith Potts had hung around and waited for us both nights in the outer office, on each of which occasions I had fed the girls sandwiches and coffee at one of the children's.

"What did you say?"

"I said *when can I see you?*"

"I'll be in tomorrow morning at eleven, from eleven to twelve."

"Well," I said, "I'll make it if I possibly can."

By straining every nerve and losing my firm several thousand dollars by my rudeness to a magnate from Texas, I succeeded in making Sixtieth Street at exactly ten minutes past twelve, to find that Alison had waited an hour and then gone out. Kit told me I might pick her up at the subway entrance,

and I grabbed my waiting taxi, and arrived just in time to see Alison's orange feather shut inside the glass of a downtown local door. I waved to her, but she did not see me. Then I took an express.

I spent the time until I reached Forty-second Street *realizing* Alison. That clearcut profile with the gallant orange plume sweeping around it—feathers don't stand to the wind any more, they curl around the ears, and tickle the chin—that light, strong carriage, that turn of the head and that trick of the voice—everything that goes to make up the enticing, maddening quality of her personality. I reviewed the situation in a frenzy of anxious anguish, facing for the first time the possibility of being tricked of her. Love—the real thing—isn't always a welcome addition to a happy and carefree life, a life that's full to overflowing already with the sort of experience that keeps Jack from being a dull boy, in spite of an absorbing business career. I had no desire to be married until I understood what Alison was to me. I hadn't then, as a matter of fact. I merely realized that my hours of freedom were limited, and I proceeded to try to make the most of them.

Alison belonged to me, that was clear, but she was ten years younger than I was, and fancy free, as they say. I thought to keep a paternal eye on her, and "leave her lay" until the time was ripe; but the sudden change in my prospects had precipitated my arrangements. It occurred to me now that if I didn't succeed in getting in touch with her in the next twenty-four hours I should lose her, not only for the time being, but for all time. The cold perspiration crept out all over me. I tried to swallow, but my tongue was swollen to the roof of my mouth.

My train stopped between stations and the local roared past us. We caught up with it presently, and swayed beside it for a few seconds. As we began to gain on it I came abreast of Alison in the seat nearest the window, looked full

into her eyes, and was rushed away from her on the instant. She hadn't smiled or bowed, but just looked startled. I wondered whether she had even seen me.

At Grand Central I waited for her train, but when it came she didn't get off, or at least I didn't see her, but on Vanderbilt Avenue I glimpsed her getting into a taxi-cab. I got into another taxi and raced her up the Avenue. Again I was abreast of her in a swaying vehicle, but the semaphore lights changed and her driver darted ahead, while mine halted obediently under the beneficent gesture of the law. I tried to pay my man and get out, but he said he had no change, and I had only a twenty-dollar bill. While I hesitated we were released to swing on again.

Alison stopped at a famous shop on the Avenue, and having seen her on the steps, I waited just long enough to prove my driver a liar, for he produced change for my twenty readily enough, and followed her within the Gothic portals; just in time to see the grey filagree on the bottom of her disappearing elevator. I took the next one, and stopped at Suits and Wraps—suits and wraps were what Alison would need if she were taking the steamer with me in two days. But she was not buying a suit or a wrap. I crushed into an elevator going up to Evening Gowns, without giving a look into the interior of the car, but just as the gate shut me outside on the top floor, I saw that she had been in the car and was remaining in it. I gave voice to one agonized yell that succeeded in drawing the attention of everybody on the floor upon me—but the car had dropped down again.

I explained to the house detective, and three large-busted blondes in black satin, flavored respectively with lily, rose, and the imported equivalent for Jockey Club, that I was clothed in my right mind, and that the lady in the descending elevator was not my wife, but "my friend," and at last they reluctantly let me go. Too late, of course, to get any trace of Alison.

From thence I began a career of wandering around the city. I even went to Haft's and examined the rank and file of nut-bread eaters. Then I bethought me to stop into a telephone booth and call her house. Kit said that she did not know where Alison was lunching, but she was expected back there at two o'clock. Relieved, I ate three raw eggs in a glass of milk, and went back to my office. At two-twenty I got away from the treasurer and the senior vice-president long enough to call Alison's number again. She had telephoned that she wouldn't be there until three, but if I telephoned, Kit was to say that she would meet me at the Princess grill at two. I arrived at the Princess grill at two-thirty exactly, but Alison had not waited, of course. At three I got her on the phone, and tried to explain, but she was not in a very amenable mood. All she would say was, "Yes" and "No," in the lowest possible tone.

"You aren't on the witness stand, dear," I told her, "you can answer something else to the questions I ask you."

"Yes," she said.

"Did you see me on the subway?" I said.

"No."

"Did you go to Haft's?"

"Yes."

"I looked for you," I said, "but you weren't there, and then you didn't wait for me at the Princess."

"No," she said.

"Don't care whether you see me before I go or not?"

"Yes."

"Well, for God's sake, then," I said, "see me sometime before the day is through. Darling, I must see you."

"Why must you?"

"I want to ask you to go with me," I said, "I wanted to do it right when we could have a little time, but now I don't care how I do it. We'd just have time to get a license tomorrow morning. I can't go without you. I see that. I can't live without you. You ought

to see that. Alison, don't you see it?"

The phone gave a convulsive murmur or two, and then I perceived the wire was dead. I signaled the operator, and asked for the number again.

"The line is temporarily out of order."

"But, operator, I've just been talking to it."

"I'll connect you with the repair department."

"I don't want to be connected with the repair department. That was my own telephone and I was talking with my wife." Some way or other that was a lie I needed to tell just then.

"I'll connect you with the wire chief."

"I don't want to be connected with the wire chief."

Twenty minutes later the superintendent's office informed me that Plaza two-three, three-two had been out of order for three days. I took a taxi-cab to Alison's door again.

"Alison went out just after you phoned," Kit said, "she seemed awfully excited."

"And angry?" I said.

"Well, she did say that men were the stupidest things ever created and that you were the stupidest man she had ever seen, but I don't know that she seemed angry, so much as—as exasperated."

"Thank you," I said, "she wasn't exasperated with the phone service, was she? Just with me."

"Just with you," Kit agreed amiably.

"Well, I give up," I said, "she knows when I'm going. She knows my telephone number."

"But our phone is out of order," Kit said.

"So is the whole damned world," and I slammed the door in her face. She opened it again immediately, and held out her hand.

"If I don't see you again, good-bye," she said.

"You can tell Alison that I seemed angry too"—

"Oh! I will," she said.

IV

I GREW old that night. I couldn't

get past the idea that I had made a final mess of it. If I left the country without having made sure of Alison I knew I should never get her. If things were bungled now they were bungled irretrievably, that was all. If Alison had loved me she would not have made it so hard for me. After all, I had never had anything to go on—but one smile. It was one afternoon when we had taken a hansom through the Park, early November, and the leaves, bright crimson leaves, were falling. We were talking about marriage and companionship, and people that grow old together—I don't know how we happened to be—and she gave me one smile. One smile, and I had let it go at that. Well, I should grow old alone now, and a devilish disagreeable old gentleman I should be, too.

I was sailing the next afternoon at three o'clock. At eleven, Alison came into my office.

"You've come to say good-bye," I said.

"No."

"Well, what have you come for?"

"I thought you might want to finish the telephone conversation that was cut off yesterday."

"What was the last thing you heard?" I said.

"Oh! a sort of click in the instrument."

"I probably owe that instrument a great deal."

"Yes?"

"It probably saved me the greatest humiliation of my life."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, it went bad just as I was making an idiot of myself."

"Oh? It did?"

"I was trying to tell you I loved you," I said, "but I didn't succeed. I didn't even succeed in telling you how I had hoped you'd be willing to go abroad with me, and take a honeymoon around the world, and I'm mighty glad I didn't. The connection broke in time to save us both that embarrassment."

"No, it didn't," she said, "I—I heard you the first time."

"Then that's what you were angry at. I couldn't get it out of Kit whether you had heard me or not."

"She didn't know, of course."

"Well, good-bye," I said.

"Good-bye."

We stood looking, looking at each other.

"Would you like to kiss me before you go?"

I kissed her savagely.

"Well, good-bye," she said. She stood looking down at something in her hand. "I don't know what to do with this," she said.

"With what?"

"My passport," she said, "I rushed down and got it yesterday afternoon. That was why I wasn't in when you called."

"Your passport?" I said, "*your passport?*"

"Yes. I pulled wires. I could get that alone, but of course the—the other we would have to get together. There's a bureau or something."

"Oh! Alison!" She smiled at me, smile number two.

"I've a taxi waiting," she said.

I told the clerk who made out the marriage license that I had been divorced twice. It seemed to be the only way I could relieve my feelings.



Many Happy Returns

By Weare Holbrook

I

UNLESS you watched closely, you couldn't tell whether Grandfather Weems was going up the stairs or down the stairs. He descended breech-foremost, with both hands gripping the banisters, and he paused for a groaning-spell on each step.

As soon as Mrs. Aiken heard the thumps and groans in the morning, she hastened to the kitchen to put on Grandfather's egg. Then she returned to the foot of the stairs to catch him if he fell. He *would* come down alone; when she tried to help him, he always went back to his room and sulked.

Mrs. Aiken watched him pensively, two fingers pressed against her full-blown cheek. There was little danger of his falling; he never relaxed his grip on either banister more than enough to let his hand slip along it for a few inches as he backed down. He was almost too careful. Sometimes he would stand for a full minute without making a move,—legs spread, arms extended, head stuck forward almost out of sight, so that he looked like a big spider. Then Mrs. Aiken would say, "All right, Grandfather," in a sweet, patient voice, and Grandfather would begin to feel for the edge of the step.

When he finally got down the stairs and into the light from the east windows, you could see that there was a reason for this slow motion. Grandfather Weems was an extremely old and brittle person. His

figure drooped, but not flexibly; it was a stiff drooping,—rather, a warping. His skin was hard, dry, and sauroid. His head was cleanly bald, but there were luxuriant tufts of hair in his ears, and his eyebrows were wild, gray snarls. The ferocity of these brows was contradicted by blue eyes of a watery mildness, and his mouth was a mere crease surrounded by tributary wrinkles.

His dress depended upon the whims of Mrs. Aiken. Grandfather Weems had never been particular about clothes, and living alone with his grand-daughter, year in and year out, his costumes were sometimes rather bizarre. This morning, as he trudged into the dining-room, he was clad in a stiff-bosomed shirt, a lady's blue silk sweater of voluminous fulness, gray trousers, and slippers. He wore no collar, and his neck hung in turkey-like folds above his collar-button.

"Good - morning - Grandfather - did - you - rest - well - last - night?" Aggie popped this greeting at him as soon as he entered the room. She had done the same thing yesterday morning. Everyone agreed that Aggie, for a girl of seven, was wonderfully trained.

Grandfather Weems replied, "Yes, thank you," and stared at Aggie so disconcertingly that she wriggled in her ruffles and quite forgot to say, "That's-nice-so-did-I."

"Who is that child?" Grandfather Weems demanded of Mrs. Aiken, in a low tone.

"Why, that's Aggie Northrup—Blanche's daughter, don't you remem-

ber? Blanche is here, too. They came here day before yesterday."

"What for?"

"Just for a visit." She patted his arm. "They wanted to see you, Grandfather."

Grandfather Weems chewed and thought. "You tell 'em I ain't figuring on dying yet." He muttered it as a threat.

"Mercy, no!" Mrs. Aiken fluttered fatly. "Why, Grandfather, what an idea! They just wanted to see you. It's been four years since—"

"Why do they want to come and see me if I ain't going to die?" he asked. "Why does that child—"

"Hush, Grandfather. Here comes Blanche."

He obeyed to the extent of leaning over and whispering loudly across the back of his hand, "Listen, Lou. You tell Blanche to tell that child to stop saying '*Good-morning-Grandfather-did-you-rest-well-last-night?*' every morning when I come down."

"Now, Grandfather," protested Mrs. Aiken.

"I mean it," he insisted hoarsely. "If she says it again tomorrow morning, I'll say 'Yes, damn you!' She acts like she thought I was going to pass away in the night. The young raven!"

"She's a sweet little girl," replied Mrs. Aiken soothingly, "and she's just trying to be nice. She loves you."

"No, she don't."

"Finish your breakfast before it gets all cold."

II

THE suggestion was designed to prevent further argument. Grandfather Weems sopped his bread in his coffee. He was satisfied. He had taken a stand. Half an hour later, he couldn't have told you what the stand was, but the glow of satisfaction warmed him throughout the morning. He submitted peacefully to the dressing-up process after breakfast, even though it was un-

usually elaborate. He let himself be put into his best suit and his most uncomfortable shoes.

"And don't forget your plates," Mrs. Aiken reminded him. Not even in the bosom of her family could Mrs. Aiken bring herself to speak of false teeth as false teeth, and she had mystified more than one neighbor when she confessed that she didn't put up raspberries because the seeds got under Grandfather's plate.

"Is this Sunday?" asked Grandfather without enthusiasm, as he picked up the teeth from the dressing-table.

"No, not Sunday," Mrs. Aiken smiled mysteriously.

He laid the teeth down again.

"It's a much, much more important day than that," she continued playfully. "Can't you guess?"

"Not if it ain't Sunday, I can't."

"It's your birthday! And do you remember how old you are? . . . Come, think hard."

"Ninety-eight."

"No, no. You're *one hundred!*" She clapped her hands as if she were entertaining an infant. "Think of it, Grandfather, this is your hundredth birthday. Isn't it wonderful?"

"I was ninety-eight," he repeated doggedly.

"Yes, but that was two whole years ago. Think how long a year is, and then imagine a hundred times that,—but you don't have to imagine it, Grandfather, because you've actually *lived* it. A whole century!"

For a person of her size, Mrs. Aiken was very intense. Grandfather sighed and adjusted his teeth.

"We have a surprise—*watch that narrow step at the turn, dear—there,*" she continued, incidentally coaching him as he backed downstairs. "We have a su—*now down, that's it*—a big family reunion today, right here in this house, to celebrate your birthday, and there's a big write-up about you in the paper, with a picture of you and a picture of this house, and a doctor called up—"

"Well, you tell him I ain't sick," the old man interrupted. "Things has come to a pretty pass when doctors call up where they ain't bid, just to jimmy up a little trade."

"But he was a nice doctor, and he wanted to interview you and write an article about you for a medical journal. He just wanted to ask you some questions about why you have lived so long."

"Tell him I dunno why," Grandfather replied. He resumed his laborious descent, muttering, "Things has come to a pretty pass, a pretty pass, indeed!"

When he reached the sitting-room, he found it filled with relatives. There were Weems', Weems'-in-law, big Weems', little Weems'. They had come in as quietly as possible, while Grandfather was being dressed. They swarmed on the sofa and on all of the chairs. On their faces was the happy expectant expression of people who commit surprises.

"Here he is," announced Mrs. Aiken proudly.

Wilbur Weems, who had once been county attorney, galvanized the party into action. "Well, well, well, well," he thundered, springing up and seizing the old man's hand, "here he is,—big as life and twice as natural. Many happy returns of the day, Gran'dad!"

"Many happy returns of the day, Gran'dad!" echoed the others, clustering about him.

Wilbur took charge of affairs, and propelled Grandfather across the room. "Now you sit right down. Clear out, you kids, and let Gran'dad sit in his chair. . . . All right, now you can sit down, Gran'dad." He lowered the old gentleman into a handsome new leather chair that looked as if it belonged in a hotel-lobby.

"Where did this come from?" Grandfather rubbed the huge arms of the chair nervously.

"Ah!" replied Wilbur, "this is *your* chair, Gran'dad. A little birthday-present from some of us." It was a

fine chair, the best chair to be had for the money,—far better than any chair this poor old man had ever owned. Wilbur smiled benevolently. He was prepared for quavered thanks, the trembling handclasp of gratitude, even tears. There were kindly words that he would say; he would reply gently, his strong hand resting on the shrunk shoulder of this frail remnant of a bygone generation,—this lonely survivor of other days, into whose life things new and luxurious came so seldom. . . .

"Yonder's my chair." Grandfather pointed accusingly at Aunt Hester, who was seated in a shabby old rocking-chair; it was a red plush rocker, worn gray at the edges, and its springs tinkled melodiously at every move.

"But Grandfather—see! Now you have this nice new chair." Mrs. Aiken patted the sleek leather. "This is all yours, and no one else will ever sit in it." She whispered a few words of consolation to Wilbur. "He'll get used to it. It takes a little time."

Grandfather found the leather hard and slippery. He felt as if he were about to slide off, and kept his feet braced against the floor. His old chair was soft and clinging; it seemed to suck his body into it when he sat down. Then, too, he liked the noise that the springs made. Whenever his legs felt cold and numb and he feared that paralysis was creeping over him, he only had to move a muscle, and the merry tinkle of the springs answered him. It was a constant assurance that he was still a living, moving being. This leather chair was a dumb thing. He perched tensely on the edge of it and let Wilbur talk to him until dinner was announced.

When, assisted by Mrs. Aiken, he started for the dining-room, the rest of the family fell in respectfully behind him. The procession passed out of the sitting-room and down the long hall. Twice he stopped and looked back suspiciously at the crowd

which followed him. When he stopped, they stopped, and when he started out again, they pursued him slowly. "Is this a game?" he asked Mrs. Aiken.

III

THE dining-room was blocked by a long table. The clean, white napery was decorated with asparagus ferns, and in front of Grandfather's place at the head of the table was a big cake lighted with one hundred little candles.

Grandfather stood silently in the doorway and surveyed the scene. The other Weems', having kept their distance in order that he might discover the cake by himself, now surged past him with many delighted "oh's" and "ah's," and lined up about the table. There was much confusion, and excited argument as to who should sit where; the ladies had reasons and explained them. Meanwhile the guest of honor seated himself heavily and seized upon a stalk of celery.

In a few minutes all were settled comfortably, except Aunt Hester who found herself astride a table-leg and was unable to persuade Junior to trade places with her.

Grandfather Weems looked very small at the head of the long table, with the stout Wilbur at his left, the stouter Mrs. Aiken at his right, and the big cake in front of him.

"We really ought to have a blessing," complained Mrs. Aiken. "Grandfather, do you feel like asking the blessing?"

Grandfather, who had just pulled off a large bite of celery, shook his head and chewed vigorously.

"We really ought to have one, today of all days. It may be the last. . . ." She shot a meaning glance at Wilbur. He cleared his throat.

"I'll say a few words," he volunteered in his best Rotary Club manner.

Mrs. Aiken sighed religiously, and collapsed her chins on her bosom.

Hushing noises proceeded up and down the table as Wilbur bowed his head and said, "Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee—" There was an agonized stage-whisper: "Junior, stop eating!"

"Gran'pa's eating," asserted Junior loudly.

Wilbur patiently began again, and the whisper explained to Junior that Gran'pa was a very old man, and that possibly when Junior got to be a very old man, he, too, could eat during grace, but that it was not the thing for little boys to do, and Junior didn't see Mamma eating during grace, did he?

Mrs. Aiken, taking her cue from the whisperer, made subtle motions at Grandfather to the effect that he was to cease feeding. These signs failing, she leaned toward him and, keeping her head bowed devoutly, murmured, "You mustn't eat." Grandfather Weems looked at her in some alarm, and began removing from his mouth a large wad of half-chewed celery. This interesting operation was interrupted by Mrs. Aiken, who laid a restraining hand on his arm. During the remainder of the blessing, which was a generous one, he sat in a state of arrested rumination. A wet strand of celery hung from his mouth, and there was a mute protest in his eyes as he looked at Mrs. Aiken. The children at the other end of the table were fascinated by the spectacle,—particularly Aggie of the perfect training.

"Gran'pa looks like a turkey-gobbler," Junior announced in a pleased tone, as soon as the blessing was finished.

"Hush, Junior," implored the whisperer. "Is that a nice way to talk?"

"Yeh," Junior replied, settling the argument at once.

"Well, well, well, well," thundered Wilbur jovially, rubbing his hands together and hoping to drown out further observations by Junior. "Isn't this fine, though? *Isn't* this fine? I tell you, it must be great to live a

hundred years and then have all your family around you like this. This is a fine party you're giving us, Grandfather. When I'm a hundred years old, I'll invite you to *my* party."

"I was ninety-eight," the old man reflected.

"But that was two years ago, Grandfather," put in Mrs. Aiken. "You're a hundred years old today. Don't you remember?"

"Not a hundred years old,—a hundred years young," amended Wilbur brightly, "and getting younger every day, aren't you?"

Grandfather Weems frowned and took another bite of celery.

"Why, I don't believe you've noticed the cake at all, Grandfather. Look," Mrs. Aiken urged, "look at the cake, dear. Isn't it pretty?"

He looked at it abstractedly. "It's afire," he observed.

IV

It was not until the maid began serving the bouillon that Grandfather took any interest in his surroundings. Mrs. Aiken did not employ servants, but today she had engaged a professional cateress to assist with the dinner. The sight of a maid emerging from the kitchen excited Grandfather. "Lou, who is that?" he asked. Mrs. Aiken regretted that she had not coached him beforehand. Not that she wanted to deceive anyone, but the relatives from out-of-town, at least, might consider the maid a fixture, if Grandfather would only keep still.

"Who is she?" he insisted.

"Maid, responded Mrs. Aiken briefly; she almost wanted to kick his venerable shins.

The definition appeared to satisfy him, but he continued to watch the girl intently. It was her bobbed hair that seemed to attract his attention more than anything else. When she placed his cup before him, he looked up at her and said, with a clear rising inflection, "Did you have the fever?"

The girl was embarrassed but polite. "No, sir," she murmured, and hurried back to the kitchen.

"What did she say?" he demanded, turning to Wilbur.

"Never mind, dear," interposed Mrs. Aiken. "Come, now, and eat your bouillon. See?—it's soup."

At the word "soup," he unfurled his napkin. "Where's the soup? I like soup!" he exclaimed, ramming the napkin into his collar.

"Not today, Grandfather." Mrs. Aiken gently pulled the napkin out. "Put it in your lap. Here's the soup, in this cup."

Grandfather looked at it with suspicion. "That ain't soup," he said decidedly.

"'Tis, too, soup!" called out Junior.

He refused to be drawn into any debates with Junior, and finished his bouillon in dignified silence. But when the maid reappeared, the sight of her bobbed hair again moved him to utterance.

"When Annie Nettleship had the fever, they took and shaved her head."

"Will you have a little white meat, Grandfather?" Mrs. Aiken asked.

He nodded. "Shaved it slick as a whistle," he continued. "She wore a little cap, and her teeth finally dropped out—"

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted Mrs. Aiken impatiently.

"That was before your time," he reminded her. "Annie Nettleship went to school with me. She took a grape and stuffed it up her nose, and the master let her go home. That was before she took the fever."

"Look what's coming, Gran'dad," exclaimed Wilbur in his most diverting manner, indicating a large green bottle which was being borne in on a tray. "Wine! Wine that I made myself." He poured out a liberal drink. "This will brace you up."

"I ain't sick," Grandfather remarked.

"It won't do him any harm, will

it?" Wilbur asked Mrs. Aiken confidentially.

"I don't know. He used to drink wine, but he hasn't had any for quite a while."

"A little of it will do him good. Old folks need it when they've been used to having it all their lives."

"Well, I don't know," Mrs. Aiken argued. "It isn't as if he had a young stomach, you know."

Grandfather settled the controversy by taking the glass and draining it in three gulps. With the arrival of the ice cream, he demanded another drink.

"Oh, let's have a toast," suggested Wilbur. "This is Gran'dad's birthday. We ought to drink his health."

The glasses were filled, and Wilbur stood up, holding his aloft. "Here's to Gran'dad," he began, "the father of us all. May he enjoy many, many more such happy birthdays as this one, and may he always be an example to us of how—of what—er—clean living and clear thinking will do. May we none of us do anything which will bring dishonor upon the name of Weems—a name which he has borne nobly for an entire century. Your health, sir!"

There was a patter of applause as Wilbur sat down.

"Well, Grandfather, what do you think of that?" asked Mrs. Aiken, oozing appreciation.

Grandfather Weems did not reply. With fascinated eyes he was watching a spoonful of ice cream slide slowly down his shirt-front. Mrs. Aiken dabbed her napkin heroically in its wake as it disappeared under his vest. "It's gone," he announced with satisfaction.

"But Grandfather," she asked firmly, "didn't you like the nice little speech that Wilbur just made about you?"

The old man shook his head. Mrs. Aiken sighed, and hoped the others at the table realized that living with a centenarian is not all beer and

skittles. Wilbur tried to look like a person who has not just made a nice little speech.

"Let's go into the sitting-room," Mrs. Aiken proposed. "Grandfather hasn't seen his birthday write-up in the *Gazette* yet."

V

IN the sitting-room, the *Gazette* was produced for Grandfather's perusal. "Here it is," Wilbur folded back a page and thrust it at him, "a whole column-and-a-half."

Grandfather took the paper. "Midsummer . . . clearance . . ." he read slowly.

"No, no. On the other side—there."

"They put them lines too close together," he complained. "You read it."

Wilbur read. He read at length. He read with the deep, round enunciation of a former county attorney, and as he read, the old man's head drooped lower on the cream-stained shirt-front.

"He's asleep," said Wilbur in a grieved tone when he had reached the bottom of the column.

"No, I ain't." Grandfather looked up with a jerk. "Read some more."

"That's all there is, Gran'dad—except a squib about Abel Hoffman."

"What about Abel Hoffman?"

"Why, it says," Wilbur continued to read, "Another of Clay county's pioneers who will soon be a candidate for membership in the 'century club' is Abel Hoffman, for many years janitor at the City Hall. Mr. Hoffman is ninety-nine years of age, and though he retired from his duties at the municipal building some time ago, he is still hale and hearty. On the occasion of his last birthday, he celebrated by walking from his home to the City Hall, a distance of over a mile. Mr. Hoffman has been a *Gazette* subscriber for nearly a quarter of a century, and is still able to read it without the aid of glasses."

Grandfather meditated. "Hand me that paper," he said to Wilbur.

The pages rustled in his shaking fingers, and he leaned toward the light. "Midsummer . . . clearance," he began. "Tussman and Stern take pleasure on—take pleasure in . . ." He stopped reading aloud, and muttered to himself.

"Hmph," he remarked, turning the page and staring with interested, unseeing eyes at the want-ads; and a moment later, "Well, well!"

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Aiken attentively.

"Oh, nothing much." He folded the paper and tossed it aside. "Ain't much in the *Gazette* today," he observed. . . .

Later in the afternoon, when the relatives had departed, Grandfather Weems settled himself in the old red rocker and took a nap. His sleep was troubled, and he made little whining noises as he slept. In a dream, he saw himself dead and embalmed in ice cream. He was put in a hearse drawn by two large black horses, and they started down Calamus Avenue. Whenever he looked out of the glass sides of the hearse, he saw Abel Hoffman walking leisurely beside the vehicle. The horses were whipped into a trot in an effort to leave Abel behind. They were lashed into a gallop, and the hearse careened wildly, but still Abel trudged along beside it, and eventually passed it, forging on ahead until he was a mere dot in the distance. Grandfather Weems sat up in the coffin and shivered and wept. . . .

When he woke up, he was shaking, and his cheeks were wet. Twilight was coming on. He could hear Mrs. Aiken moving heavily about the kitchen; the house was very quiet.

"I must stir around," he spoke aloud to himself. "That cream is chilling me."

He put on an old derby hat, and wrapped Mrs. Aiken's shawl around his shoulders. Slowly and softly he opened the front door. Instinct told him that Mrs. Aiken would dis-

approve of his going out alone. Therefore he walked with muted heels, and backed down the steps almost stealthily, stifling the customary groans.

In the back of his mind burned a desire to demonstrate to the world and Abel Hoffman that one hundred was more than equal to ninety-nine. With doddering determination, he set out in the direction of the City Hall.

VI

THE journey downtown was a slow one. At each crossing he waited until the street was well cleared, and then hurried across with unsteady, spasmodic steps. Even parked cars he watched with distrust. When a motorist pulled up to the curb and called, "Want a lift, Dad?" Grandfather shook his head until his derby fairly rattled. He had his own ideas of sportsmanship; besides, the clock in the City Hall tower was already in sight.

On he went, into the business district. Here, people as well as automobiles, forced him to keep on the alert. He found it difficult not to bump into them. The noise was confusing; the lights dazzled him.

Grandfather reflected with satisfaction that this walk would more than make up for his unsuccessful attempt to read the *Gazette* without glasses; he lived further from the City Hall than Abel Hoffman did. Why, it must be fully two miles!

He looked about impatiently for the lighted clock which had been serving as a beacon for him. It was nowhere in sight, and where he had expected to see it there were only blank, brick buildings. Above them the moon peered through a rift in the clouds. Had he been chasing the moon all these blocks? Angrily he hastened to the next corner, where he could take a good look around.

"Them stores shuts off the view," he complained.

"I beg pardon?" asked a man who was passing.

Grandfather looked at him severely. "I wasn't talking to you," he replied.

At the next corner, there was a small triangular park where two streets converged. But there was no City Hall to be seen.

"I'm off my trail," Grandfather decided. "I bet I've walked further than Abel already." His legs felt as if he had. Wearily he crossed over to the park and dropped upon one of the benches. His joints cracked; his muscles twitched. "Like an old horse," he mused.

For a long time he rested his body on the bench,—relaxed, oblivious to his surroundings. He couldn't make up his mind what to do next. His head ached, and he dozed. Then he felt a gentle tap on his shoulder.

"Here, now," said a fat policeman whose width was exaggerated by an oilskin cape, "it's settin' in to rain."

Grandfather Weems looked up and put out his hand. "So it is," he agreed.

"You better be gettin' in."

"In where?" asked Grandfather vaguely.

"Well," the policeman hesitated, "wherever it is you live. Whereabouts do you live?"

The old man considered for a moment. "At—at Lou's house," he stammered.

"Where's that?"

Grandfather rubbed his nose nervously. Strange that he couldn't remember the address. It was really his own house, too, more than it was Lou's; yet he couldn't remember where it was. "It's up the street," he said finally.

"Which street?"

Which street? He looked at the two streets which joined at the point of the park. He looked first at one and then at the other. Neither of them seemed at all familiar.

"You're lost, ain't you?"

Grandfather mumbled helplessly.

"Now, now," said the policeman, "what's your name, eh?"

"Weems."

"Weems? All right, Mr. Weems," the officer took his arm respectfully, "you come along with me, Mr. Weems. We'll go over to the station and find out where you belong at. It's no night for a feller like you to be sleeping out."

He hailed a taxi. "Take us around to the City Hall, Jerry," he said to the driver, as the machine skidded up to the curb.

At these words, a veil was lifted in Grandfather's mind. He pulled Mrs. Aiken's shawl tighter about his shoulders, and backed away from the machine. "I ain't going to ride to the City Hall," he announced.

"Here, here," said the policeman. "We don't aim to lock you up, or anything, Mr. Weems. We'll just go over to the City Hall and find out where you belong at, and then take you home."

"I kin walk to the City Hall."

"Do you know where it is?"

Grandfather did not, but he refused to admit it. "I kin walk," he repeated.

"Well, it's pretty far, and the walkin's wet," the officer argued. "Come on, get in."

"Damn it!" cried the old man, "I ain't going to ride to the City Hall."

"Oh, yes, you are. You don't want me to arrest you, do you?" Firmly, but not roughly, he hoisted his charge up on the step, bundled him into the cab, and sat down beside him. "There, now," breathed the officer as the machine started, "that's better."

"Things has come to a pretty pass," Grandfather muttered. "A pretty pass, indeed!" He turned to his forceful escort. "Do you know who I am?" he asked ominously.

"Sure," the fat policeman laughed. "You're the brother of the Mayor, and you're gonna have me canned for this."

"I'm the pioneer of Clay county," asserted Grandfather with quiet dignity.

"So? Well, I'm outside warden of the Knights of Pythias myself."

Grandfather Weems was in no mood for badinage, and he said not another word during the ride to the City Hall.

When escorted by an officer, even the most sedate and virtuous man has a hang-dog, criminal air, and had Mrs. Aiken seen Grandfather as he entered the police station, she would have wept copiously. In disembarking from the cab, he had dented his derby and knocked it rakishly down over one eye. Excitement and the chill of the evening caused his nose to glow like a ruby. The shawl, one corner clutched in his hand, trailed on the floor.

"Here's an old guy that's lost," explained the fat policeman, leading him up to the chief's desk.

"Take off his hat," said the chief, who was strong on etiquette. "My gosh, he is old!" he added, staring at him curiously. "What's his name?"

"He says it's Weems."

"Weems," echoed the chief thoughtfully.

"But he don't remember his address."

"Weems, Weems." The chief opened a directory. "They's several here . . ."

The policeman turned to Grandfather. "What's your first name?"

"Horace," replied Grandfather.

"Says his first name's Horace," the policeman informed the chief.

"Ah," exclaimed the chief, after a slow search, "here it is. 'Weems, Horace B., res. Mrs. A. L. Aiken.'"

"That's Lou," Grandfather volunteered.

"Aiken, Aiken," continued the chief dreamily, turning to the front of the book. "'Aiken, Mrs. Addie Louise, 114 Calamus.'"

"That's it, that's it!" interrupted the old man eagerly.

"You sure?"

Grandfather Weems nodded.

"They got no phone," observed the chief, consulting the book again.

"Shall I take him out there?" the officer asked.

The chief closed the directory with a snap. "Sure," he yawned, "take him out."

The fat policeman responded with alacrity and hustled his charge into another cab. He enjoyed these taxicab rides at the city's expense. "Hundred-fourteen Calamus," he ordered, "and make it snappy. . . . You're puttin' us to a lot of trouble, Mr. Weems," he added, leaning back on the upholstery.

Grandfather clicked his false teeth contemptuously and said nothing.

"But then," the policeman sighed, "we don't expect thanks for what we do."

"You ain't getting any," responded Grandfather briefly. They rode on in silence.

"This is it," said the driver, as the cab slowed down and stopped.

"Is this where you live?" the policeman asked.

Grandfather peered out of the door. "'Course it is," he replied. "Let me out."

"Are you sure this is the right place?"

The old man got out of the cab stiffly. "Do you think I don't know my own home?" he demanded with withering scorn.

"Well, I wouldn't put it past you," the officer muttered, slamming the door and settling back on the cushions. "Good night to you, and I hope I never see you again. Let's go!"

VII

GRANDFATHER watched the car slide away over the wet pavement. Then he turned and started up the front steps. He was very tired, the ascent was difficult, and his thumps and groans brought Mrs. Aiken bouncing out the porch.

"Grandfather, dear, where have you been?" she cried. "I'd been looking all over. Nobody heard you go out, but I saw your hat was gone, and I thought maybe Wilbur had come back and taken you for a ride, and I went over, but Wilbur said 'No,' and when I came back, I found Mr. Hoffman had come to make you a birthday call, and still you—"

"Who?" asked Grandfather, pausing in the doorway.

"Abel Hoffman, dear. He's in the sitting-room now."

Grandfather Weems straightened. There was a certain briskness in the way he took off his hat, flung aside the shawl, and walked into the sitting-room.

Abel Hoffman, stout and white-bearded, leaned forward in the new leather chair, and made an attempt to rise.

"Don't get up, don't get up," said

Grandfather hastily as he crossed the room. "Howdy-do, Abel? No, set right where you are. Glad you could come over."

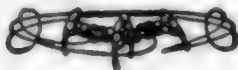
The two old men shook hands with exaggerated vigor, and glanced at each other appraisingly.

"Vell, I see you are still able to get ar-round," observed Mr. Hoffman. There was a shade of disappointment in his tone.

"Yes, yes. A little," replied Grandfather carelessly, sitting down in the old red rocker. "Sorry I didn't get back sooner, Abel. I was just out taking a little stroll."

"But Grandfather," interrupted Mrs. Aiken, "you were gone so long! Where on earth did you go?"

"Where? Oh . . ." Grandfather Weems spoke clearly, because he realized that old people are sometimes hard of hearing. "Just down to the City Hall."



The Herds of Death

By Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

WHEN the moon is high
 And the wind is low
 Over the alkali,
 Browsing slow,
 The skeletons
 Of cattle go.
 Their ribs gleam white,
 Their breath is frost,
 A ghost cow lows
 For a ghost calf lost,
 And on horns like sharp moons
 Their foes are tossed.



The Love of a Slave

By Gregory Piotrowski

(Former Personal Aide to Czar Nicholas II)

I

I BOUGHT the little Djoudja.

I went to the market place in the Arab quarter of Algiers and saw her at the fountain, with the other Kabyle slaves.

A market of human beings! An incredible thing. A thing I had entirely forgotten—but had known about in my childhood from the lips of a slave—the old peasant Ivanko.

This is what he told me:

"At fifteen years of age I was bought by your grandfather, Sir, from Count Kerdashew, my former owner, and they separated me from my family."

And despite that horrible separation, Ivanko told me good things about my grandfather and the people of those days: "One had to be straight. The dishonest dealers could not get along. Your grandfather, Sir, was cruel to them and kind to the straight ones. He was our father and we were like children to him," said Ivanko.

Later in life I realized that slavery although theoretically abolished still lives and thrives. It only hides its face under various masks of respectability. We call it liberty. According to the tales of old Ivanko the frank recognition of slavery might be better. Suddenly I felt a strong desire to know. The opportunity offered. Hereditary instinct, also, prompted me to revert to what we of today are pleased to call "those days of barbarism" and to experiment with slavery in its classic form. And I bought Djoudja.

II

I DID not buy her because she was the prettiest girl of them all. She attracted me because she stood alone and seemed to have no relatives nor friends among the other slaves, and I had the feeling that she was just the "straight one" whom my grandfather would have protected against the unscrupulous ones, who—it has been my strong belief—are represented by every majority. . . .

She stood alone, my poor Djoudja, silent and immobile, covering her bosom with a strip of ragged carpet, and hiding her eyes with her hands when the buyers came to summarize her charms.

"One hundred francs."

I was surprised.

"One hundred francs, effendi," repeated the slave-trader. . . . The big buyers had left the place several days previous, taking with them a caravan of slaves to the Eastern oases. In the meantime, a caravan had come from the Kabyle country, bringing a new lot of slaves which had found no buyers. Therefore, the market glutted.

The highest price was twenty dollars a head, irrespective of sex, age or other specifications.

"Of course, Algiers is not a regular slave market," said an old French official to me. "What you see here is an exception caused by the invasion of the Kabyle country by the Spanish. The price seems low, but you must remember that the slave might at any moment discover that under the French law he is free. So it is a risky business for

the buyers. And the French authorities close their eyes to the traffic because this feature of Moslem civilization works in this emergency as charity toward the war victims, who otherwise would starve."

"In the desert, human life is more valuable than in Europe, and saving of human life is profitable," said my friend. "The slave dealers go through the ruined villages, pick up the survivors, and sell them as slaves, and so restore them to their normal life."

I took Djoudja in my taxicab. Frightened at the noise of the motor, surprised by the sudden movement of the car, she glanced at me.

For the first time I plainly saw her face.

It was of noble Semitic contour with few characteristics of the lower Nubian race.

Her gazelle eyes expressed innocence in contrast to the voluptuous curves of her body.

And I felt at once that I loved those eyes and . . .

The chauffeur suggested a little hotel on the outskirts of the city.

"It is in Mauritian style—fine baths. You can get champagne there, too."

It was just what I wanted—except the champagne.

"Hurry!"

I longed to be left alone with her in an Oriental room with its rugs and cushions, to take her to the bath, put on her head fine perfumes, carry her to the soft couch, and—when she should be surprised and delighted by my care and kindness—then to kiss her mouth, her hair, her feet. . . .

Would she be aroused by my caresses?

Would she like them?

Would she answer them?

Those questions took away my breath.

III

THE "Oriental" Hotel. I understood at once—what it was. How could I take into such a place my innocent

Djoudja?—a wild, unconscious, irresponsible child?—my slave who would have to obey me, right or wrong.

I recalled plainly the old peasant Ivanko with his idealistic conceptions of slavery.

"Your grandfather, Sir, was a perfect nobleman. He protected the innocent against evil as he would protect his own children."

And Djoudja at once ceased to exist for me as a seductive woman and became again my slave for whom I felt responsible.

IV

Most Frenchmen are rationalistic. They are not suspicious or superstitious, especially when they see an opportunity to get some profit in connection with the unusual story you may tell them.

The manager of the "Oriental" Hotel to whom I introduced myself quickly grasped the situation. He gave me the address of Madame Magou who used to live in a little house in the city and sublet two comfortable rooms. I found them both very nice—the rooms and Madame Magou.

She was an elderly woman who had seen many things in her life, and had become as tolerant as she was experienced. But her tolerance was not due to indifference.

She became interested in Djoudja, and we both derived infinite amusement installing her in her new home and teaching her how to use the things around her. The "home education" of Djoudja took several days and it was the most agreeable part of our relationship.

Then I took her out on the streets. This was the "outdoor education," and afforded me much pleasure, too.

You can imagine a wild girl in a picturesque Arab dress (bought for her with the help of Madame Magou) passing among the elegant European public, or entering a fashionable millinery shop, or a photographic studio!

Was she really a wild thing? Not

at all. She had a deep and exact culture, but different from ours. And it prevented her from being stupid even in the unusual surroundings in which she found herself. Her behavior was original and attractive.

Nobody knew her history and rumor worked out that history in fantastic detail.

Madame Magou watched our relations very closely, especially when she realized that Djoudja had not become my mistress. She used every pretext to catechize me in an endeavor to find out my intentions. I pretended not to understand her questions, and watched with amusement her confusion and the vexation of her feminine curiosity.

It was an excellent game! I enjoyed it very much, indeed. But a greater game, which stimulated not only my wits but my nerves, was with Djoudja.

I would recline in a chair and watch Djoudja for hours. She would prefer the rug on the floor and the cushions to sit on and cross her feet in the Moslem fashion. She would sit thus the whole day long, motionless and silent. Never would I be able to equal her in the monotony of her pose and behavior.

Suddenly I would rise from my chair and walk up and down the room, recalling the tales of old Ivanko—the idealistic slave—picturing in my imagination the strong, kind face of my grandfather, his master.

Djoudja would glance at me with curiosity and then with fear. She would probably ask herself: "The master has gone mad, has he not?" and I would stop before her and pat her head and her cheeks. And I would say:

"Djoudja must not be afraid of her master. Djoudja's master is different from all the men Djoudja knew before, because he is of an entirely different race. Whatever the master does, Djoudja need not be afraid if Djoudja has a clear conscience and if she is obedient."

And Djoudja would become quiet and confident again. I would sit down close to her and pat her head and cheeks. And I would say:

S. S.—Feb.—8

"Djoudja must tell me about her father, her village, the Kabyle people."

And Djoudja would put together the few French words in her vocabulary and the Arab words she knew I understood, and tell me how many camels and horses and wives and slaves her father possessed, in how many oases he had been, how respected he was, how rich the village, how great the obedience of the slaves and the women to the men, how obedient the men to Allah and to Mahommed, his prophet. And then the coming of the Spaniards—the horrible ones. And how the Kabyle men rushed from one oasis to another and killed all the Spaniards. But then reinforcements came with cannon, who destroyed the villages and the trees, and killed many women and children and slaves. And the Kabyle men could not kill all the Spaniards. . . .

Djoudja's voice would break. And I would take her head on my knees, and with my handkerchief dry her tears. And we would both remain silent, or I would pretend to be asleep in my chair. Then Djoudja would change her conventional pose of the crossed feet to a less conventional one. She would lie straight on the carpet or she would approach the mirror. She would turn her face in different directions before the glass, holding her arms up or behind her head, moving her body in subtle abandonment. She would sing in half voice and lift her arms, her feet, and her body to the rhythm of her song.

Once I interrupted her.

"Go on, Djoudja, dance!"

Ashamed, confused, she hid her eyes with her hands and stood very still and silent.

"Go on, Djoudja, I command you! Djoudja's master commands Djoudja to sing and dance in order to make the master enjoy Djoudja's presence," I repeated.

She moved but only to fall again into immobility and silence. Something overcame her evident willingness to obey the order.

"Djoudja's master shall not wait any more. The master will get a whip and

beat Djoudja to death as Djoudja's father would do with his disobedient slaves."

Djoudja started to sing with a broken, unnatural voice the melody of a dance, and her body began to move in harmony. And the song and the rhythmic movements encouraged her and gradually aroused her more and more. Her voice became stronger and natural, her movements easier and more graceful.

"Good, wonderful! The master never thought that Djoudja could dance so well."

V

It was the "*dance du ventre*." I had seen it in Paris, interpreted by frivolous cabaret girls. There, it was far from beautiful; it consisted of wild wiggling of the stomach and gradual denuding of the feminine body with no relation to any esthetic sense, and intended only to arouse the lowest sexual instincts of the drunken visitors of the place.

Nothing of this sort was in Djoudja's interpretation of the same dance. Djoudja's dancing was the history of herself, the history of a Kabyle girl, who must obey her father and afterward her master. And she is anxious to do so. She loves her father. She desires to caress his gray head; she desires to serve him on every occasion. But other slaves are accustomed to taking care of her father, and his gray head is always filled with big thoughts, which would not fit with the insignificant caress of little Djoudja.

Next, her master would press her to his heart, and press his lips on her lips and breathe a deep breath, and look into her eyes with wild and at the same time a helpless look.

It would mean love.

And Djoudja would love him, too. But the master would have many slaves he would love also. And he would be greater, more powerful, and more wonderful the more wives he possessed and loved. And the more the master loved one of his wives the more worthy of

respect she should seem to the other wives.

But Djoudja would hate her. Hate her not because she had taken away from Djoudja the love of her master—Djoudja would hate the other woman, because the other would have used some poisoned words or danced in some manner that had weakened the mind of the master and burned the blood in his veins.

And in obedient silence Djoudja would watch her poisoned master, now indifferent, unable to fight and to command.

VI

Djoudja finished her dance.

Exhausted by the exercise and the excitement she fell upon the carpet, hiding her face in her hands.

I drew her hands away and found her gazelle eyes full of tears, but smiling at the same time. Was it the emotion of an artist, who had succeeded in revealing and expressing the dramatic feature of her race? Or was it the emotion of a child-woman about to be punished—who desired to be caressed?

I caressed her and kissed her. And she answered my kisses. And the more ardent and wild I became in kissing her, the more daring she became in answering me. . . .

And becoming more and more conscious of all my desires, she became more and more intelligent to satisfy them. . . .

But suddenly I remembered that she was my slave, and I recalled at once the words of the peasant Ivanko:

"Your grandfather, Sir, would never use his power upon a maiden slave girl, because he felt himself responsible for her fate."

And the strong noble beauty of my grandfather chastened the voluptuous body of the girl. Now I saw but a child who needed my protection, who needed my help not to be dishonored and abused.

I took Djoudja in my arms, carried

her to the bed, kissed her forehead, turned out the lights and left the room.

VII

THE next day Madame Magou reported to me that Djoudja did not sleep well in the night. She had heard her crying and singing sad melodies.

I found Djoudja pale and nervous.

She could not find "our" (French-Arab) words to answer my questions. Only when I sat close to her and took her head on my knees and patted her cheeks she became happier.

Several times she fixed her questioning eyes upon me.

"What is it, Djoudja? Why did not Djoudja sleep well last night?"

She did not answer but hid her face on my knees.

"The master asks Djoudja to answer and not be afraid or ashamed."

No answer followed and no effort was made to make one.

"The master will punish Djoudja. The master will get a whip and beat Djoudja to death, if Djoudja refuses to answer."

But Djoudja did not speak. She showed the same indifference as before. The disobedience of the slave made me furious. I pushed away Djoudja with force so she fell upon the floor and I lifted my foot above her head to crush her, as I should crush, with the heel of my boot, the head of a snake. I was going to kill her even if she cried and begged my pardon.

But she did not. No fear expressed itself on her face—nothing but indifference.

It surprised me. I recalled Ivanko's words:

"A perfect slave, Sir, is unhappy, if he fails to please his master. With indifference would he meet even death."

I knelt beside Djoudja and took her hands.

"Djoudja, you are a perfect slave."

I spoke in correct French and Djoudja did not understand me. I continued then in "our" language.

"Is not Djoudja afraid to die?"

"No," she answered, and in the tone of her voice I found something new for me.

It was not only the indifference of a perfect slave. It was also the disappointment of a woman who has failed to please the man.

"Djoudja can not tell master. Djoudja does not know herself."

Then I asked her questions to help her understand herself.

"Does Djoudja know that the master enjoyed very much Djoudja's dance yesterday?"

"Yes, Djoudja knows it. Djoudja knew it while she danced."

"Did Djoudja enjoy dancing too?"

"Yes," answered Djoudja with a slight, happy smile.

"Was the master right to threaten Djoudja with punishment and compel her to dance?"

"Yes, the master is always right. The master knows always better what should be done."

"Did Djoudja enjoy master's kissing her?"

Djoudja hid her face with her hands and added, "Yes."

"And when the master ceased to kiss Djoudja and left the house . . ." This was the crux, the summit of psychological tension. Djoudja trembled. She foresaw my question and her instinct of a perfect slave fought with her ambition as a woman.

"And when the master ceased to kiss Djoudja and left the room, was not Djoudja disappointed? And was that not why Djoudja did not sleep well last night?"

Djoudja fell down at my feet, lifted up her arms and looked on me with astonished, wide-opened eyes.

Finally she answered:

"Yes, master! Djoudja could not sleep. Djoudja was thinking about the master. Djoudja wondered why the master left her early in the night. . . . Djoudja thought maybe the master went to see his other slaves, and Djoudja was unhappy."

Never before had Djoudja talked as much at one time. Even her stories

about her father and the Kabyle people were told by answering questions with short sentences. And in a flash I knew that the unusual behavior of Djoudja meant that she loved me.

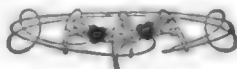
The love of a slave . . .

Old Ivanko told me about slave-women who had become the mistresses of their "imperfect" masters . . .

But he never told me about the love.

VIII

IN the far oasis where Djoudja lives, when the night has fallen and her husband sleeps, does she ever look out over the desert, toward the North, and think of the strange master she once had who behaved in such an unaccountable manner? I wonder.



A Few Fundamentals of Modern American Humor

By Charles G. Shaw

THE price of coal . . . rented bungalows . . . flappers . . . golf . . . custard pie . . . mothers-in-law . . . women's fashions . . . Prohibition . . . small boys . . . odoriferous cigars . . . waiters who do not understand English . . . late trains . . . wives who cook atrociously . . . husbands who stay out until four o'clock in the morning . . . tramps . . . impecunious young men who take young ladies to very expensive restaurants . . . burglars . . . motorists whose cars break down . . . fishermen who tell brazen falsehoods about their catches . . . divorce . . . hick sheriffs . . . the high cost of living . . . spaghetti . . . radio broadcastings . . . suffragism . . . loquacious coons . . . dense Englishmen . . . gafilterfish . . . traveling salesmen . . . hall bedrooms . . . excursion parties . . . the mispronunciation of the word "asparagus" . . . strap-hangers . . . the current dearth of bananas . . . dentist offices . . . the screeching of Tomcats on the back fence . . . mal de mer . . . commuters . . . prunes . . . book agents . . . country folk unaccustomed to the city . . . city folk unaccustomed to the country . . . alarm clocks that are employed as targets for shoes . . . slippery sidewalks . . . insufficient bathing suits . . . the woman who vocalizes off key, on the floor below . . . Limburger cheese . . . bill collectors . . . fly paper . . . brown derbies . . . dancers who step on their partners' feet . . . the inaccuracy of a woman's aim . . . the effect of skyscrapers on farmers and foreigners . . . garlic . . . Henry Ford.



Another Intrigue

By Nan Apotheker

MORRIS NIXON sat in the lobby and twirled a speculative mustache at the familiar scene. He formed an integral part of the picture. You might have seen him at any good hotel anywhere—well groomed, self-possessed, with an appreciative eye for feminine contour. At any moment you would expect one woman out of the throng for whom he would have a special recognition.

She appeared now, charmingly dressed, subtly enhanced by her background, fully conscious of herself as a perfect specimen of her period. Their meeting was an animated exchange, she running up and down fragrant feminine arpeggios, while he held the accompaniment in an admiring murmur. They turned toward the dining-room, beautifully typical of any fine-looking pair in a similar set.

And yet there was no little piquancy in the encounter, both in personality and in "situation." Verna Paynter could not be easily classified, complex and fluid creature that she was. Someone had said that she had a hundred layers of personality, and each was equally valid during the period it operated. One could not call her *poseuse*—she flowed simply and naturally into each phase; and remained a source of irritation to anyone with a need for pigeon-holing people.

"Spiritually I'm a boneless contortionist," she had said—"I twist myself into unspeakable shapes, and still retain my capacity for uprightness."

And again, "I am restless downhill water seeking out every crevice and hollow in my path and trying to pour myself into it."

But she eluded you even when she gave herself to you with an almost indecent lavishness. How call her an aristocrat, when her friendships were so notoriously indiscriminate? How regard her as an adventuress when she so often was indubitably innocent—compassionate, tender! How dispose of her as reckless and superficial when she conveyed a certain sense of a deep undercurrent of inner-life in even her most flippant moments?

Her companion falls more easily into phrase. Man of the world,—a battalion of ghosts stood behind him: women who had evoked a momentary response from him, and more numerous still, the women who had been drawn to him. His fluency with compliment, his graceful technique were connotative of numberless amorous sorties.

And yet he, too, deserved a less "bounderish" classification than the world awarded him. He was essentially decent, and curiously enough, still retained a hunger for a fine emotional experience.

Both of them were married—neither could have escaped it. Suitably and painlessly married. Material ease on all sides contributed vastly to the charm and grace with which they moved against their background. Verna with a less effective external equipment might possibly have been harshly dealt with. As it was,

women didn't spare her, particularly when her vagrant fancy settled on one of their own men. But with such charming clothes, any woman would be barricaded against most shafts, and Verna with her more than necessary good looks, managed well enough to escape vulgar comment. Morris, too, was protected and enhanced by his luxurious background.

And yet, sitting there at luncheon, they looked into one another's eyes, and felt as naïf and vulnerable as though he were a bank clerk, and she a pretty cashier! For both were having the curious experience of being "in love," with all its generic and classic implications. And for both, it was a first and new experience! Amorous experts both, they had escaped somehow the breathless and upsetting quality of a first love, and it was finding them as defenceless and exposed as if they were not protected by a regiment of mocking memories.

Beneath the flowing of their easy conversation, a shyness and fear held them. Here was something neither had counted on. One talked of love with a little undertone of laughter. A charming abstraction. An evanescent illusion. One played at love. Diversions in the monotonous marching of days. An experimental but essentially self-possessed emotionality. Well enough. But it couldn't be possible there was a basis of reality in the charming game.

And wasn't it a little ridiculous that they should be attacked by it at this stage of things—she thirty-one and a mother of three stalwart boys; and he who had been the supposed adorer of so many women? Classic and time-worn phrases floated into Verna's mind as she looked at Morris, and even while they amused her, they took on a poignancy.

"They looked swooningly into one another's eyes," she found herself saying aloud, and while she and Morris laughed, a deep and terrible emotion swept them both.

He became for a moment direct and humble.

"What are we to do about this, Verna?"

"Labeled as we are, my dear, can we endure the aroma of sordid intrigue that our world will breathe upon us?"

"The world be damned!" he said. And swept away, they allowed the melodramatic phrase to pass unlaughed at.

"If I should tell anyone that I'm virginally in love, imagine the polite amusement."

"Or that I've never loved before," he smiled wryly.

"Does it make you sorry for your peccadilloes, my dear?"

"They can't matter, can they, Verna, if they leave a fellow so essentially untouched that he can feel this way?"

"They do matter, though. They haunt us—make us afraid to say the things that clamor, because we don't want to seem ridiculous in our own eyes."

"And yet I do want to say things like 'forever and ever' to you. And 'no one has ever loved this way.' And 'world without end, I love you.' I want to say them, and I do say them, and defy you, sweet love, to tell me they're mildewed with triteness."

"Oh, but they aren't!" she cried. "Just the most verdant and adorable words in the world, and I love you, too, my dearest."

"And shall we get away from all this?" he said. "Some place where life is young and untainted by sordid gossip."

"As if we could. Morris. As if we could," her eyes filled with tears. A look of understanding passed between them. . . .

In that moment they knew that their lives up to this moment would extract a relentless toll; that they must inevitably take their love as lightly as he had taken his last with an ingénue, and she her intrigue with a charming young haberdasher.

The Picture Face

By John Mosher

I

"I DO love him," said Lois Boyd to herself, and then said very much the same thing aloud. Whereat Johnny Callan promptly produced a ring, indicating that he was not unprepared for this happy turn of fortune.

"It fits," remarked Lois, peering at the glittering article in the darkness.

"I had your old turquoise," he reminded her.

"All these years!"

Lois had to laugh. Johnny was funny. However, she was very touched. So much so that for the moment she forgot altogether how often she had vowed to herself that never on this earth would she marry Johnny Callan—or anyone else; nor did it seem in this time and place, a dull, inevitable performance to become engaged to the boy who lived next door at home, whom all her life she had known, whom everybody had always expected her to marry.

Above a Moorish balustrade the moon was hanging low, and around a turn or two there was singing—"Gigoletto," under Shylock's Bridge. Their gondola moved gently; it scarcely moved at all, down the darkest and most winding canals of Venice. To swing at last into the flare of the Canale Grande was to return to reality.

"What are you moving way over there for?" Johnny inquired.

Lois sighed and was silent. A number of things which one is apt to

overlook in a romantic environment had occurred to her, and the glitter of the diamond on her hand had a sobering air of triumph.

"I bet mother gives us the Larkin place," Johnny continued, moving over too, as the simplest disposal of the problem.

The Larkin place! How things rushed on! After those brief moments in the dark canals was her life settled forever? The idea was disquieting.

"I don't believe I am really the person for you, Johnny."

"Sure, you are," said Johnny.

"You ought to marry some girl who would have nothing to consider in her life but your interests." She was pleased with this way of putting it, and beginning, too, to feel warmly sorry for Johnny, "No, I don't believe I am the person for you."

She looked gravely across the wide water, for their gondola had come out on the lagoon now, crossing to the Giudecca; and she thought how much suffering had gone to build this beautiful Venice, and how much, some way, the idea seemed to add to the charm of the place; next moment wondering at her own coldness at having, at such a time, forgotten Johnny for this irrelevant reflection.

"You must understand, Johnny dear, that marriage can never mean as much to me as it does to some people. If circumstances had been different, I should have given up my life to my talent—to my art, I should say."

"Oh, your career," Johnny cried

with evident relief. "You mean your career?"

The relief was a little too evident.

"Half my heart goes with it," she responded coldly.

Johnny at once threatened to end a valueless life, to hurl himself then and there into the water, if whatever meagre bit of her heart were left, she did not at once dedicate to him. He would be grateful for that; he expected no more, certainly did not deserve it. Lois felt that his attitude was adequate.

"I only wanted to be honest with you," and she wondered how many of the heroines of old-time Venice would have appreciated the scruple.

On Lois's return to the Danieli, Mother Boyd was waiting up for the news, and inclined to be demonstrative about it.

"—I should imagine the Larkin place," she said.

"So we think." Lois was sharp.

"I suppose it will turn out as well as any marriage can without love."

"Johnny is devoted to you," cried Mrs. Boyd, looking shocked.

"Marriage can never take the place of my career," said Lois, remembering that one had to be patient with parents.

"Oh, you mean that. You'll get over that," and Mrs. Boyd trundled out to break the news to Mr. Boyd.

"We'll see if I get over it," Lois shouted after her, but on second thought she decided she would not send Johnny a note breaking off the whole thing, as in his present state he might blow out his brains, or drown himself, or do something equally silly and troublesome.

"I might have been Juliet," she murmured, brushing her eyebrows, pausing to reflect how few blondes possessed at once such peculiarly golden hair and such very dark eyes. And though the oval of Mary Vair's face might be more perfect, Lois pondered, certainly no one else's was. "I'd give the world to see that woman in real life," she said to herself.

Miss Boyd was justified in her self-appraisal, inasmuch as hers was the beauty many an actress of the motion pictures has made a world-wide reputation by suggestion. Something of this, the girl had good reason to know. Had not a young man in the profession declared it to be true, officially, with no nonsense about it? That was how the trouble began.

The young man from Hollywood had by chance wandered into an amateur performance by the younger set ("all the girls were in it!") in that unimportant city where the Boyds were very important people, and his trained eye assured him that in Lois Boyd he had discovered new material for the screen. "Mary Vair's double—it's a miracle," he had said.

He had then made inquiries, as a result of which he had most respectfully called, not upon Lois herself, but upon her father at his office, with the information that beyond doubt Miss Boyd could hope for the highest honors of the cinema world.

Any average family, on discovering motion picture talent in one of its members, would order a Fiat, pay a bill or two, and have the press in for a bit to eat. But the Boyds were not average. They had not been average for fully three generations. Mr. Boyd could only order the young man out of the office but he did that so effectively that the impresario was never heard of in those parts again.

II

HAVING disposed of the audacious young man, Mr. Boyd began to look upon the affair as something humorous; and unwisely for him, he narrated it as such that evening at dinner. There was a telling silence before the storm broke.

"—and you refused?" Lois had screamed. "Without even a word to me."

Mrs. Boyd felt she had acted very capably. She prided herself upon the firmness and tact with which she had

borne the brunt. Europe had been her solution. A trip! Nothing so reconciles one to a blighted world as moving about it, was her idea. The blessings of Cook's had been implored, and by the time they had reached Paris, Lois had so far regained her senses as to remember the privileges a victim has. She enjoyed a fortnight in Paris to the tune of "I'll take that too," and even consenting to "look at Venice while they were about it."

Here Johnny turned up, deserving a vacation as the boy did, after all that work to get his degree at Harvard Law,—and a good rest too before that life-long grind that might, or might not, even land him in the White House.

"Why not?" Mrs. Boyd questioned infinity, surveying next day this young man who was now her prospective son-in-law. His broad shoulders, his blue eyes, his generous mouth—how superior to these taupe-tinted Latins! "Who wouldn't vote for such a man? Who wouldn't?"

And her eyes shot about the Piazza San Marco, ready to annihilate anyone who suggested a protest, and landed on a party of people in fancy dress. Five or six of them were sipping coffee and nibbling brioches at a neighboring table, quite as though it were the thing in Venice to dress as they were dressed, in ruffs and tights, with pheasant feathers in their caps and dainty little rapiers at their sides, all the paraphernalia of the days of the doges.

"Now what—?" Mrs. Boyd gasped, and Lois replied pleasantly that she had been looking at these persons for a good half-hour at least, and that it was time her mother stopped beaming so hard at Johnny that he couldn't enjoy his breakfast.

"Well, I can't imagine," Mrs. Boyd proceeded, but fortunately she was not long called upon for the attempt as their acquaintance Mrs. Cadby at that moment appeared beside their table.

Mrs. Boyd did not favor Mrs. Cadby; she doubted if she were a serious-minded woman; and indeed there were those who suspected the lady's brain was composed of the beads she liked on her costumes, and that she had hardly retained enough for intellectual exigencies. Just the other day she had shown them a cube of gilded quartz which she had "pecked" out of the mosaics in St. Mark's. She planned to have it set in a pin. For a souvenir! Very irreverent, had thought Mrs. Boyd; and she hoped Mrs. Cadby would leave one Titian to the city. But the beads rattled to the point today.

"Too amusing! Those are 'movy' people. They're doing 'movies' here. A picture called the 'Doge's Daughter.' A million-dollar one, a story of old Venice staged in the historic precincts. Do 'sit down,' and so that the men might sit, Mrs. Cadby sat down herself, quite at home.

"So amusing," repeated Mrs. Cadby, "and I always say that when a thing's amusing it must be healthy. I know that sounds dreadful—perfectly, but I do believe there is something in it, if you are amused by the right things that is—and I do believe I met that young man who isn't in costume at their table yesterday on the Lido. Yes, I did."

Mrs. Cadby leaned forward and bowed, bowed and smiled and waved a wrist. There was a lasso quality in the contortion, and next moment the young man was doing everything but genuflect at their own table. He was a Mr. Seton.

"And you're one of them?" cried Mrs. Cadby with an eye to the actors.

"Only a director," he purred, his appraisal of Lois confusing even that young lady herself, and causing Mrs. Boyd to wish she were a man for a minute.

"I am very interested in the motion pictures," Lois murmured, and the preposterous Seton answered at once with every significance, "I should think you would be."

"Get the check, Augustus," was all Mrs. Boyd could say at the moment.

Mr. Seton was no more interested in Mrs. Boyd than he was in Johnny; he had perhaps one of those "single-track" minds. And Johnny did nothing; there was nothing for him to do, except sit and glower, while Lois was thanking Mr. Seton for his offer to show her the "workings" of the motion pictures, and explain the detail of staging.

"Why, that is very good of you—."

"Delighted, Miss—ah—Boyd—Miss Boyd—and perhaps tomorrow, if nine is not too early—."

"Nine will do beautifully."

Mr. Seton wafted away.

"Now don't you like Venice?" rattled Mrs. Cadby's beads.

Mrs. Boyd paused to concentrate on Mrs. Cadby.

"We leave directly after the Forrelli ball," she announced, "and we should leave before if they had not been so especially nice—."

"I haven't tried to meet any people here," rallied Mrs. Cadby.

"No?" and Mrs. Boyd's eyebrows shot up, and the eyes beneath flashed toward the theatrical table, which, however, gave Mrs. Cadby time for a fresh attack.

"They tell me that the best Venetians have nothing to do with the tourists."

Mrs. Boyd became a sphinx.

"They must discriminate—obviously."

But Mrs. Cadby had not been about for nothing.

"Such a story I heard about one of the best people here," she was wielding her best narrative style. "She was devoted to the colored maid she had, and the maid died, and this woman had a pair of gloves made of her skin. In fact, I think it was mits. Mits or gloves, I don't remember which. One of the best people! Very strange, I thought. Their standards must be very different from ours—in many ways—and now I have

an appointment to have my picture taken with the pigeons."

But she came back once more, just ran back to tell them (for hadn't she forgotten to tell them?), that Mary Vair was playing the doge's daughter.

III

Mrs. Boyd controlled herself till evening, strangling as the process was all day.

"Do you think, Lois, that it was either dignified or considerate of dear Johnny, to make an engagement with such a person as that Seton?" The storm was ready to burst at last.

Lois was only surprised that it had delayed so long.

"You object to that?" she said, and then, "I've given up my career for you, haven't I?" she asked, adding as an afterthought: "You've ruined my career, you and father, and Johnny's glad of it. . . . I might be making a million a year," she continued. "That's what they make, people with my talent. I might be famous all over the world, if it were not for you two. Isn't that true? Didn't that man tell father I had the screen face? Didn't he? Now you object to my friend! Shut me up like a nun! That's what you want. Really, mother, this is the twentieth century. And if I am engaged to Johnny, I'm not married to him, and there's a big difference. I'm not sure that I shall marry him. I'm not at all sure. I warn you, mother, if you keep on nagging me, you'll make me desperate, and then if you want to see me, you—and Johnny too—will have to pay a dollar at the Strand."

"You like to sleep mornings," cried Mrs. Boyd, "and motion picture actresses get up at dawn. Yes, they do. I read it in a magazine. And how would you like that?"

Lois re-organized:

"I declare, mother, I don't know what you will think up next. I lie in bed mornings because my life is so dull and colorless and pointless,

that it's just all I can do to endure it. What have I to get up for? Stupid, stupid people all the time! Nothing to do! No purpose in life! Nothing!"

She did indeed manage to be only a few minutes late for Mr. Seton next morning, which interlude was apparently so successful that she brought him to lunch when she joined Johnny. Johnny could only sit glumly to one side while they glibly discussed the various features of the cinema, the private lives of its celebrities, and how long it would be before Miss Vair's scenes were reached in this particular picture.

"Mary's resting," explained Mr. Seton, accounting for the star's non-appearance.

Watching Johnny trailing after the other two down the Lido that afternoon, Mrs. Boyd decided that men were not the men they were in her day, even the best of them. In her pre-occupation she almost forgot to remind Mr. Boyd when it was time to take his medicine.

It seemed almost impossible in the compressed milieu of Venice not to mingle with this embassy from Hollywood. Not only to mingle with them, but to hear of them everywhere! The tourists, except the Boyds, talked of nothing else. It delighted them. The more serious, school-teachers and the like, who came in "parties" to inspect the historical remains, found it a "help" to behold moving about them, armored guards, trumpeteers and halberdiers, a Council of Ten in sweeping robes, just as one saw them in the galleries, portrayed by artists who loved to paint on the footstool of some rapt saint a waggish puppy, or insert above a great lady's bare shoulder the leer of a marmoset. As for the less serious, who rather predominate in Venice, their cordiality to the artists had no limits. None at all!

But there were days, several days, before the Forelli ball; and even in this crisis, Mrs. Boyd could not forget how kind the Marchesa had been.

The Marchesa had called because Mr. Boyd had had a suggestion or two to make about her American investments. Certainly they must wait till after this affair, but the next day they would be on their way, safe from the malaria and the movies.

"I can't understand Johnny," again and again Mrs. Boyd said to herself. Never it seemed to her had a man let himself be so easily ousted.

"Johnny's an old moss-back," Lois declared; and her mother suspected Mr. Seton had exercised some of his wit at Johnny's expense.

But Seton would never be invited to the Forelli's, and Johnny might there gain some of the ground that he had lost. Even Lois appeared willing to favor her fiancé that evening with a kind smile or two; her golden dress with the sleeves of lace that reached from the elbow to the wrist and bore only an abstract relation to the rest of the garment perhaps contributing to her good humor.

"Shall I wear my sleeves, mother?" she asked on the way to the Palazzo Forelli, quite in her old girlhood manner, before ambition had torn her soul.

"Properly only for dinners—."

"Oh, I know, but I like to take them off and then put them on again. I have an idea it's good for my nerves."

She seemed quite the old-time Lois again, and Johnny flushed with happiness.

While they were not the only Americans invited to the ball, Mrs. Cadby was not in sight, and Mrs. Boyd, with a sense that she had too much exercised herself over the whole Seton business, permitted herself to enjoy the cool evening air on a little balcony. She bent over the balustrade, gazing down at the marble stairway just below, that lead to the gondolas. "Malarial," she mused, "but lovely."

Undeniably lovely! Gondoliers loafing then with all the nonchalance of taxi-drivers on an off-day, quipped

with each other, and their smooth Italian came soft and strange to her on the mild air. More at peace than for many a day, she gazed idly at another gondola making its way to the landing. She had a sudden alarming premonition that Mrs. Cadby would step from its dramatically closed curtains, but she was spared that blow even, for no one alighted, and instead a footman was summoned. . . .

"Mrs. Boyd!"

She turned quickly.

"Johnny."

"I've come to say 'good-bye'."

"Good-bye?"

"I've got my orders."

He held out something which even in that dim light asserted its glitter. It was Lois's ring.

"It's come back."

Mrs. Boyd's rising tears were checked by the vision of Lois herself—Lois, not on the balcony with them, but, drawing her cloak about her, composedly descending the stairs to the waiting gondola with the drawn curtains! The gondola gulped her up and shoved off before the two watching caught their breaths.

It was a hazardous vault over the balcony, but Johnny took it beautifully. For a moment he had to wait till another gondola came at his shout, and then in fast pursuit he departed, followed by a wail down the canal from Mrs. Boyd: "Wait for me."

IV

At a sudden turn only the skill of Johnny's gondolier prevented a crash, for Lois's gondola was "parked" already, and had been long enough for Lois to leave it and enter the house. Fortunately he did not need to break in the door with his bare fists, for there was an old woman who admitted him after his first knock, and who screamed hilariously that the devil was in the house as he pushed by her and bounded up long, lighted stairs.

He knew that fortune had favored him and that he was in the right room when he beheld Seton before him, staring at him in astonishment.

"What in hell?" was Seton's greeting, dropping his cigarette.

Lois was not there, but there was another door beyond, and Johnny made for it. Seton jumped forward.

"You can't go there."

If, in his innocence, he had not appreciated Johnny's state of mind he got some idea of it next moment when Johnny's fist caught him very neatly on the jaw, and sent him reeling. Better than strong drink for Johnny, the blow's momentum hurled him into the room beyond, where just in time he caught himself from lunging over the tail-piece of a bed.

However informally the lady in the bed had lived, she was somewhat startled by an entrance so unannounced, and exclaimed to that effect: "Say, where do you think you are?"

It was where he wanted to be anyway, for Lois was staring at him from the other side of the bed, speechless beyond one astonished cry of "Johnny!"

"Oh," their hostess exclaimed at this. "Some friend of yours, dear?"

Lois did not thereupon properly introduce Johnny. She was angry, far too angry for such formalities.

"Please do not hold me responsible, Miss Vair," she uttered in voice which was altering from amazement to something akin to wrath. "Please do not. I don't know what he means. He is out of his senses. I should call the police. Yes, I should call the police indeed. I have no doubt there is a law to deal with such people."

Shrieks from the next room proclaimed the old woman's conviction that the devil who had entered so rudely had seen fit to murder Mr. Seton, which Lois was quite in the mood to expect.

"You've murdered Sam," she screamed.

But the old door-keeper here thrust

her head in the door to get a glimpse of the slaughter's progress there.

"Oh, the Signor Seton, he say 'dam, dam, dam,'" she elucidated, the devil appearing more tame when viewed balancing on the tail-piece of a lady's bed.

"He lives," cried Miss Vair; and with a confident gesture she produced a small flask from under her pillow.

"Give him that," she ordered, and the sight of the thing fortified the old woman to totter across the room in the very presence of the desperado.

"I don't imagine Sam will die," resumed Miss Vair as the flask disappeared. "He's been through this sort of thing before. I've told him he ought to leave boys like you alone."

By this time Johnny had ceased to sway back and forth on the foot-board of the bed in the constant danger of pitching into it; and Miss Vair could with ease examine his features, still a bit lurid.

"Lois," he began, "I'm mighty sorry—"

"You've made a fool of yourself," cried Lois, "and I only hope Miss Vair will not hesitate to call in the police."

"Call the police, dear? But why?" said Miss Vair. "Oh, I'm never one to run yah-yah to the police over any little riot in the home."

Lois hesitated.

"Then, Mr. Callan," she said, "if Miss Vair will excuse you, you had better go out and beg Mr. Seton's pardon, and depart."

But Miss Vair didn't look at the situation in that light.

"The poor boy, all out of breath! Let the boy get his breath, dear. Sit down, Johnny, and take a rest before you knock over a few more."

There seemed to be no chair to sit on, but Miss Vair thought he might as well sit on the edge of the bed. It wouldn't in the least discommode her; and Johnny twisted about the bed-post, though Lois indicated with one scathing glance what she thought of the proceeding.

Her disdain brought again the high chromo of scarlets and purples to Johnny's face, but as his eyes fell from Lois's they were met with a smile that deserved the press-notices it had received. Brilliantly it dawned upon Johnny at this late moment that this was that Miss Vair of cinema fame, the illustrious replica of Lois herself, and with that deduction came very tardily the knowledge as to why Lois was there.

"Oh," he said, staring at Mary Vair, "I see."

"You do, do you?" Miss Vair drew up the coverlets. "Well, I wasn't expecting gentlemen callers, and you'll have to excuse the *deshabille*. But since you're here, I don't object—no, I don't object. To tell the truth, a little excitement is what I need. My, it's been terrible! I thought I should die. Fevers and chills, fevers and chills, and no one but Simonetta and Sam. Poor Sam, he means well. He's not so bad. When I heard about Miss Boyd and how she was interested in the pictures and how she looked like me, 'bring her around, Sam,' I said. 'I'm glad to see her—and I'm glad to see her friends.'"

Lois turned sharply.

"He's no friend of mine," she said.

"Whatever he is then," Miss Vair shrugged the shoulder that had advertised a talcum on two continents, and arranged the architectural morsel of lace and a rose, which served as a boudoir cap. "What I'm wondering," she went on, "is whether Sam will be in here for your apology once he's done up my flask."

Johnny smiled at last.

"I doubt it."

Miss Vair remarked the smile. "Sweet," she murmured.

"I beg your pardon?" said Johnny.

Miss Vair grew bland.

"Miss Boyd has a future with that face of hers in the pictures," she said. "Perhaps you've noticed."

Johnny grew grim again. He bowed. He had noticed.

Miss Vair appraised Lois's profile, though she had to readjust her posture somewhat to do so, and the profile was drawn in lines haughty, decidedly aloof. She nodded approvingly, and then turned back to Johnny, leaned a little on her elbow, and by the attitude altogether shut out Lois.

"So have you," she said.

V

It actually was made clear to his senses at last that she meant he might hope for a career in the motion pictures. Lois, judging by her sharp little laugh, thought this idea a joke.

"Johnny in the movies!"

"Yes, indeed," insisted Miss Vair.

"I am in law," he said modestly.

"Indeed." Miss Vair was impressed. It appeared that she thought the law "fascinating" though of no subject was she less informed. But she craved knowledge. Could he not elucidate a few points? "Oh, yes indeed, you must. . . . Not now! . . . But you're not going away, are you? No, you must stay in Venice and tell me all about the law. You must help me make my will. Just the place to make a will, Venice!"

This recent illness had led her to reflect upon the serious aspects of life, and nothing so stimulated convalescence as a codicil or two. There were people who must be left without a penny, and others a single significant dollar. She wanted her will to be a complete little document, with all the flourishes.

"I engage you this minute as my attorney."

"Your attorney?" Johnny restrained himself. He managed to bow gravely, not too exuberantly, as his first appointment glided so splendidly into his hands. Dizzily through his head sped the recognition of what it must mean to be Mary Vair's attorney, to bear the responsibility of her business affairs. He tried not to let her see that he was not accustomed to such

offers. "I am sure you will find my firm reliable," he said.

But he could not hide his pleasure, the thrill of his pride, from Lois. She must comprehend how much this meant to him, and take equal pride therein. He lifted his eyes to hers, and they were met icily.

"I did not know that you were staying in Venice," said Lois to Johnny.

"He must," said Miss Vair. "Yes, I must make my will in Venice."

"I must consider my client's wishes," said Johnny.

Lois drew off one of her sleeves and smoothed it on her knee, enrapt in the occupation, while he waited for her to congratulate him on this honor shown him. However, she only contrived to look as detached as is possible for a young woman with only a bed between her and the objectionable factor.

Meanwhile Miss Vair was busy being the trusting client, one with the most implicit faith. His duties would not be too confined, she indicated. "You must show me Venice. That will be part of your duty as my attorney. I haven't seen a thing yet, not a thing."

"Venice is malarial," said Lois.

"I've been shut up in this old room ever since I got here," said Miss Vair, "but tomorrow I'll be out."

"I'm sure you'll find Venice worth while," Lois intervened again.

"You're as good as a cocktail, Johnny," Miss Vair went on. "Just the sight of you. And I do believe I'll have a cigarette. My first cigarette in a week."

"Have one of mine," said her attorney.

The excitement of the evening may have begun to tell upon his nerves, or the gravity perhaps of his new responsibilities, for he fumbled in his pocket a bit excitedly, and in drawing his package of cigarettes from his pocket drew forth something else as well, that glittered and rolled across the coverlet, straight to Mary Vair.

Lois blushed. Miss Vair stared. Then she laughed, highly and gaily she laughed.

"Why, Johnny, Johnny Callan," she cried, "you've brought me a present," and without more ado she slipped the diamond Lois had returned deftly upon her finger, and waved it out for both of them to see. "See, it fits," she sang.

"Very becoming," said Lois, looking away from it. Rising she pulled her cloak about her. "I am going," she announced.

Johnny hesitated; he thought Lois should wait till his client had finished.

"Goodnight," Lois added.

Miss Vair glanced from the diamond.

"Going, dear?"

Lois looked not at her but at Johnny, and her voice was more level than Johnny had ever heard it:

"Certainly."

But as she moved to the door Seton appeared, and the sight of him had a violent effect upon Lois. "Don't you stop me," she cried, though Seton had made no such effort, and suddenly, smack upon the cheek Johnny had left whole, she brought her hand, and

swept by him. She was half way down the stairs by the time Johnny caught up with her.

Back in the gondola they drifted without word, down this canal and that one, until at last Lois managed at last to speak:

"I can't imagine how anyone could think I looked like that woman. Do you think I do?"

"I imagine," said Johnny, "that she's a lot older."

Lois smiled, and drew him closer to her. "Years," she whispered, as though the word were one of beautiful meaning, and then suddenly drawing his head to hers, she added: "Johnny, darling, I don't think it's good for your career to make wills for women like that—and you know, Johnny, nothing matters in the whole world to me but your career."

As for the ring! Miss Vair hadn't decided whether or not she would bother to return it. It would make a bright little scarf pin for Sam. "You were saying just the other day there was nothing you wanted so much as a diamond scarf pin, Sam," she said, "—and I'm inclined to think Johnny owes us something, too."



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Overheard One Evening

by a Young Woman Who Disguised Herself as a Telephone Operator

By John Tarcross

"OH, let's. . . . Yes, just for a little while. . . . No, not late. . . . Why, of course I do. Of COURSE! . . . No, nobody else. Just we two. . . . No, don't. . . . Certainly not! No-o-o-o. . . . Don't be silly. . . . I'll order dinner, first. . . . No, nobody else. . . . Oh, about half past. . . . Certainly I can. . . . No, not a word to a soul. . . . Well, I never have, either. . . . Of course, it's all right. . . . No-o-o-o. . . . It sounds wonderful to me. . . . No, I mean it. Every word. . . . I'm not at all. . . . No, 'nobody else. . . . Yes, half past. . . . In the lobby. . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Well, I tell you what! I'll wear a white carnation in my overcoat, and stand next to the cigar counter. Yes, a gray overcoat."



Line upon Line

By Peter Kerrigan

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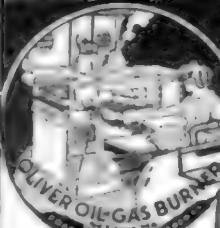
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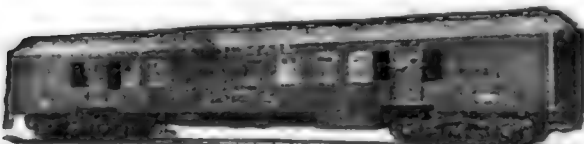
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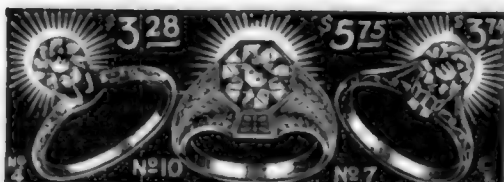
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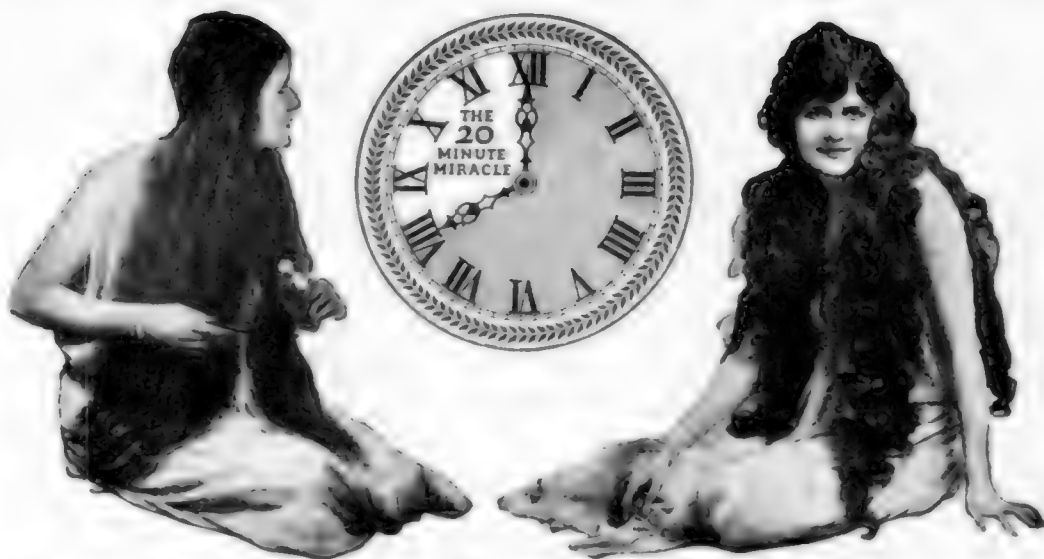
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The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had all straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I hurried out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my class.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm.

"*¡Baja onto,*" he said. "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *señorita*, what is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'

"*¡Oigame, señorita,*" he said. "Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of pesos to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls."

Pedro son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him; go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a cobbler and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I tampered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so

happy. My hair was curly and beautiful. I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him, but I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

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No. 9 Ladies 1 1/2 Ct. Ring. Sides set with 2 Rectangular Cut Synthetic Blue Sapphires	\$4.90

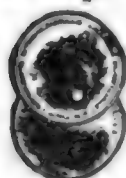
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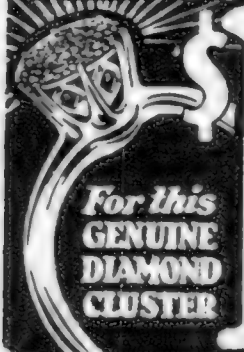
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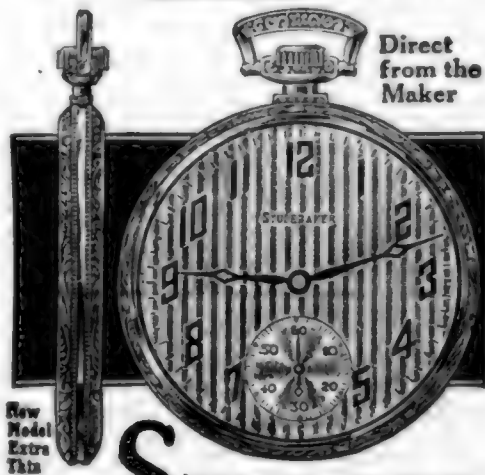
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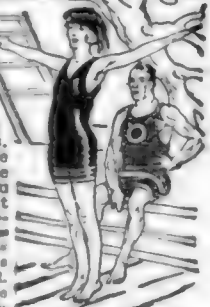
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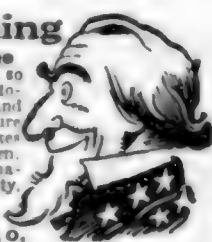
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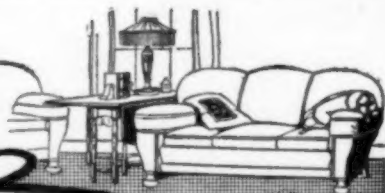
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No picture can do justice to this beautiful dinner set. I want you to see it on your own table. I want you to know the Attractiveness of its Aristocratic Colonial Shape, the Beauty of its refined Gold Border and Orange band. I want you to see how the big, wide, brilliant gold handles enrich and beautify the set. Then I want you to know the Pride of Possessing a high-class dinner set that has your initial on every piece. I will send you the entire set, on 30 Days' Free Trial.

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110
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To these points of excellence I have added these additional features: The exclusiveness of your own initial on every piece; the lavish beauty of seven colors and Gold in the decorations; the distinctively handsome big, wide, bright, gold handles. I have also added a daintily colored floral spray which is opposite the initial design on every piece.

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Nathaniel Spear
President

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February



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